NEW HAVEN EVENING REGISTER
FRIDAY FEB 21 , 1879 page 4;4

THE SOUTH CANAAN SNAKE
A ROD AND A HALF OF HIS REMAINS FOUND IN A HOLLOW TREE

Some 7 or 8 years ago an astounding snake story came from south Canaan , Litchfield County and it was copied farom both in this county and Europe . About the time refered to , much alarm was manisfied along the Houstonic railroad by the appearance of a great snake. The reptile seem to make its home in a dense swamp near the railroad track. It had been seen by different persons and the stories of those who saw it were laughted at , despite the earnest protestations of the truth of their talents. Again the reptile was shot at by hunters but it always managed to get away. The bak of the Housatonic railroad was throught the swamp early one morning the engineer of a passanger train saw a long black object lying across the rails. While the speed was slacking the engineer saw that it was the snake about which so much had been said , and he pulled the throtle open again , intending if possible to run it down and cut it in two , but just before the enginneer reached it the end of the tail slid off the rail and into the swamp. For 4 or 5 years ago two men were riding in a buggy along a road which skirted the swamp and saw a dark object lying across the roadway, As they neared it , it began to wriggle slowly away , then it was discovered to be the famous snake. It slowly disappeared into the deep underbrush and the men were certain from the measurement of the ground where they first saw it stretched out that it was over 20 feet in length. PArties were organized to hunt the reptile down but without sucess and the interest in the snake died out. Some imiganed that the snake had found his way to the Housatonic River and escaping death and drowing there to the ocean and become a vernable sea serpent. Others held that the snake had take to the mountains.

On Saturday two men named Kelly and Smith both well and favorably known to the neighbor hood went into the swamp with a yoke of oxen and a sled to gat a load of wood , the ground being frozen so hard that there was no difficulity in passing over any portion of it in safely , which it would be impossible . After a little while they came to a large button wood tree which had decayed and fallem the ground. They discovered that it was hollow and in order to handle it , asily , they applied a woodman saw to it . After sawing nearly through one part of it , the saw grated as though it had struck a stone. They split the tree and to their astonishment , the obstacle the saw had struck proved to be a bone. They open the tree as fa as they could and found bones , the length open being 21 feet and the remains proved to be those of a monstrous reptile so often seen but never captured.

The largest bones measured 6 inches in diameter. The tail of the snake was found wededd in the upper part of the tree, There is no doubt that the large tree house the snake which for many years . It is believed that the last time he was chased some 4 years ago he sought refugee in the tree ans never came out again.

The bones and other reamains have been preserved and will be sent to the Society of Natural Science with a history of the case.

1 aug 1909 p1-4 XCI #32
San Francisco Examiner, Calif

[illegible]
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FFICIAL IS SHOT

-Consul's Slayer Had
American Women.

July 31.—Loch Wing,
nsul in New York, per-
Wu Ting-fang and
Harvard, died at St.
tal about 8 o'clock to-
e effects of a bullet
by Matuda Woung, a
a quarrel in the con-
n the fifth floor of 18
afternoon.
was captured within
after the shooting by
who struck him down
building after a chase
s of stairs.
was searched at the
pocket with about

[illegible]

In a collision between interurban trains to-day, five cars were telescoped, killing at least thirteen people and injuring nearly a hundred more.

The scenes at the wreck were almost indescribable. The trains were crammed with landseekers and it is said, were running at a high rate of speed. The cars are a mass of kindling wood and ten dead bodies have already been taken from the wreckage.

A hurry call was sent to the city for all the physicians and assistance available and the doctors were taken to the scene in an automobile with bandages and supplies.

The people of La Crosse are opening their homes to the injured and ambulances from the city are bringing the bodies of the dead in. All of the automobiles in the city that could be secured were sent to the scene and are in service hauling [illegible] injured to the city.

Not a Car Escapes.

The forward cars of both trains are a complete wreck and in the terrific compact were telescoped, crushing and grinding the mass of humanity into horrible shapes, many sustaining broken limbs and other injuries and there is not a car in the two trains but what shows the effect of the terrific force of the collision.

The dead bodies of ten victims of a terrible wreck at Coldwell, on the Spokane and Cour d'Alene branch of the Spokane and Inland railroad, are now lying on improvised cots in the Coeur d'Alene Hospital, or in the homes of people at Coldwell.

About sixty injured are being crowded into the hospital or are being cared for by the people in the vicinity of the disaster.

Many Injured Will Die.

How many of those injured will recover is not known, but it is thought that a number are fatally hurt. It seems impossible at this moment to get reliable information as to the full extent of injured, but doctors from Coeur d'Alene and Spokane have hastened to the scene and are rendering all possible aid.

No. 20, westbound train, had left Coeur d'Alene at 4:35 p. m., and just reached Coldwell when it met No. 5, eastbound.

Both trains were going at the rate of about fifteen miles an hour. The impact of the two head motors was terrific. The two trains crashed together without a minute of warning.

Passengers Caught in Trap.

The heavily-laden passenger coaches were crushed and shattered. Men and women were thrown from their seats, some being hurled to the top of the coaches, while others were sent flying through the windows. Several of the coaches left the track and passengers were caught under the pile of broken timbers.

Uninjured passengers at once hurried to telephone to call aid. It seemed almost impossible to glean any information from them in the confusion, however. Finally the people of Cold-

and then suddenly disappeared. The babe's father, Max Fawcette, a chef, had often said, according to Mrs. Palmer, that he might at any time take the girl to Europe or sell her to the Chinese. Fawcette disappeared at the same time his child did and no trace of either had since been found.

Mrs. Palmer said Alice Minto was not her niece. She was certain of this, as the missing child had a birthmark on her forehead and blue eyes. Alice Minto has neither.

There was a touching scene yesterday when a weeping woman approached Miss Cameron on the street and asked to see Alice Minto, at the same time exhibiting the picture of a baby in a small gold locket. The stranger could not identify Alice as her child and departed without leaving her name.

Colonel Miles, in command of the Southern Pacific Province of the Salvation Army, who says an investigation will follow the charges that Captain Maud Williams transferred Alice Minto from the Children's Home Finding Society to Mah Lin and Tun See, gave out the copy of a telegram he received yesterday from Miss Williams. The telegram read as follows:

"Child not in my possession at all. Simply acted as interpreter between the Rev. Brayton of Home Finding Society and Chinese women, and went to Alameda as accommodation and brought child over."

Colonel Miles said last night he would await developments before he directed an investigation begun.

Alice is becoming accustomed to her new surroundings and appears to like her new home. She no longer refuses to eat and has adopted Miss Cameron as her protector.

HUGE SNAKE REAPPEARS

Tracks of Enormous Reptile, Terror of Alexander Valley, Seen Again.

[Special Dispatch to "The Examiner."]

SANTA ROSA, July 31.—Tracks of the great snake that for years has inhabited a section of Alexander Valley, in northern Sonoma, have been seen within the last few days and men throughout the valley are on the lookout for the reptile. Mrs. Lafranchi of Alexander Valley saw the monster three years ago. She described it as an enormous reptile. Occasionally farmers have had calves and sheep killed mysteriously and their deaths have been attributed to the snake. For years it has formed the subject of many thrilling tales by the old-timers in the valley. It is reputed to be many years old.

$1,000,000 BABE IS BORN

New Heir Come in Chicago to the Riches of Late Otto C. Young.

[Special by leased wire, the longest in the world.]

CHICAGO, July 31.—There is a new million dollar baby in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel K. Martin Jr. are receiving congratulations on the birth of a second child, a son, at the Michael Reese Hospital.

The son will inherit a share of the estate of Otto C. Young, amounting to $2,500,000. He will receive an annuity of $5,000 until he comes into his for-

Hotel. Employes are under [illegible] but the detectives have not [illegible] to obtain proof nor to recover [illegible] stolen property.

Among the hotel attaches there [illegible] excitement almost as great as [illegible] which was aroused by the loss of [illegible] Jennie Crocker's $20,000 pearl necklace and developments are eagerly awaited.

Yesterday Captain Anderson [illegible] of the Police Detectives was at work with his men in and about the hotel and they made things lively for the waiters and others who handle the silverware.

Every Employee Watched.

Two Pinkerton detectives were stationed on the west side of Powell street, directly in front of the [illegible] building, while two more were detailed at Post and Powell streets. Every hotel employee who went away from the St. Francis with a package was watched, and in some instances shadowed.

The robbery is still a mystery, however. Three Chinese who work in the kitchen are known to have purloined a few silver articles, but the detectives profess to believe that they are not concerned in the $10,000 theft.

It was on Tuesday that the loss was first discovered. [illegible] cooks and [illegible] that spoons, forks and [illegible] even costly pieces, such as [illegible] dishes and game dishes, had disappeared and that no trace of them could be found. Manager Woods immediately ordered that an inventory be taken. Then the fact that there had been wholesale thefts was brought to light and he placed the matter in the hands of the police.

Chinese Hid Silver.

Three Chinese employed as vegetable peelers were suspected. It was found that they had secreted several pieces of silver in boxes and paper bundles which they evidently intended carrying out at an opportune moment. The Chinese also had hidden spoons, knives and forks and other silverware in the rafters and crevices of the [illegible] where they worked. The stolen property was wrapped up in paper [illegible] detection.

When the discovery [illegible] Chinese were not about [illegible] permitted to return to [illegible] on Wednesday, when [illegible] detectives were waiting [illegible] suspects were marched [illegible] City Prison, and their [illegible] placed on the small book. [illegible] "sweated" without any material [illegible] and, eventually, taken to their [illegible] in Chinatown. Although the [illegible] thoroughly searched the [illegible] stolen property of any [illegible] found. After a consultation with the hotel management it was decided to release them, although they were [illegible] permitted to go back to work at the St. Francis.

Sure Guests Are Innocent.

The St. Francis Hotel has a [illegible] system of checking all silverware [illegible] it is known that though guests [illegible] have taken away a few pieces of silverware, yet the main theft was accomplished by employees. When [illegible] tray is taken out of the kitchen [illegible]

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ified, I at once and promptly give this
tion."
urn, from the Committee on the District
bia, reported back the Bill relating to
gton Market Company, which was
nsed, and without action the House

fe-Murders and Suicides.

io), April 19.—Leonard Stroud, a
d 55, fatally stabbed his wife on
nd then cut his own throat, dying in
nts. Mrs. Stroud died at noon to-
rouble was caused by a dispute about

April 19.—The *Tribune's* Cleveland
ys: The tragedy at Troy, Ohio, was
rrible that ever occurred in that lo-
oud had left his wife because they
out their children; but, coming back
, he demanded something to eat, and
e brought it he plunged a butcher-
er abdomen twice, turning it around
l, making a wound of over four inches
roke loose and ran, screaming "Mur-
she fell, her bowels protruding.
deliberately cut his throat and wind-
ng a jugular. The excitement is in-
only Stroud's impending death pre-
ching by infuriated neighbors. He
ble agony. Mrs. Stroud is still alive.
ax, April 19.—Henry M. Walters to-
wife's throat from ear to ear with a
hen severed his own wind-pipe. Both
ealousy is ascribed as the cause.

Rioting at Montreal.

L, April 19.—There were several en-
etween Orange Young Britons and
lice to-day in this city. As the Brit-
marching to church this forenoon, a
tempted to cross through their pro-
e was pursued into Notre Dame
urch, where some fighting occurred,
Iara, who attempted to shut the door
uders, was badly beaten. There was
y at the eleven polls to-night in Vic-
e. Stone throwing and pistol shooting
ed in until a posse of police arrived
the disturbance. An artillery volun-
l Cole, received seven wounds, and
Martin was dangerously wounded in
Several large plate glass windows
n. The police are out in strong force.
cleared the streets of the disturbing
Considerable party feeling exists aris-
the trials going on of those who took
te shooting affray in the city.

CKS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

at Queenstown, yesterday, steamer
n New York.
mmissioner Geo. W. Blunt died at
yesterday evening.
l from Blackburn, England, announces
operatives are now on strike there.
McEvoy, who killed Mayor J. J.
Grantville, S. C., April 12, 1876, was
terday.
eenberg (negro) was hanged yesterday
rder of Parker, at Amsterdam, N. Y.,
ber last.
Benson, an old South street merchant,
w York on Thursday. He was well
California, having taken out a large
early settlers, and acted a leading
he settlement of Oregon. He also
the guano deposits of the Pacific.

Oregon Affairs.

ND, April 19.—A little daughter of
Taylor, who resides near Needy, in
county, aged 3 years, was so severely
sterday, while playing with fire, that
lived a few hours.
amer *Idaho* arrived here this afternoon.
as just been received here that Captain
odwin, an old and prominent citizen of
n Clackamas county, was found on the
nt near the foot of the Cascade Moun-
ut three miles from his residence, with
crushed. Captain Goodwin, it is sup-
d a considerable sum of money with
cupidity was doubtless the prompting
the murder. Careful investigation and
led to discover the least clew of the per-
of the murder. This mysterious mur-
eated much excitement in that part of
y.

Border Troubles.

TONIO (Texas), April 19.—Reliable in-
, just received here from the Mexican
ates that the insurrection against the

STOCKTON, April 19.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of the First and Third Ward Workingmen was held last evening. The meeting was held for the purpose of nominating candidates for Councilmen and School Trustees. The following persons were nominated: First Ward—For Councilmen, D. J. Oullahan and A. Eaton; for School Trustee, J. B. Houghe. Third Ward—For Councilmen, W. F. Freeman and D. C. Matteson; for School Trustee, Wm. McCurdy. The Second Ward and the balance of the ticket will be nominated Saturday evening.

Land Decision Affirmed.

WASHINGTON, April 19.—The Secretary of the Interior to-day affirmed the decision of the General Land Office in the matter of surveys of various derivative claims confirmed to Brackett, Cornwall, Vasquez, Watkins and Gormley, situated within the exterior limits of the Soulé Jole Grant, and comprising an aggregate of about 12,600 acres of valuable land in Marin county.

Riot at Slamannan, Scotland.

LONDON, April 19.—A serious riot occurred to-day at Slamannan, near Glasgow. Some miners, on a strike, attacked the Sheriff's officers, who were serving notices of ejectment. Several houses were wrecked, and telegraph lines destroyed.

Marine Intelligence.

VICTORIA [illegible], April 19.—The bark *Frank Allen*, with [illegible] Wellington mine for San Pedro, California, has sailed. The bark *Don Nicholas* arrived this morning, nineteen days from San Francisco.

A Big Snake Story.

[Antioch Ledger.]

T. O. Carter and Daniel Cleaves, residents of Antioch, and gentlemen well known in this county, while riding horseback in the Diablo Hills, near Round Valley, last Tuesday, were made to realize that something unusual lay in the path they were pursuing, by the peculiar actions of their steeds, which suddenly refused to go forward, and nearly unseated their riders. A moment's investigation of the cause revealed to them the fact that a monster snake lay in a semi-dormant state a few feet ahead of them. Scarcely believing their eyes did not deceive them, Carter, who had a shot-gun, emptied the contents of both barrels, aiming at the head of the serpent, which straightened itself in the throes of death. When assured that [illegible] measured the snake with a [illegible] rule, and found its length to be 31 feet. The body was from three to four inches in diameter. The snake was of a greenish color, and had apparently just shed its Winter coat. The fact that so large a member of the snake species should exist in our county seems almost incredible, yet Messrs. Carter and Cleaves both vouch for the accuracy of the measurement, and assure us the length above given is without exaggeration.

The River Filling Up.

[Sacramento Bee, April 17.]

Steamboat men are already beginning to experience some trouble in navigating the waters of the Sacramento river, and it is thought that during the coming Summer months there will be considerable trouble on account of the shoals and bars which always form during a Winter when the river is high. At a place below Clarksburg, known to river men as "Long Reach," the channel is already "bunchy" in many places and the bottom of the steamer touches in going through. The same trouble also exists below Freeport, where sand bars have formed in the channel. On the upper Sacramento it is expected there will be some difficulty this year in keeping the river open to Walsh's landing, in Colusa county and on a line west from Chico, as the river has filled in with snags and the course of the water has changed so as to run through the timber in many places.

Suicide in Visalia.

[Delta, April 13.]

A man named Frank Masters, a native of Ohio, aged 47 years, who has for some months past been suffering severely from catarrh, was found dead in the pit of Ballou's brick-yard, on Thursday morning last, lying on his face with a five-shooter with two barrels empty lying at his side. An examination proved that he had shot himself through the head, the ball entering the left eye and coming out at the back of his head. A few days ago he called upon Justice MacNamara to

other lady in the village."

Judge Delmar eyed the speaker in astonishment.

"Who is she?" he asked, eagerly.

"Blanche Conway," was the quiet reply.

The old gentleman sprang to his feet.

"Marry that beggar!" he shouted. "Wed a girl who works six hours in the twenty-four for less than a wood-sawyer's pay! By Heavens, if you ever mention such a thing again in my presence I'll disown you!"

"A teacher isn't a beggar," said Laurence, coolly. "Don't you remember what you said in the last school report, about the moral grandeur of the position? Now I think of it, it was your panegyric which caused me to notice her."

"Are you intimate with her?" asked the Judge. He tried to speak calmly, but his voice trembled with passion.

"I think I may venture to say that I am," answered his son.

"And you are determined to marry her?"

"Just as soon as I can without hurrying matters," was the candid reply.

"Then," said the enraged parent, resuming his seat, "to-morrow morning you leave this house forever."

"At what time am I to start?" asked Laurence, who feared he was to be deprived of his morning nap.

"You may choose your own time, provided you keep out of my sight," was the stern reply.

"Thanks for your consideration," said Laurence; and bidding his angry sire good-night, the thoughtless fellow went yawning to bed.

The next morning, after removing his personal effects to the hotel, he proceeded to the nearest recruiting office and deliberately enrolled his name among the defenders of his country. Then he strolled leisurely to the home of his affianced and rang the door-bell. It was a holiday, and the object of his affections answered [illegible] in person. She looked prettier than ever in her dainty morning-wrapper, he thought, and his heart smote him for having called at so early an hour to trouble her with business matters. There was no help for it, however, and after they were seated alone in the humble sitting-room, he came at once to the point by inquiring how long it would take her to arrange matters for their wedding.

"It's too bad to bother you, I know," he remarked, apologetically, as Blanche raised her eyebrows in surprise. "I hate to hurry you, but, confound it, every body seems bent upon hurrying me, and I am obliged to disturb others. A little difficulty occurred last night between father and myself. Nothing serious," he added, observing his listener's look of alarm. "I was requested to leave home this morning, so I enlisted a moment ago, and I thought if we could be married before I joined my regiment it would be better for us both."

Blanche made her lover narrate the circumstances which had driven him to this desperate extremity. At the conclusion of his story she buried her face in her hands and wept bitterly.

"Nonsense, Blanche," said Laurence, composedly, as he lifted her tenderly to a seat on his knee, "don't cry; there's no need of worrying on my account; I've joined a cavalry regiment, and won't have to walk; so cheer up, my dear, and say when we shall be married."

"We ought never to think of such a thing while your father hates me so," sobbed Blanche.

"You are not going to marry my father," was the cool reply.

"If I consent, it will only make trouble for you," persisted the young lady.

"It will trouble me more if you refuse," rejoined her lover.

"But what will people say? and how shall we manage to live?" queried Blanche; who, with the perverseness of her sex, loved to raise objections for the sake of having them overruled.

Laurence smiled good-humoredly.

"Some will say one thing and some another, but whatever any body says won't be likely to harm us nor help us. As regards living, I suppose we shall subsist mainly by eating. You have taken care of yourself for the past three years, and I shall be taken care of for the next three; so there's no danger of our starving. I hate to urge the matter, but won't you name the day, and end this confounded uncertainty?"

Unable to convince her obstinate lover of the folly of his request, the hesitating maiden yielded. In less than a week from the time the above conversation occurred she had become Mrs. Delmar, and her husband was on his way to the seat of war.

After Laurence's departure, Blanche resumed her position in the school-room, and occupied her time in giving music lessons at her own residence. As often as circumstances would permit, she received letters from the front, written in her hus-

one [illegible]-100 ($[illegible] [illegible]-100) dollars
by authorized to be made out
payment to Messrs. Schuyler, H
York, for 200 Smith & Wesson
holsters, belts, buckles,
this city and county by
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according to law, taken
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Ayes—Supervisors Fo
Smith, Rountree, Farre
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Absent—Supervisor A

Approved, San Francis

Mayor, and ex-officio P

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Absent—Supervisor
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R

page 9 24 May 1942 page 8+9
San Francisco Examiner, Calif

Had Eaten Alive

r clatters across the gunwale he mailman's nose. The steers- shoulder torn by the third. r swings his rifle and lets go t forest. He can't see a thing. o scare them off.

the steersman has slipped over- hanging to the canoe his green w the gunwale.

no yells of triumph, no war silence. The river is smooth blood-leaking bundle that turns eam with a long spear stick- And soon there is a V from nk as a long-snouted alligator fter the blood scent.

anies have concessions in the ir geologists curse the swamps s in them, but they report good ey have plenty of mail, but a rs ago there were two occasions ll did not get through.

of mailmen took time off to ex- inding rivers. They traced every to a clue. But there was no

old, old Canelo, over his bowl of f a mighty water god who was ld span the river, fifty-five feet ht. He'd taken a tapir that pounds. The old man had seen rs had been swallowed whole. he look like? The old man fell silent.

morning they found a peculiar

thing, writhed slowly towards the frantically screaming goat.

The hunter overcame a dreadful nausea and sighting carefully behind the head, fired. There was a horrible convulsion.

The other hunter pumped bullet after bullet into the thrashing thing. Great bushes were ripped up by its struggles and once two enormous circles churned the mud so that it flew across the river.

Then the white belly heaved a few times and collapsed, the beastly head snapping in the mud.

The reptile was forty-two feet, three inches long.

I never believed they grew to that length until I took this picture. There he is, and by his head is the postman who fired first.

The old man who told about him toddled down to the swamp and carefully paced him off.

"This, young one," he said. "The great one, his father, was MUCH larger."

But don't think that Auca spears, bushmasters, Jivaro machetes and water boas are all that our mail carriers have to put up with.

I've heard it said that the seven plagues of Egypt landed in the Oriente. For there Senor Anopheles the malaria carrying mosquito takes his toll of every one who enters. In some parts he accounts for fourteen out of every thousand.

Then there's blackwater fever that draws all the blood from a man's body and turns it into black and stinking water. If a man is lucky enough to get to a doctor before he dies of that disease he'd better go home. He's been warned. Few men in this world survive two goes of blackwater.

Yellow fever, dengue, ulcers that never heal, yaws, smallpox and dysentery all account for delays in the Oriente mail.

But the route is not all danger and hardship. There's always a bowl of chicha somewhere along the trail. The Canelos make it of yucca. They chew the root until it is a fibrous wad. Then they spit it into a calabash and little sister stirs it up and picks out the longer fibres while she adds a little water to help fermentation.

It is a strange and stimulating drink. They wean their babies on it. And when the old men are ready to go they give them a shot of chicha to help them along the dark trail.

I'd scarcely recommend it to the queasy stomached traveller.

But the mail carriers are a race apart.

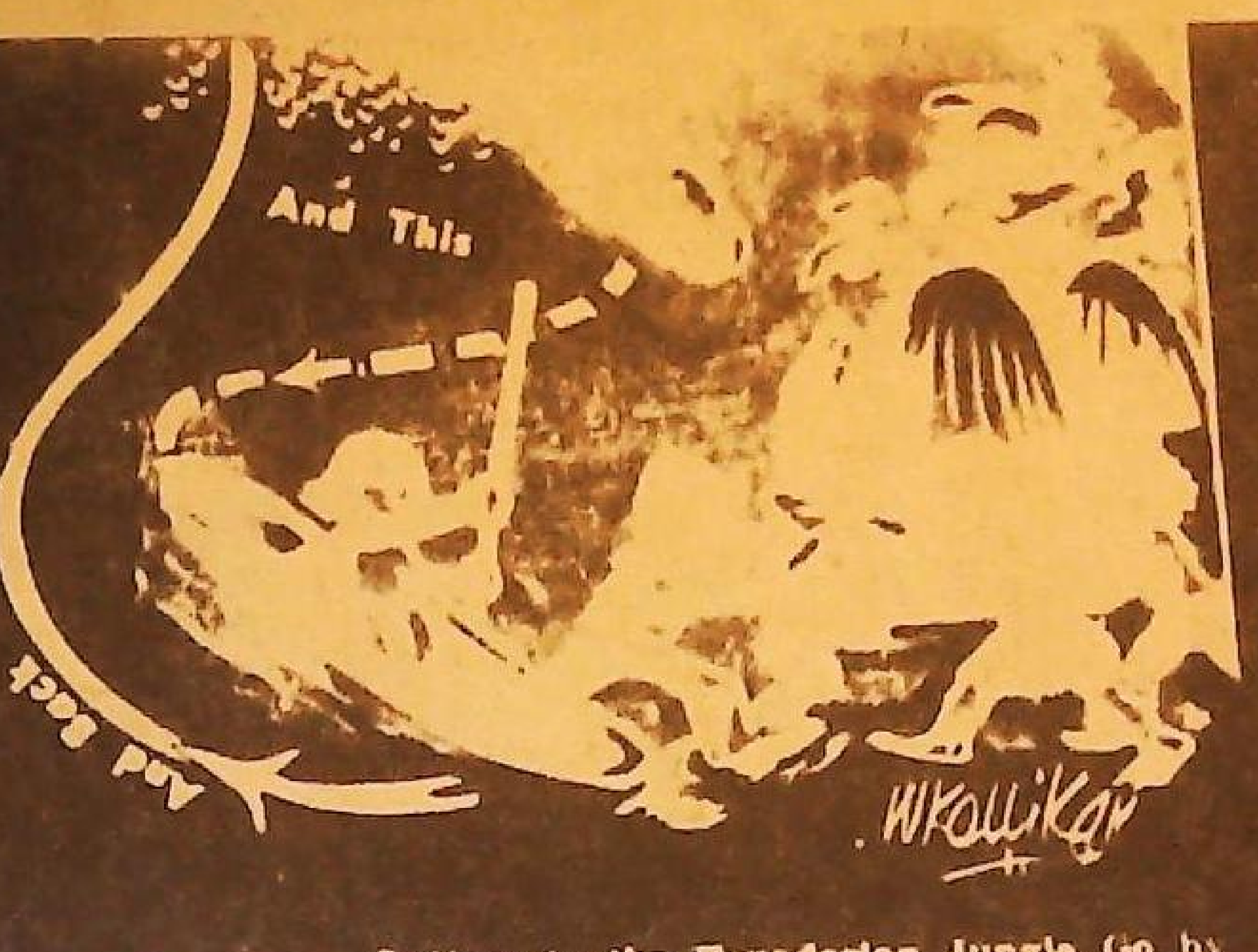
They're swashbuckling devils who'd spit in your eye as soon as deliver your mail. And the golden senoritas in the civilized parts reserve their most dazzling smiles for the mailmen of the Oriente.

To take one off the route is to disgrace him. He'll sulk for months and go on most terrific benders until he's taken back. Then at the end of the run he swaggers [illegible] wonderful [illegible] of the jaguars he's [illegible], the snakes [illegible], the women [illegible] and the Aucas [illegible].

He drags [illegible] a liana a spray of orchids that would bring a thousand dollars in New York, sticks them in his battered hat and shoots the rapids, singing a song and [illegible] his rifle for game along the bank, gorgeous birds, screaming macaws, [illegible] eye and the long snouted tapir.

Yes, his is a happy life with [illegible], the [illegible] of chicha or the [illegible] the anaconda.

And it's all free.



Letters to the Ecuadorian Jungle Go by Burro and Boat Down the Amazon Waterways Over Rocky Stream Beds, Through the Land of the Lance-Throwing Aucas, Man-Eating Boa Constrictors and Hungry Crocodiles to the Region of the Head-Hunting Jivaros. Deep in the Jungle, Malarial Mosquito Killers Attack the Postman Until Finally, the Letter Is Delivered.' But His Job Is Only Half Done—He Still Has to Go Back.

Jivaro Indian Brave Painted and dy for the War Path. He Collects man Heads to Shrink and Attach to His Belt as Souvenirs.

The Postman and His Native Crew Pole the Mail Canoe Through the Treacherous Rapids of the Amazon Waterways.

May 24 1942 page 8+9 San Francisco Examiner, Calif
American Weekly Magazine
This Postman Surely If he rings at all

GSM ↓ photo not shows 42 ft snake – more 20 ft

The Postman Examines One of His Worst Enemies — a Forty-two-Foot Boa Constrictor Which Had Eaten Alive Two Mail Carriers and Dozens of Natives.

By J. MORTIMER SHEPPARD,
Special Ecuadorian Correspondent for The American Weekly

QUITO, Ecuador, May 14, 1942.

SOME years ago James M. Cain wrote a best seller called "The Postman Always Rings Twice."

Well, he doesn't, not always.

Some of our mail carriers, down here in the Oriente, the Great Rain Forest of Eastern Ecuador, don't ring at all. They don't like to deliver the mail.

Over the most dangerous mail route in the world they travel. And their lives are not worth two cents postage.

Swinging catwalks over foaming torrents, stinking swamps in the blind twilight of secret rivers, are every-day obstacles to them. Head-hunters, savage beasts, venomous reptiles and malaria bearing mosquitos are shrugged off as unimportant by our mailmen.

They aren't quiet, polite men in nice gray uniforms, but tough, hard-eyed hombres with battered hats cocked over their ears and guns in their fists.

There are nearly 50,000 square miles in the provinces of Pastaza and Santiago Zamora, peopled by more than fifteen tribes of Indians who would rather take a mailman's head than eat.

Seven years ago the President of Ecuador realizing the enormous potentialities of the lush and abundant territory across the Andes, encouraged immigration by offering free land to settlers. To facilitate commerce a law was passed that from this entire region mail would be carried by the Government free of all charge and postal tax.

There are no post offices beyond railhead. Sometimes a letter travels for weeks before it reaches its destination, and changes hands a dozen times.

The route starts from Ambato in the Andes, linked with Guayaquil and Quito by rail.

There the bags are wrapped in rubberized ponchos to protect them against the hazards of rapids and the ceaseless rain of the Great Forest.

Some go by truck to Banos, thence along the Pastaza, tributary of the Amazon. Road-head is Puyo, the last post office.

There mail is sorted again. Some is packed on burrors for the rocky trail to Tena. Some is loaded in canoes for the runs down the Pastaza, Curaray and Napo Rivers to the mighty Amazon, to be delivered to lonely haciendas hundreds of miles from civilization.

After Puyo comes Jivaro country. You've heard of them; they're the ingenious little guys who take heads and shrink them to the sizes of oranges.

There's been a lot of talk about the secret method of making tsantsas, as the shrivelled heads are called. It's no secret at all; every village knows how, and each village has a different method from the next.

The usual way is to take out the bones, sew up the mouth and eyes and fill the mask with hot stones. They are poured out and cold water dropped in; that shrinks it a bit. The skin is rubbed with astringent herbs that help shrink and tan at the same time. Sometimes the scalp is split up the back, but the best ones are whole.

But the Jivs, are not so bad, they often visit the large towns to trade. They don't like to be interfered with, that's all. And our mailmen know that. They treat them with respect.

As a matter of fact the only thing the Jiv will not take from any man is an insult to his women. The slightest offense to one whether an ancient biddy of eighty or a tiny tot of eight will bring swift and horrible death, as too many gold panners and rubber hunters have found out.

The Canelos, they are river men mostly, are friendly, and they are used as canoe men for the mail carriers. They manage those forty foot balsa wood dugouts through the most dangerous rapids, shoving them along with pole and paddle through any kind of stream.

But they have to pass the Aucas.

It happens like this. The mail carrier sits amidships in his canoe, a Canelo poler in the bow, a paddler in the stern. He squats, rifle across his knees, snatching a bite when he dares take his eyes off the dense jungle on either side.

Suddenly there's a swo-o-sh as three lances hurtle through the steamy air. The bowman drops, a fifteen foot hardwood spear through him. Another clatters across th
right under the mailman's nose.
man yells, his shoulder torn by the

The carrier swings his rifle a
into the silent forest. He can't s
but he hopes to scare them off.

Meanwhile the steersman has sli
board and is hanging to the canoe
face well below the gunwale.

There are no yells of triump
whoops, only silence. The river
but for that blood-leaking bundle
over downstream with a long sp
ing out of it. And soon there is
under the bank as a long-snoute
steams out after the blood scent.

Oil companies have concessio
Oriente. Their [illegible]
and all that is in them, but they r
deposits. They have plenty of m
couple of years ago there were tw
when the mail did not get throu

A couple of mailmen took time
plore those winding rivers. They tr
trail that led to a clue. But the
luck.

Then an old, old Canelo, over h
chicha, told of a mighty water go
so big he could span the river, fift
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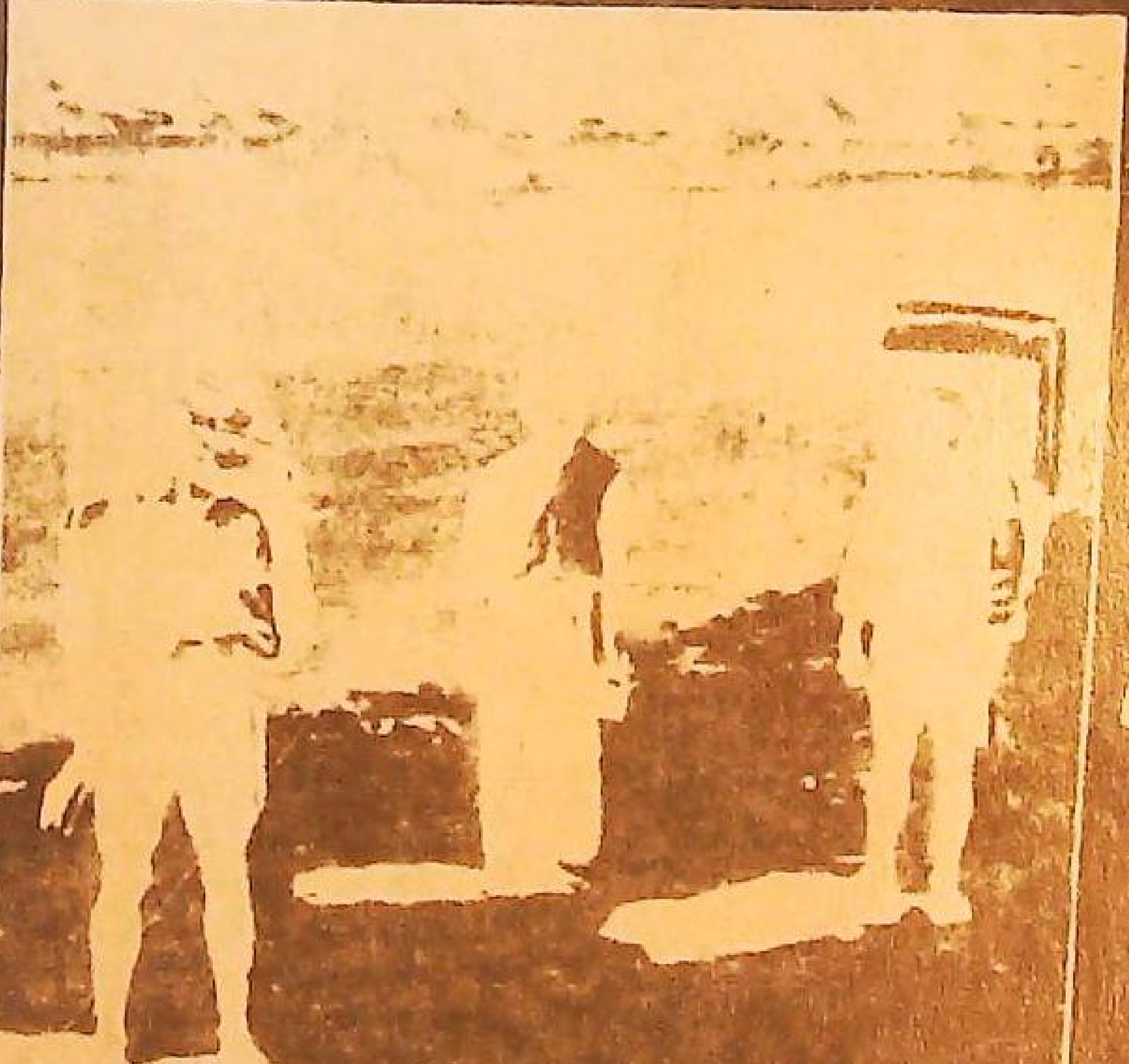
weighed 400 pounds. The old ma
it. Swimmers had been swallow

What did he look like? Th
mumbled and fell silent.

And one morning they found



The Mailman and His Cargo Camp for the Night — the Double-Barrelled Shotgun Is Insurance Against an Attack by the Aucas Indians Who Kill Because They Like To.

A Jivaro Indian Brave
Ready for the War Path
Human Heads to Shrink
to His Belt as Sou

Vol 17 - 1878 - 325-26

y, Rugby.—Mr. G. M.
Temple Observatory, has
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L NOTES

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Committee on Naval
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New York Geographical
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of Canada, was elected
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to himself as "a poten-
ole, and who reigns over
monarch of the earth."

om the *Turkestanskiya*
f the Pamir expedition,
returned to Tashkend,

M. Severtsoff remaining for some time at Osh. The expedition, which started in September last, has met with great difficulties from deep snow and the cold weather, the thermometer falling as low as 31° Celsius below zero. Owing to the absolute want of forests, wood was brought by yaks. No inhabitants were found in the Pamir, nor even in the valley of Alay, the Kirghiz having already left the valley for warmer regions. The rarity [illegible] on those great heights, which exceed 15,000 feet, occasioned much suffering to the members of the expedition. The Valley of Alay was reached from that of Fergana, by way of the Shart Pass, and from the Alay the expedition followed the path which was followed by Gen. Skobeleff in 1876. M. Severtsoff reached as far as the Lok-sai River, which the natives said flows into the Lob-nor, under the name of the Tarim-gol. Thence he was compelled by the deep snow to return, without reaching the problematic meridional ridge which was the aim of the expedition. Prof. Schwarz has determined the latitudes and longitudes of six places, and has made numerous magnetical observations; a complete survey of the route was made by the topographers, the heights of a hundred points were determined, partly barometrically and partly geodetically. M. Severtsoff has brought in a large ornithological collection.

EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL.—We learn that a society is in course of formation at St. Petersburg for the organisation of travels for children and for young men. The travels of the children are intended for the general development of the intellectual faculties and of the power of observation, and those of the young men will be arranged so as to give them a practical knowledge of some branch of science, together with an acquaintance with their own country. The travellers will be divided into several groups—natural sciences, history, ethnography, &c., and each section will be placed under the leadership of some well-known specialist. The success of the botanical and geological excursions, which were organised during several summers by the members of St. Petersburg and Moscow Societies of Natural Sciences, lead us to expect that the new enterprise will be successful.

PRZHEVALSKY AND MACLAY.—The Russian Geographical Society has received telegrams from Col. Prshevalsky, dated Fort Alexandrovsky, announcing that the traveller is now recovering from an illness, and will continue his journey to Tibet; and from Dr. Miklukho Maclay, announcing his return from New Guinea to Singapore.

SEA TRADE WITH SIBERIA.—We learn that several Bremen and Moscow merchants have formed a company for sea trade with Siberia. A large steamer, with two barges and a small river steamer on board, will start from Bremen in July next for the mouth of the Ob or of the Yenisei. Leaving the river steamer and the barges for river communication, the large steamer will return with Siberian wares.

GEOGRAPHICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY.—In the last part for 1877 of the *Zeitschrift* of the Berlin Geographical Society will be found a copious list, covering 100 pages, of the principal geographical works published between November, 1876, and November, 1877.

RUSSIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The Great Constantine gold medal of the Russian Royal Geographical Society was awarded this year to M. Zakharoff for his remarkable Manchurian dictionary, the result of many years' study of the language and life of the Manchurians, during his residence as Consul at Kuldja. The gold medal of Count Lütke was awarded to Capt. Rykacheff, of the Physical Observatory of St. Petersburg, for his researches into the distribution of atmospherical pressure throughout Russia. Small gold medals were awarded to M. Marx for ten years' meteorological observations at Yeniseisk, and to Col. Tillo for his levelling between the Aral and Caspian.

A NEW UNDERGROUND MONSTER

A RECENT communication from Fritz Muller, of Itajahy, in Southern Brazil, to the *Zoologische Garten* contains a wonderful account of the supposed existence of a gigantic earthworm in the highlands of the southern provinces of Brazil, where it is known as the "Minhocao." The stories told of this supposed animal, says Fritz Muller, sound for the most part so incredible, that one is tempted to consider them as fabulous. Who could repress a smile at hearing men speak of a worm some fifty yards in length, and five in breadth, covered with bones as with a coat of armour, uprooting mighty pine trees as if they were blades of grass, diverting the courses of streams into fresh channels, and turning dry land into a bottomless morass? And yet after carefully considering the different accounts given of the "Minhocao," one can hardly refuse to believe that some such animal does really exist, although not quite so large as the country folk would have us to believe.

About eight years ago a "Minhocao" appeared in the neighbourhood of Lages. Francisco de Amaral Varella, when about ten kilometres distant from that town, saw lying on the bank of the Rio das Caveiras a strange animal of gigantic size, nearly one metre in thickness, not very long, and with a snout like a pig, but whether it had legs or not he could not tell. He did not dare to seize it alone, and whilst calling his neighbours to his assistance, it vanished, not without leaving palpable marks behind it in the shape of a trench as it disappeared under the earth. A week later a similar trench, perhaps constructed by the same animal, was seen on the opposite side of Lages, about six kilometres distant from the former, and the traces were followed, which led ultimately under the roots of a large pine tree, and were lost in the marshy land. Herr F. Kelling, from whom this information was obtained, was at that time living as a merchant in Lages, and saw himself the trenches made by the "Minhocao." Herr E. Odebrecht, while surveying a line of road from Itajahy into the highlands of the province of Santa Caterina, several years ago, crossed a broad marshy plain traversed by an arm of the river Marombas. His progress here was much impeded by devious winding trenches which followed the course of the stream, and occasionally lost themselves in it. At the time, Herr Odebrecht could not understand the origin of these peculiar trenches, but is now inclined to believe that they were the work of the "Minhocao."

About fourteen years ago, in the month of January, Antonio José Branco, having been absent with his whole family eight days from his house, which was situated on one of the tributaries of the Rio dos Cachorros, ten kilometres from Curitibanos, on returning home found the road undermined, heaps of earth being thrown up, and large trenches made. These trenches commenced at the source of a brook, and followed its windings; terminating ultimately in a morass after a course of from 700 to 1,000 metres. The breadth of the trenches was said to be about three metres. Since that period the brook has flowed in the trench made by the "Minhocao." The path of the animal lay generally beneath the surface of the earth under the bed of the stream; several pine trees had been rooted up by its passage. One of the trees from which the Minhocao in passing had torn off the bark and part of the wood, was said to be still standing and visible last year. Hundreds of people from Curitibanos and other places had come to see the devastation caused by the Minhocao, and supposed the animal to be still living in the marshy pool, the waters of which appeared at certain times to be suddenly and strangely troubled. Indeed on still nights a rumbling sound like distant thunder and a slight movement of the earth was sensible in the neighbouring dwellings. This story was told to Herr Muller by two eye-witnesses, José, son of old Branco, and a step-son, who formerly lived in the same house. Herr Müller remarks that the appearance of the Minhocao is always supposed to presage a period of rainy weather.

In the neighbourhood of the Rio dos Papagaios, in the province of Paraná, one evening in 1849 after a long course of rainy weather, a sound was heard in the house of a certain João de Deos, as if rain were again falling in a wood hard by, but on looking out, the heavens were seen to be bright with stars. On the following morning it was discovered that a large piece of land on the further side of a small hill had been entirely undermined, and was traversed by deep trenches which led towards a bare open plateau covered with stones, or what is called in this district a "legeado." At this spot large heaps of clay turned up out of the earth marked the onward course of the animal from the legeado into the bed of a stream running into the Papagaios. Three years after this place was visited by Senhor Lebino José dos Santos, a wealthy proprietor, now resident near Curitibanos. He saw the ground still upturned, the mounds of clay on the rocky plateau, and the remains of the moved earth in the rocky bed of the brook quite plainly, and came to the conclusion that it must have been the work of two animals, the size of which must have been from two to three metres in breadth.

In the same neighbourhood, according to Senhor Lebino, a Minhocao had been seen several times before. A black woman going to draw water from a pool near a house one morning, according to her usual practice, found the whole pool destroyed, and saw a short distance off an animal which she described as being as big as a house moving off along the ground. The people whom she summoned to see the monster [illegible] only traces of the [illegible] over a [illegible] district, a young [illegible] a huge pine suddenly overturned, when there was no wind and no one to cut it. On hastening up to discover the cause, he found the surrounding earth in movement, and an enormous worm-like black animal in the middle of it, about twenty-five metres long, and with two horns on its head.

In the province of São Paulo, as Senhor Lebino also states, not far from [illegible] is a spot that is still called Charquinho, that is, Little Marsh, as it formerly was, but some years ago a Minhocao made a trench through the marsh into the [illegible] River, and so converted it into the bed of a stream.

In the year 18[illegible], Senhor Lebino was on a journey near Arapehy, in the State of Uruguay. There he was told that there was a dead Minhocao to be seen a few miles off, which had got wedged into a narrow cleft of a rock, and so perished. Its skin was said to be as thick as the bark of a pine-tree, and formed of hard scales like those of an armadillo.

From all these stories it would appear conclusive that in the high district where the Uruguay and the Paraná have their sources, excavations, and long trenches are met with, which are undoubtedly the work of some living animal. Generally, if not always, they appear after continued rainy weather, and seem to start from marshes or river-beds, and to enter them again. The accounts as to the size and appearance of the creature are very uncertain. It might be suspected to be a gigantic fish allied to *Lepidosiren* and *Ceratodus*; the "swine's snout" would show some resemblance to *Ceratodus*, while the horns on the body rather point to the front limbs of *Lepidosiren*, if these particulars can be at all depended upon. In any case, concludes Herr Müller, it would be worth while to make further investigations about the Minhocao, and, if possible, to capture it for a zoological garden!

To conclude this remarkable story, we may venture to suggest whether, if any such animal really exist, which, upon the testimony produced by Fritz Müller, seems very probable, it may not rather be a relic of the [illegible]

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eological epochs were
The little *Chlamydo-*
ainly, if not entirely,
here not still exist a
nearly allied genus,
even a last descendant

ATION RANGES

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a very clear manner
believing in a true
errestrial magnetism.
fficiently powerful it
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correspondence

THE ISLANDS OF ST. PAUL AND AMSTERDAM

AS is now well known, a French expedition visited these islands towards the close of 1874 for the purpose of watching the transit of Venus across the sun on December 9 of that year. M. G. de l'Isle accompanied the expedition as botanist; Dr. Rochefort, with M. Vélain to assist him, were to look after the zoological and geological departments. M. Vélain, who was a pupil of Prof. Lacaze-Duthiers has just published, in the *Archives de Zoologie Expérimentale et Générale* (tome 6, 1877), a most interesting account of these islands and their fauna, with, in addition, a very detailed account of the collections of shells made. We are indebted to the extreme kindness of M. Vélain for the excellent illustrations which accom-

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the weather was so bad at the time that the collections made were not numerous.

In June, 1871, the English frigate *Megæra* was wrecked on this island and most of the 400 souls that were aboard her had to reside on it for over three months.

On September 30, 1874, the members of the Transit of Venus expedition landed on St. Paul and spent thereon over three months.

Both the islands are essentially volcanic. In 1696 when van Vlaming visited St. Paul, the vast crater occupied its central part, and was above and quite isolated from the sea, and it seems to have been even thus in 1754, but at present the sea flows

crater. They form a record of the fact that [illegible] the great original outburst that formed this island there were numerous smaller eruptions, and that the [illegible] of volcanic power endured for a considerable [illegible] colleagues, while not at all deprived of activity, all became … pernicious; those who were previously engaged in

and containing tobacco, &c., and the latter one woven of different coloured threads, and ornamented with shells.

assigned a place between the rhinoceros and elephant. The name elasmotherium was given to the new

E18 — 1878

the length of the skull itself. The presence of a similar, rough protuberance of much smaller dimensions lower down towards the nostrils, would incline to the supposition that a second smaller horn was likewise present on the elasmotherium.

The front view of the skull bears a general resemblance to that of a horse or a ruminating animal. The rear portion of the skull, however, shows the relationship with the rhinoceros, and this relationship, at least, to the extinct rhinoceros, is still more strongly evidenced by the bony partition dividing the nasal cavity, a most peculiar and characteristic anatomical formation; for with the exception of these two animals, all other mammals known to us possess simply a cartilaginous division in this cavity. The structure of the teeth (Fig. 2) presents, on the contrary, no points of similarity with that of the rhinoceros. They are composed of winding folds of plates of enamel, extending the whole length of the tooth, and presenting, on the upper surface, an odd foliated appearance.

To judge from the skull in question the elasmotherium was most closely allied to the rhinoceros family, standing between it and the horse. Its proportions surpassed, however, those of any of its congeners, thus far known, existing or extinct. The proportions of the skull would point to a length of body ranging between 14 and 16 feet. With regard to the form of the body and limbs, nothing definite can be said. The nose was much narrower than that of the rhinoceros, while the eyes were larger, and the powers of vision of the elasmotherium, therefore, probably greater than those of the rhinoceros. Analogy with the contemporary rhinoceros and mammoth of Siberia would warrant the supposition of the presence of a shaggy coat of hair.

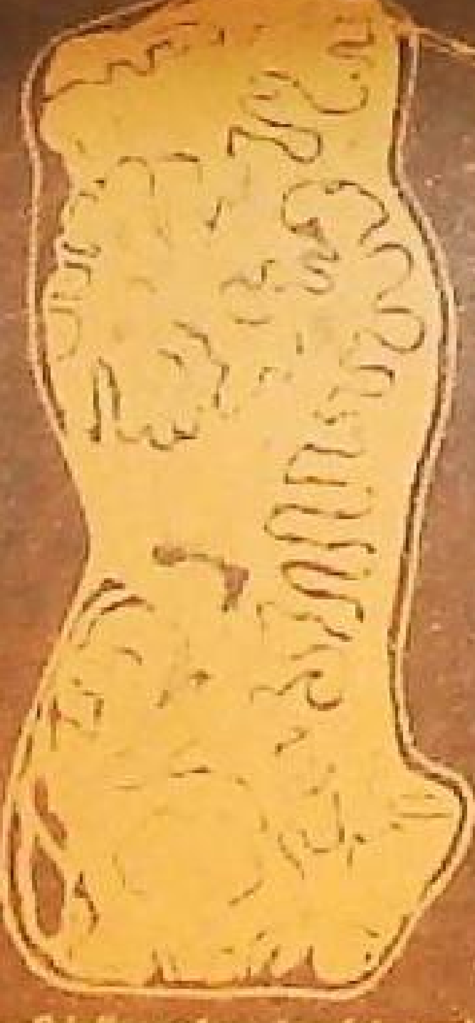

FIG. 2.—Grinding surface of tooth (natural size).

The absolute, as well as the comparative size of the cranial cavity would assign to the elasmotherium a low degree of intelligence. Dr. Brandt pictures it as an

enormous animal, of great strength, but clumsy, awkward, and slow in its movements. It wallowed in the mud, lazily chewed its food of grass and tender twigs, and stretched itself to rest among the reeds or grass on the river's edge. From this apathetic condition it would be roused only by the attack of a rival, of a mammoth, of a rhinoceros, or of some one of the great carnivorous animals of that distant epoch. It would then rush enraged on its adversary, and endeavour to lay it low with its formidable horn.

The discoveries of remains of the elasmotherium show that it once wandered over the greater portion of Europe, from the Ural to the Rhine, and as far south as Sicily. It is also highly probable that later palæontological discoveries will show its existence in Asia, in company with the other large mammals, whose remains have been so well preserved in Siberia.

It was also in all probability contemporary with the men of the stone age, its remains occurring in the same deposits, in which the anthropologist finds the flints, collections of bones, and other evidences of prehistoric man. From their weapons the elasmotherium had probably little to fear.

In connection with this interesting discovery Dr. Brandt recounts a tradition of a tribe of Tartars in South Siberia, which describes the death of an enormous black ox. It possessed, however, but a single horn, and that of such size that it could be transported on sledges only. Possibly a reference to the elasmotherium.

UNDERGROUND MONSTERS

IN a former number (vol. xvii. p. 325) we gave some account of a curious underground monster, the Minhocao, supposed to exist in Brazil. Dr. Spencer Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, sends us an interesting document, which shows that the belief in such a monster is not confined to Brazil, but is shared in by the people of Nicaragua. In the *Gaceta de Nicaragua* for March 10, 1866, is a long letter signed "Paulino Montenegro," containing a circumstantial account of an object possessing very much the same attributes as the Minhocao. The letter is dated Jinotega, Nicaragua, February 21, 1866. The writer states that he went to Concordia on private business, when he heard on the 17th of a serpent having taken up its abode at a place called La Cuchilla, within the jurisdiction of the village. Along with some friends, M. Montenegro set out on the 18th to examine into the foundation of the report. A tradition concerning such a monster has existed from "time immemorial." After having travelled on that day about two leagues (1 league = 2·6 English miles) north-east from the village, they reached the spot where the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had traced signs and tracks, which, M. Montenegro states, positively prove the existence of such an animal.

The most detailed accounts stated that here, some five years before, a sort of platform of about fifty varas diameter had been formed at the foot of a large rock cropping out from a hillside. One of the neighbours had established there an orchard, though no one had been able to account for this new formation. Three years before, however, people began to observe that this little piece of level ground was gradually deepening, and that in the month of November the base of the rock adjoining it became exposed and worn from some agency, notwithstanding that there was not sufficient water to cause the phenomenon. At the same time mighty trees (*robles*[1]) were observed to become uprooted and to fall in great disorder, while immense rocks were moved and shifted their foundations so much, that in the following month of December, during one night, the road from Chichiguas and Cuchilla to San Rafael del Norte was destroyed by a multitude of cracks and clefts, which had suddenly opened. At that time the ground was observed to be undermined, falling in at intervals. These occurrences were observed some three days before M. Montenegro and his friends visited the place, which they saw all to be in accordance with the statements. Immediately on examining the locality for themselves they came to the conclusion that there were signs not of one but of two animals, probably of the shape of huge fishes.

In commencing their work these animals seemed to pursue a kind of an upheaving movement. As the bottom of their hiding-place was loose, shifting ground, the surface of this was seen to give way, while trees were shaken out and came down crashing. The noise of this seemed to scare the animals away. One of them—believed to have been the male on account of its larger size and greater strength—took to the left in descending, but always in a parallel direction with and along the slope of another hill, which here terminated. As it broke through the banks of a ravine, which measured about twenty varas in width and nine feet in depth at its greatest opening, it passed with its head underground. The thrown-up soil showed the tracks of the head, which left its marks both in the soil and on the roots of the trees, which were broken, the broken pieces being four feet thick. The main part of the body, which certainly must have passed here uncovered, left its traces at the bottom of the ravine. Passing out from this the animal entered upon ground more level and friable, which it went through at a depth of five quarters (1·25 varas), forming a furrow and leaving behind a ridge more than one vara high. Following the ravine for a distance of about sixty varas it encountered two deep ditches, when it turned and traced its way back, and, approaching the aforesaid ravine, took to the bed of a pond and disappeared perpendicularly.

The other animal, which left behind a smaller track, and therefore was believed to have been the female, went at once to the right, to the outlet of the pond of water before referred to, leaving behind it everywhere the same marks as the other. When it reached the two deep ditches it turned back also, and undoubtedly encountered its companion afterwards.

The whole ground had become irregularly disturbed and broken up, and the power of these animals is shown by their being able not only to throw up huge masses of soil but even to move rocks weighing more than thirty quintals.

The animals seem to be covered with a skin clad with scales or plates, the markings of which, imprinted on the soft clay or loam, bear much resemblance to those of the garrobo[2] in the mud. It appears that the shape of these animals must be like that of the guapote.[2] The length of the body is at least twelve varas, the height three, and its thickness 1·5 varas.

A tradition about such an animal as this has been kept up unaltered, without contradiction, for more than a hundred years. It is described in general as a large snake, and called "sierpe," on account of its extraordinary size, and living in chaquites.[3] One is said to have been once killed by lightning the moment it had left its hiding-place in the river "Sebaco viejo."

TWO AUSTRALIAN GEOLOGISTS

AUSTRALIA has recently lost two of its most eminent geologists, the Rev. W. B. Clarke and Mr. Richard Daintree. The death of Mr. Clarke we noted some weeks

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[1] "Roble," in Spanish, means an oak. The same name is found through various parts of Spanish America, applied to trees belonging to very different botanical families, having no natural affinities among each other, and also none to the "Cupuliferæ." On the River Atrato, in New Granada, South America, a huge tree, a species of *Tecoma*, is called "roble." The name "roble," no doubt, is given to these different forms merely on account of some external resemblance to an original Spanish species of oak.

[2] "Garrobo" and "guapote" are names … the exact application cannot be ascertained.

[3] "Chaquites" seems to be an Indo-Hispanic expression … a provincialism; probably pools or ponds is meant in the present case.

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conferred upon him by the unanimous and spontaneous action of the Society. Mr. Clarke died on June 16.

The announcement of the death of Mr. R. Daintree, C.M.G., F.G.S., will be read with deep regret alike in this country and the Australian Colonies, more especially Victoria and Queensland. Next perhaps to that of Mr.

rapidly manifested themselves. He died last month, at the early age of forty-seven years. By his death there has passed from amongst us a true, most unselfish, and large-hearted man, a true friend, and a most agreeable companion. He was an accomplished geologist, a close and accurate zoological observer, a thoroughly practical

Another route is *viâ* Liverpool to Dublin, these are good boats. Lastly, to those who prefer a long sea-trip and can spare the time, nothing is more pleasant than going from London to Dublin direct by steamer. So much for transit. As regards accommodation in Dublin, the Executive Committee have provided a very complete list of

Atlantic Monthly Nov 1945 p88-91

[illegible] that we do not understand the
[illegible] problem. This charge is in general
[illegible] of us woefully ignorant of even the
[illegible] of the extraordinarily complex
[illegible]. But even though we underestimate
the [illegible] problem which India presents to the
British, and thereby in our words and thoughts often

down partly because it was not supported by [illegible]
great powers, and partly because even those [illegible]
which did join it were not willing to back it to the
extent of risking what they believed to be their indi-
vidual national interests for the sake of the interests
of the community of nations. To be specific, they
would not enforce the necessary sanctions in the case

THE PENINSULA PYTHON

An Absolutely True Story

by ROBERT BORDNER

1

FROM the time the Peninsula Python first crossed that Ohio field of sprouting corn before the astonished eyes of Clarence Mitchell in the summer of 1944, until it holed up for the winter, presumably under the overhanging banks of the Cuyahoga River, it left many a mark on the face of the earth.

There were tracks "like those of an auto tire" across the softness of freshly tilled fields. There were tracks in the mud at the river's edge. There were branches broken and bark scuffed from tall trees when it fell, frightened, before still more frightened beholders. His deepest mark was upon the people of the wild, wooded valley between Cleveland and Akron; his longest was a trail that circled the earth.

Clarence Mitchell was hoeing his piece of corn ground between the Everett swamp and the abandoned bed of the old Ohio Canal on June 8. "[illegible] three days the dogs was nervous, and finally they wouldn't go over there with me at all," he said. "I thought they was acting kind of funny, but I didn't pay it much mind. I don't know what made me look up, but there, about fifteen paces away, was the biggest snake I ever see, sliding along easy and slow in plain sight on the bare ground.

"I just stood quiet, not aiming to attract attention. It seemed like ten minutes I watched. He slid into the river, swam across, and climbed out the other side, heading toward the yellow clay slip on the nose of that hogback up Steele's Corners way.

"He was thick as my thigh, right here, and every bit of fifteen feet long — more like eighteen — sort of brownish spotted. I went over and looked at the track. It was like you'd rolled a spare tire across my field."

Young Mike Bobacek, who had the mules hitched to the cultivator, working the field east of the river, said he saw Clarence light out for home and [illegible] too saw the snake come out of the river [illegible]

Nobody paid much attention to the tale except the womenfolk, who canceled plans for blackberrying thereabouts.

Ten days later, Paul and John Szalay fitted a field with disk and cultipacker in the morning. That was in Old Cassidy's Bottom, maybe two miles north of Mitchell's place, and only a couple of miles from Peninsula village. When they came back from lunch to seed the piece, there was a track "like from an auto tire," wavering from the overgrown, swampy canal bed to the river, across the virgin seedbed. They got word to Mayor John Ritch. With his police chief, Art Huey, and the two assistant chiefs, Dale Hall and Dud Watson, the mayor investigated.

"Nothing but a mighty big snake could have made that track," he said, officially.

Two mornings later the fire siren uncoiled its terrifying scream. It was the Roy Vaughn place up the hill east of the river. When the volunteers got there, everybody was housed up tight. Mrs. Vaughn had seen the snake.

"I was up in the second floor of my hen house and looked out into the yard in back," she said. She showed them. "Right there was a great big snake trying to get through the woven wire fence, but he had a lump in him, big as a basket, and the lump wouldn't go through the fence. He reared up and climbed right over the top of that wire fence — three and a half feet high. The last few feet of him fell over, plop — a big plop — on the far side, and he went down the ravine."

Mrs. Vaughn was no hysteric. There was [illegible] on the wire. The weeds were broken flat where she pointed. A chicken was gone.

That settled it for those present; for them the Peninsula Python became a sobering fact. Chief Huey measured the distance Mrs. Vaughn said the snake had extended beside the fence. It was nineteen feet. Mayor Ritch, in a proclamation mobilizing the men of Peninsula, set Sunday for the hunt. The *Cleveland Press* and the *Akron Beacon-Journal* were impressed.

Theories flew. A circus had been in Akron the

It was on Thanksgiving Hill, his 140-acre farm near Peninsula, Ohio, that ROBERT BORDNER first heard of the giant python which had been terrifying his neighbors. He promptly organized the hunt, wrote the mayor's proclamation, and personally investigated every clue as the huge serpent perambulated through the state. His story is true in every particular — the only matter in doubt being the present whereabouts of the intruder.

When not hunting pythons, Mr. Bordner divides his time between the *Cleveland Press* and the editing of a rural weekly, the *Brecksville News*.

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[illegible] in Akron

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Pierre Monroe Metcalf, the expert frog hunter,

[illegible] the Hudson road.

At the scene, drivers were so anxious to [illegible] the kill that they ditched their cars [illegible] them, doors open, in the middle of the road. [illegible] pants were snagged on barbed wire and brush.

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n Idaho Falls, Idaho, Carl Scobie came
to help hunt the varmint. A Peninsula
gone West upon discharge from the Ma-
World War I. For twenty-five years he
nakes a hobby in the oil fields of Texas
and then in Los Angeles, where he was
e. For years he raised rattlers and sold
Michigan firm for use on horses in the
nti-venom serum. He was the expert in

that California trial of a man who had murdered his wife by sticking her foot into a box of rattlers. And when the carnival python escaped at Long Beach a few years ago, police called him and he captured the 28-foot reptile under a wharf.

Carl had not been home in a quarter century, but when he read about the Peninsula Python, he hopped a train. He no longer knew where his parents lived, but he found his Aunt Abbie Lee on the farm where she and his Uncle Park had lived for fifty-three years.

Aunt Abbie let the stranger in. She was in the midst of preparations for the Oak Hill picnic to which his parents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and former neighbors were coming on the morrow. In no time she had a plan, and bedded her nephew down for the night.

Next day as some sixty guests arrived, Aunt Abbie introduced the baldish, well-dressed stranger as Mr. Smith. None knew him. "I had a funny feeling," said Charles Scobie, his father, "but I couldn't tell what was the matter. Then I was flabbergasted."

So Carl Scobie took the field for two weeks armed with nothing but a blanket. "You catch a big snake by letting him strike at the blanket. Then you just wrap it around his head and he is harmless. This one will weigh about 250 pounds. A half-dozen men then can pick him up and carry him stretched out like a timber."

But Carl went home to Idaho in September without the Peninsula Python.

The snake was reported a few more times as the leaves began to fall. The hunters never got word quick enough to see him and shoot, and he traveled too fast, when frightened, to trail. But with the first heavy frost, all trace of him was lost.

The posse watched the skies for the wheel of buzzards to lead them to his carcass, dead of cold. No buzzards circled. "He must have holed up under the overhanging roots of a big tree along the river banks," they reasoned.

They are still waiting for the Peninsula Python to reappear.

"GERTIE IS ALL RIGHT"

by EDWARD W. RUSSELL

I

It was a zebra in a Duke's back yard which bit me into radar in 1939. Otherwise I should have known nothing about it. Zebra stallions are uncommon in our quiet English countryside. They are not, as zoologists would say, indigenous. But just before war broke out, it chanced that I was badly chewed by a vicious specimen and was rushed to the operating table of a hospital which — embarrassingly — specialized in maternity. After that, not even radar surprised me very much.

In those early days, the War Office was besieged by volunteers, and officers were harassed. Perhaps that explains it.

"What happened to you?" asked the man to whom I offered my services, as he eyed my sling and bandages.

"I've been bitten by a zebra," I replied, believing, quaintly, that one should always tell the truth to Full Colonels.

"This," he replied, reddening like a fighting fish that has just seen another, "is no time for levity! *Go away!*"

I think he must have had ulcers.

I did not know the Wing Commander well, but we had sometimes had a drink together at the Club. One night he tackled me before I had even had time to order. "Will you join the RAF tomorrow morning?" he asked abruptly.

"Does the RAF mind zebra bites?" I countered, still smarting from the Colonel.

"They need men so desperately for certain duties that you could have been sat on by an elephant for all they care," he replied.

"There is no man in England," I protested, "who knows less about the RAF than I do. I *had* planned to join the Army. I'm too old to fly. What do you want me to do?"

"It's so secret I can't tell you," he replied.

"How would I start?" I asked.

"Be at the Air Ministry at nine o'clock tomorrow and I'll send you in a car," he answered. "And can you bring two others with you?"

I sipped my drink and asked a few questions. It all seemed genuine enough and urgent.

After graduating from Cambridge University, Edward W. Russell established himself firmly in Fleet Street, where for six years he was Managing Editor of the *Morning Post*. An encounter with a zebra resulted in his being in a somewhat damaged condition at the outbreak of the war. For this and other reasons, he was assigned to the Special Duties branch of the RAF Volunteer Reserve with results which this article delightfully discloses.

[illegible] be hostile. It was a wild and dirty winter's [illegible] folk scrambled on hands and knees up banks of poison ivy. Girls muddied white dresses in ditches. Patches of hide were skinned off as men slipped in ravines or rolled into the creek.

In the bright June sunshine, through burrs and briars, tangled in thornbush, trampling acres of alfalfa and timothy, the hunters swirled. Meanwhile Mayor Ritch was tracing the call. It was obviously a hoax. But it took an hour to stop the hunt.

Reporters, editorial writers, cartoonists, and radio commentators were hilarious for days. The village split into angry camps. The doubters charged that the township had been made ridiculous and that the story had damaged property values. They twitted the taletellers. The believers, pride bruised, judgment impugned, veracity questioned, decided to go underground.

"It won't be so funny if that snake gets a child next; the jokers would be first to holler," Mayor Ritch warned.

The believers felt cheated by the hoax because Ganyard, the barber and world-champion still-hunter of foxes, found evidence that convinced him his posse had been close to the reptile when called off.

The hunt was reorganized in the hands of the few; no more mass hunts, no more siren-blowing, no more information to the newspapers till the python was brought in dead. From then on, these men were out to kill; they wanted proof to fling at their detractors.

Art Huey, the police chief, took charge. Earl Ganyard, most expert as a woodsman, was put on constant alert. Dale and Ray Hall and Dud Watson were reinforcements. They kept guns in their automobiles, and their automobiles in constant readiness.

The rural operators of all surrounding townships were organized for swift transmission of new reports to the West Richfield telephone exchange. Huey and Ganyard kept themselves constantly available to the exchange, day and night. The strategy was to get to the scene before the frightened reptile had traveled too far.

3

Less than forty-eight hours after the Sunday fiasco, the new posse had its first test. It took place along the river two miles north of Peninsula, near Boston Mills.

Placid and practical Mrs. Pauline Hopko had taken her pail and started down the canal to milk her cows in the pasture Tuesday morning. "The cows were fidgety and I had to tie them to the fence while I milked," she said. "Suddenly there was a crashing in the branches of a willow across the river. The cows jerked loose, breaking halters, and ran, bellowing, leaving me sitting with the pail. I looked over, and there was a snake with a head as big as a man's coming down out of that dead willow. The dogs cowered under my skirts, almost upsetting me."

Bobbie Pollard came along the towpath on his bicycle and she sent him to telephone while she rounded up the cows to finish the milking.

Bobbie neglected to phone, but came back with some more boys instead. Again they saw the snake in a nearer tree across the river. But it was hours before the official snake posse was on the scene. They found freshly broken branches on the two trees, loose bark newly scuffed off, tracks on the ground. But the ten-foot weeds, the rank vines, and the tangled flood-plain debris of the river bottoms defeated the hunt.

Two days later, four miles up Brandywine Creek, Ernest Raymond sharpened his scythe and went to mow the fence row. "I noticed a root sticking up in the timothy field. I wondered how that stump got there. Then I saw it move. The snake, coiled like a stump, had his head up looking around.

"I ran to the house for my shotgun and Ray Thompson, my son-in-law. When we came back it was still there, but he lowered his head before I could shoot. We could see the deep grass waving as he went off."

They showed the posse a circle of matted grass in the field. Reporters found out about the incident, and next day Rayy Mitten of the *Akron Beacon-Journal* was hunting Macedonia township in an airplane.

Two days later Mrs. Ralph Griffin went to her back door to call her boy George. "I saw something man-high where the path enters the woods at the back of the yard. It was like a man in a white shirt, till I looked good. It was the snake, reared up and looking around, his throat white and shiny." The posse hunted, but again without luck.

Then the snake headed back down Brandywine to the Cuyahoga river bottoms. Mrs. Katherine Boroutick of Boston Mills saw him next. "I went out back of the house to throw some trash in the river, and just as I turned to come back, there was a crash in the butternut overhead. I turned just as the big snake fell with a thump not ten feet from me."

The posse found limbs the size of your wrist, broken and dangling, their leaves still green, thirty feet from the ground on that butternut tree, and again a track to the river.

By this time the fame of the Peninsula Python had spread around the earth. Boys from the valley away at war, read about it in *Yank*, in ships' papers at sea, everywhere. Their letters asking about the snake poured in from Iceland, England, the Normandy beachhead, Italy, North Africa, India, Australia, New Guinea, the Pacific fleet, the Aleutians.

And from Idaho Falls, Idaho, Carl Scobie came 2000 miles to help hunt the varmint. A Peninsula boy, he had gone West upon discharge from the Marines after World War I. For twenty-five years he had made snakes a hobby in the oil fields of Texas and Mexico and then in Los Angeles, where he was in real estate. For years he raised rattlers and sold them to a Michigan firm for use on horses in the making of anti-venom serum. He was the expert in

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month before. If a snake had escaped, it was reasoned, the circus would have been anxious to hush it up, because it might have been liable for large damages, and a new snake would cost less than $200. Big snakes cost $10 a foot. The circus was traced, but admitted no escape.

Then it was remembered that two years before, a carnival caravan, lost, cut across the valley. One of the trucks went wild on the Hammond's Corners hill and was wrecked among the tombstones of the [illegible] Valley Cemetery at the bottom. The driver was killed, the contents scattered. Maybe it came from there.

Only tropic constrictors were as long as the Peninsula Python, according to Arthur B. Williams, director of the Cleveland Museum of Natural History. Ohio's biggest native, the blacksnake, never got longer than six feet.

Fletcher Reynolds, director of the Cleveland Zoo, begged for the life of the reptile. "He is harmless unless frightened or cornered," he said. "He can strike only about one-third his length; stay ten feet away from him and he cannot reach you.

"But don't get too close. He has teeth like a dog's and can cut a person up some. The teeth grab when he strikes; then he pulls the victim to him and throws a loop around it; it is only after he gets his tail in the loop that he can tighten enough to kill."

Mr. Reynolds asked anyone finding the snake to be quiet. "Don't scare him. Telephone the location to the Zoo and wait to show me. I will be there in less than thirty minutes. I can easily take him alive."

By that time the radio newscasters were giving bulletins on the snake. United Press and Associated Press were carrying developments out of Akron. All over Ohio the newspapers were carrying the story on page one.

The Columbus Zoo bid $500 for the beast. Carnival men, concessionaires, hunters, "snakeologists," and just plain screwballs began drifting in, snooping, making offers.

2

Schemes for capture were discussed at Scotty's bar, Stebbins's grocery, Sovacool's store, Conger's soda fountain, Earl Duffy Ganyard's barbershop.

Dud Watson contrived a large box with an eight-inch hole for entry. He baited it with a hen. "He'll go in, gobble the hen, and be trapped by his breakfast."

Pernel Andrews toted a clothesline prop. "I'll let him strike at the pole, push it down his gullet so he can't coil, and have him at my mercy."

J. H. Bower, the station agent, depended on the charming effects of music. "Snakes love music. Couple of the boys and me used it on hundreds in West Virginia. We would go along the creek, one sawing the fiddle, t'other whanging the banjo, and me picking them off with my .22."

Pierce Monroe Metcalf, the expert frog hunter, explained the sneak-snatch method. "Quick throw a leg over him and start steering. Like as not you can ride him right into town bareback," he said.

Ray Hall, Civilian Defense safety chief, liked the stem-winder way. "All you got to do is keep a snake from coiling. I've used it plenty of times on big blacksnakes. You just grab them by the tail like they was an old Model T Ford and crank. It bewilders them."

Dale, his brother, advocated self-service. "Grab his tail, and when he strikes, just shove his tail down his throat. He'll swaller hisself."

More people kept coming in for the hunt with other ideas. But Mayor Ritch, scared at the sight of the assorted weapons, let out another proclamation: the only firearms permitted would be those in the hands of his police and posse leaders: one gun to a posse. There was danger the hunters would shoot up themselves, especially in the excitement, if the snake were found.

On Sunday, June 25, the weather was beautiful. The church bells were ringing, worshipers were arriving, and Chief Hucy was marshaling a crazy assortment of men, boys, weapons, and gadgets in front of the barbershop, assigning each to a posse, giving final instructions.

Just then, across the bridge into town, charged two companies of militia, bayonets fixed. Captain William E. Morris explained that they knew nothing of the snake hunt, but had camped up on Brewery Hill overnight and were "taking" the town for practice.

Newspaper, motion picture, and amateur photographers, together with reporters from the city newspapers, followed the posses deploying on the river bottoms, up ravines, through the woods. Women and children in cars tagged along, sticking to the roads.

It was nearly time for the churches to let out when the siren on the Town Hall howled the prearranged three long blasts. That meant the West Richfield telephone operator had a call the varmint had been located.

It was on the Hudson road, up east of Fred Kelly's. The mayor wrote the directions on the firehouse blackboard and headed for the scene.

The front doors of the churches were pushed open with a rush; the devout had a good head start on the hunters. They piled into cars and, scattering gravel, streamed up the hill.

That siren drained all the loose population of the township down into the village and up Kelly Hill. The posses broke from the woods to the south, jumped on the running boards of cars, roared into town, and, brandishing knives and clubs, whirled up the Hudson road.

At the scene, drivers were so anxious to get in on the kill that they ditched their cars or abandoned them, doors open, in the middle of the road. Sunday pants were snagged on barbed wire and brush. City

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23 August 1885 p1-8,9 San Francisco Examiner, Calif
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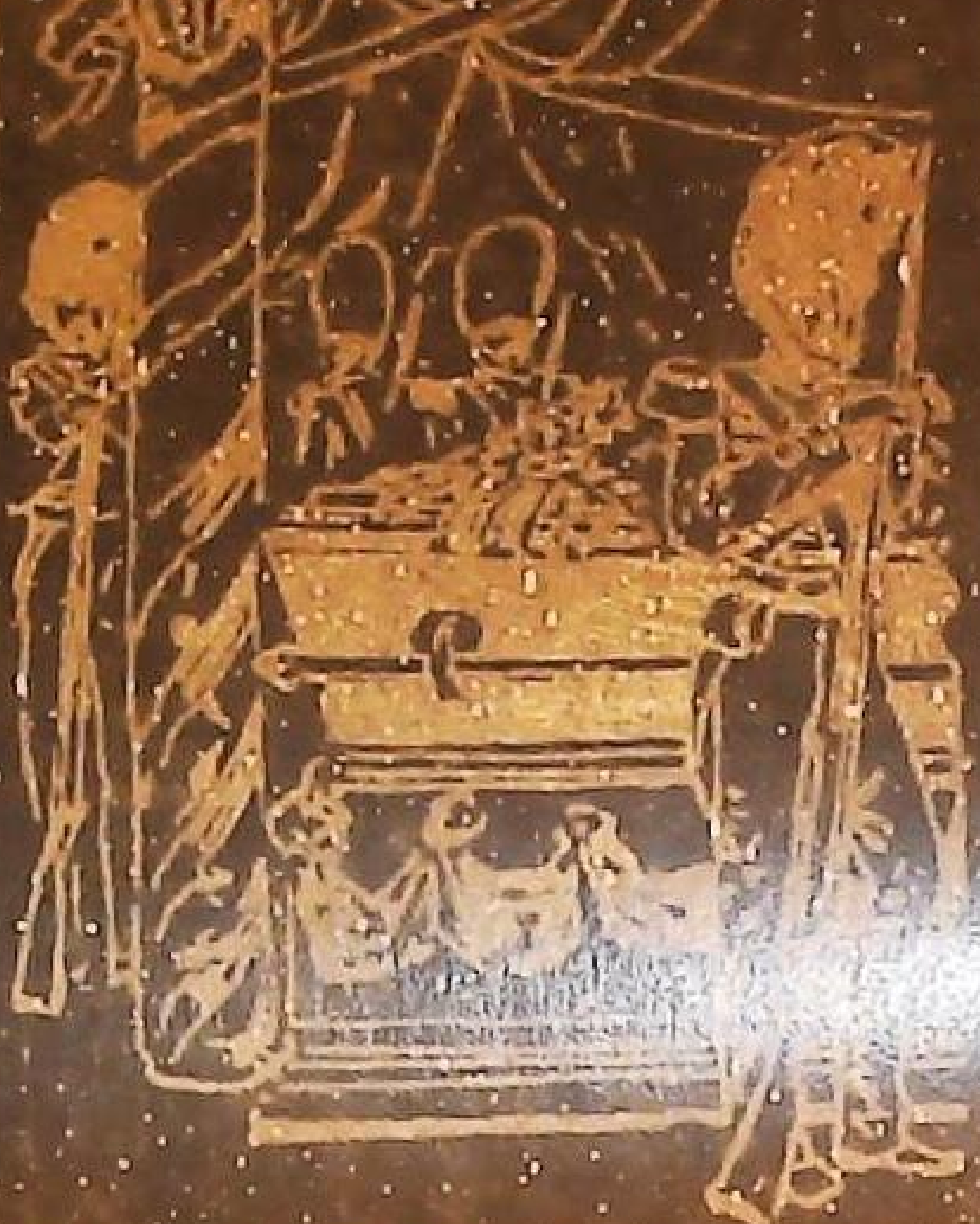


GARFIELD LYING IN STATE.

The funeral of Garfield was another memorable event. Over 150,000 visitors looked at the features of the dead President, on the 22d and 23d of September, 1881, as he lay in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

Garfield's remains were clothed in the dress which he wore on the previous 4th of March, when he was inaugurated President. The face and shoulders were alone visible, the left hand placed across the breast in the attitude which was habitual to him during his life. The casket was ebon-black with silver handles, and lined with white satin. At the upper end were two long palm leaves laid so as to cross one another, and close by them the wreath of white roses, stephanotis and [illegible] given by Queen Victoria.

Fewer sights of greater solemnity can be conceived than the spectacle presented at Monumental Park, Cleveland, as Garfield's body lay in state. Between the lines of the military the citizens, four abreast, marched in solemn strides as they passed and gazed upon the face of the dead. During the night the electric and calcium lights permitted this great human tide of mourners to continue their regular march past, and as on that particular occasion the wind was hushed as if in awe of the dead figure, and no sound could be heard but the steady tramp of feet, it was a sight which, once seen, cannot be quickly obliterated from the brain. Above Garfield's coffin hung a scroll bearing the following lines:

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won;
Now comes rest.

James A. Garfield's hearse was drawn by twelve black horses all draped in black, with white plumes, and led by colored men. Twelve pall bearers walked by Garfield's corpse. The hearse, or funeral car, presented a platform of eight feet by sixteen feet, with heavy black draping extending to the ground, bordered with silver fringe and relieved by white silken folds. From the platform two terraced steps led to the pall, with rows of immortelles running round the car. Egyptian capitals rose on the top, with a large dome in the center. On the corners of the dome and canopy were ostrich plumes. An urn wreathed with immortelles crowned the dome, and the ceiling of the canopy was colored alternately with red, white and blue. A battalion of the Knights Templar in their picturesque dress followed with

ZOOLOGICAL

Mysteries of Natural History as Yet Unsolved.

Winged Fiends Possessed of Enormous Appetites.

Land Serpents—Sir Stamford's Python—The Monster of Bagrada—A Numidian Tradition.

The largest land serpent of which we have any trustworthy account, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is the *ular sawah*, or swamp python, of fifty-five feet, which Sir Stamford Raffles saw on the [illegible], but a much larger [illegible] to have inhabited the tropical and sub-tropical regions of the old world. Pliny states that a serpent killed in the Pontine swamps during the reign of the Emperor Claudius had the entire body of a child in its belly, and Suetonius mentions a python of fifty cubits, seventy-five feet in length that was killed near Agrigentos (the modern Girgenti) and exhibited in front of the Comitium.

But the strangest classical snake story (with the exception of the Laocoon myth) comes from Numidia, in Northern Africa, where, according to Valerius Maximus, a whole Roman army was kept at bay on a ford of the Bagrada by a monster serpent that killed fourteen men who had attacked it with their broadswords, but which was at last crushed by a well-aimed stone shot from a *ballista*, used in the siege of fortified towns.

A BRAZILIAN PRODIGY.

[illegible] American boas are [illegible] feet long, but, according to the Brazilian naturalist, Becera, the Indian tribes of the Tocantins river believe firmly in the existence of a *gusano cavador*, a monstrous subterranean serpent that tunnels its way through the mold and root tangle of the primeval forests, living on burrowing rodents and armadillos, and such larger animals as happen to approach the entrance of its den. Becera states that he went to see one of these dens, fourteen miles west of the Mission of San Rafael, and found a spacious burrow opening on the bank of a brook under the roots of an overhanging Adansonia tree, and lined with a peculiar viscid substance, as if a slimy reptile had forced its way through the opening. The funnel measured about four feet in diameter, but seemed to get narrower further down. For sixty varas (about as many yards) from the tree ruptures and upheavals of the soil could be traced along the surface of the ground; but as such ruptures are sometimes caused by the fall of a large tree and the consequent strain on the roots, Becera did not quite know what to make of the matter. The accounts of the Indians, though strangely unanimous on some points, are in other respects evidently preposterously absurd, for a chief of the Guinibas assured the naturalist that the gusano was a hairy serpent, and had short, sharp teeth like an ocelot (sort of a catamount), but was too timid to use them for homicidal purposes.

The egg-shaped cirripeds (*Balanus marinus*) were probably the prototypes of the "barnacle goose" eggs mentioned in the natural histories of the Middle Ages, and seals of the mermaids, but where did our forefathers see the originals of their unl-

[illegible] the door and the window [illegible] pried apart and [illegible] cranny of the room was carefully [illegible]ized; but the turret-room refused to give up its mystery.

It was remembered that one of the fatal nights had been by no means especially damp; that the dampness of the room was in fact not worse than that of many other apartments of the old house, and the Count, dissatisfied with the result of the investigation, gave positive orders that the room should never again be used for a guest chamber.

That [illegible] from college, and though the village gossips had already acquainted him with all the current details of the turret story, he was evidently [illegible] impressed with his mother's account of the [illegible]. All the next day he [illegible] rather [illegible] and [illegible] incredulous [illegible] had to keep a [illegible].

A FATAL [illegible].

Half an hour after he had retired to his room there was [illegible] at the door, and the old major-domo [illegible] with wine and [illegible] became communicative, and after a whispered consultation the two conspirators packed a lunch-basket with sweetmeats and bottles, loaded a brace of pistols and started for the turret-room. Nobody had heard their movements, but about an hour after midnight the whole house was startled by a series of piercing shrieks. Door after door opened, bewildered servants ran to and fro, till at last Count Lermontoff flew upstairs and rushed into the turret-room. His worst suspicions were confirmed. On a pallet, in a corner of the hateful chamber, lay his eldest son—a corpse. The old steward, almost crazy with fear and horror, had at last recovered his [illegible] and volunteered a full confession [illegible] urgent request of his [illegible] had unlocked the [illegible] a good [illegible] assortment of [illegible] pass the night [illegible] Their plan was [illegible] 3 o'clock the old [illegible] up for a [illegible] hardly been a [illegible] hour when he was [illegible] that made his blood [illegible] happened he was unable to say. All he remembered was that in his [illegible] the unfortunate man had [illegible] to and fro, and pressed both his hands upon his temple, where they remained even now, firmly interlocked and rigid in death.

When they at last succeeded in unclasping his hands they found under his fingers, with its sting imbedded in the suture of the victim's skull, an unknown animal, which can now be seen in a vial of spirits of camphor in the Museum of Odessa. In shape the nondescript appears like a cross between a leech and a lizard, but its tail, like that of a scorpion, terminates in a sharp point, and its skin seems to have been more wrinkled than that of the two animals which it most nearly resembles, though that may be due to the action of the antiseptic fluid. Where it came from—if it had lurked in the fissures of the ceiling or entered by some secret aperture—has never been explained, but no one in Perislav doubts its instrumentality in the death of the last three occupants of the turret room.

THE BEST BUNKO STORY.

Suddenly Vasco Nunez, vet-
Peruvian bush guide

held up his hand as a warning to his companions.

"Amor de Dios, senor! On guard... there is devil's work here," he whispered to Dr. Andreas Larsen, noted Swedish anthropologist and leader of an expedition which was working its way through the Maquiritare Indian country, between the Orinoco and Ventuari rivers in Southern Venezuela.

Larsen, peering over Nunes' shoulder, saw in the grass the body of a stalwart Indian, horribly twisted and broken.

As the others, rifles in hand, watched the surrounding jungle, the Swedish physician walked over to the body and dropped to his knees. Although, like all medical men, he was hardened to the sight of death in many forms, he was nauseated by the spectacle before him.

The man's face bore an expression of intense agony, and, as the doctor examined the body, it seemed as if every bone in it had been crushed.

"It was the most terrible thing I ever saw," Dr. Larsen said, describing his experience recently at San Fernando de Atapabo, after he had returned to civilization.

Dr. Larsen scanned the jungle clearing and saw that the body was at least 30 feet from the nearest tree. He was puzzled, for he knew there was only one creature among the enemies of man in the jungle that is capable of inflicting such injuries—yet this could not be the work of the giant anaconda constrictor snake. He turned to Nunes.

"Snake?" he whispered.

"No, senor, no snake could have done that... It is too far from the trees..."

"Just what I thought," said Larsen. Both men, veterans of the jungle trails, knew that the great anaconda, which sometimes grows to a length of 30 feet and is the most feared creature in all South America, must fasten its tail around some support before exerting its bone crushing pressure on the victims held in its coils.

The Indian porters were chattering in nervousness and fright. Nunes turned on them and spoke sharply in their Indian tongue.

The natives held back and Nunes continued to speak to them angrily. Finally, one strapping buck came forward, looked at the body, and began to speak slowly, with emphasis, illustrating his meaning with gestures. The conversation continued for some time while Dr. Larsen, who was not familiar with the Maquiritare language, waited for Nunes' interpretation.

Finally the Peruvian waved the Indian back to his fellow porters and turned to Dr. Larsen.

"It looks bad, senor. He tells me that this is the work of the body-crushing snake men."

"Body-crushing snake men?" said the doctor. "I never heard of them."

"Few have... and lived to tell of it, senor," said Nunes. "But I have heard rumors along the Rio Negro and up [illegible] There are Indians of

the Ventuari.

different Tribes who worship Great Snake god, and they say can turn them into gigantic snakes to wreak murder or revenge

"Nonsense," snapped Dr. Larsen.

"Oh, undoubtedly, senor... it is nonsense, as you say... but... what about that fellow there?" Nunes pointed to the grotesquely twisted body.

Intrigued by the mystery, Dr. Larsen determined to solve it before he returned to civilization. His men were brave warriors and well armed with blow guns, bows and spears, while Nunes and the explorer had high powered rifles and automatic pistols.

Dr. Larsen recalled stories of the African natives of the West Coast in their "Leopard Society," who are said to disguise themselves with leopard skins and maul victims to death with iron claws which were fastened over their fingers. He wondered if something similar was going on here, thousands of miles from West Africa.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Nunes awakened him. Not far distant, they heard a deep, steady hissing sound. The Indian porters were awake and gripping their weapons as they peered fearfully into the tropic darkness.

At the guide's command, the party slipped slowly and noiselessly through the bush toward the mysterious sound. Finally they reached the edge of a second clearing and gazed on a horrible scene etched in the brilliant tropic moonlight. In the center of the clearing lay a young Indian woman, nude and tightly bound.

Toward her writhed and twisted what at first glance the horrified doctor took to be a tremendous snake, larger than any he had imagined in his wildest dreams. Then he realized suddenly that it was not a snake, but some 50 brawny savages, crawling on their stomachs, each gripping the one ahead just above the knees and hissing as they crawled. The skins of several giant anacondas were joined together and fastened over them. As Dr. Larsen and Nunes watched, they writhed several times around the terrified girl. Then, suddenly leaping upright, they seized a huge liana vine, fully five inches in diameter, and twisted the great vine, as strong as the stoutest rope, half a dozen times around the girl's body.

One end of the liana was fastened to a distant tree, and the others to a great cross piece of mahogany, six feet long. At a sign from the leader of the snake worshippers, the men seized the ends of the cross piece and began a slow, inexorable twisting of the liana rope.

Even as Dr. Larsen raised his rifle and aimed at the leader's chest, he realized how the Indian whose body he had found had met an agonizing death.

Nunes and the doctor fired together and then, snapping their rifle bolts, pulled the triggers again and again. The torturers, who survived, fled. The rescued girl was taken back to her village and the story was reported to the Venezuelan authorities.

"But," said Larsen, the other day, "I often wonder if the snake men and their torture rope still prowl."

In the Center of the Jungle Clearing the Swedish Doctor Saw a Gigantic Serpentine Monster Writhing Toward the Nude Body of a Pretty Indian Girl.

4 April 1943 San Francisco Examiner, Calif
American Weekly Magazine, page 2

6 Sept 1898
the Easton Sentinel
Easton, Penn

MONSTROUS MINHOCAO

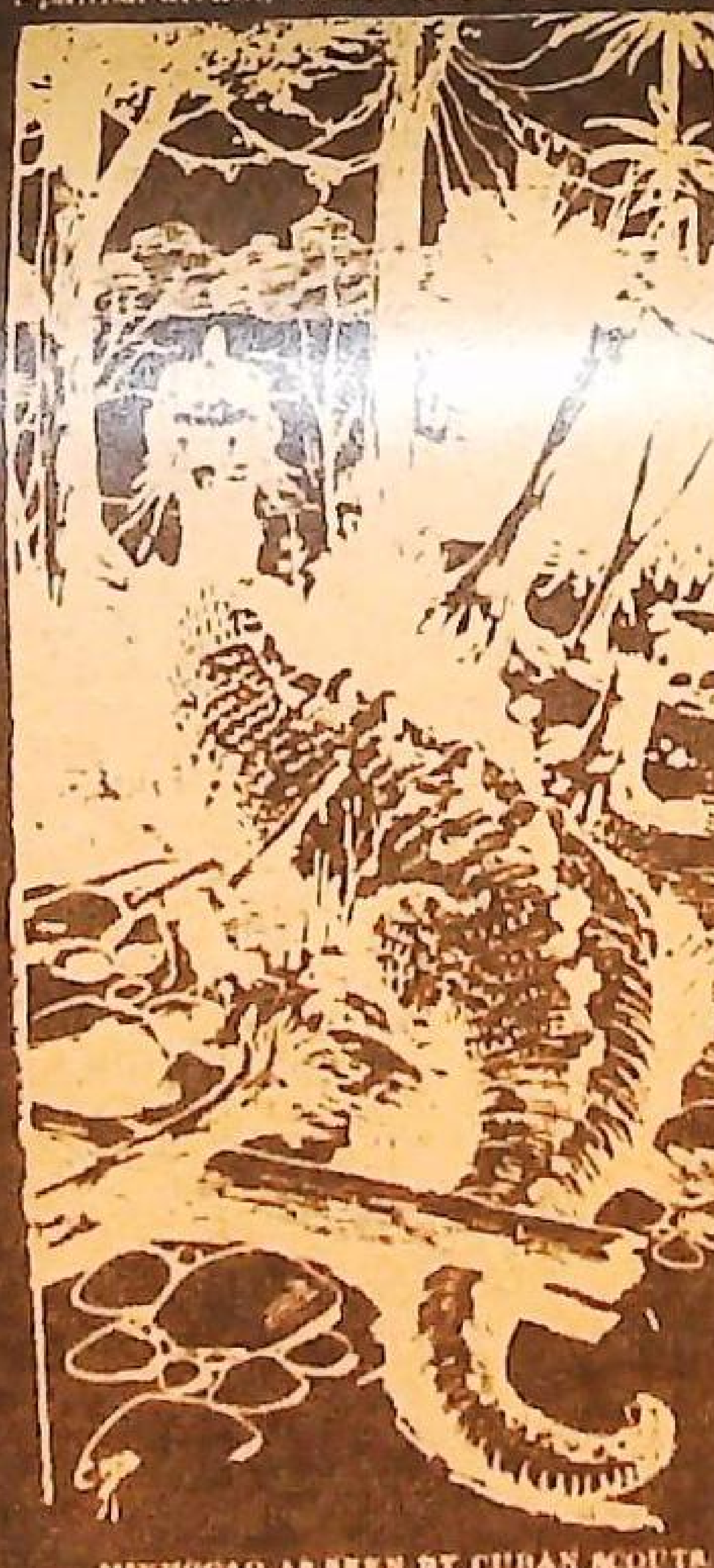
It Has Made Furrows Like Valleys In Cuba.

HUGE DRAGON SEEN BY SCOUTS.

Pine Trees Uprooted Like Blades of Grass—River Courses Transformed Into Dry Channels and Fertile Fields Into Bottomless Morasses.

A Binghamton (N. Y.) soldier, who enlisted in a regiment that was before Santiago, wrote home to his family that a Cuban scout told of a wonderful monster he had encountered in the mountains in the extreme eastern part of the island. It lived near a watercourse, he said, and burrowed through the earth beneath the stream like an earthworm. It was timid, and when he came suddenly upon it through a jungle of undergrowth it hurried away. In a fleeting glimpse he saw it had a snout like a hog, was covered with scales and, as near as he could judge, was 3 feet in diameter.

The man's story was looked upon as a Spanish dream, and no attention was paid to it, though the scout was vehement in his declarations of truthfulness and his statements were backed up by comrades whose homes were near that section and who, while not having seen the animal, had witnessed its trenchlike burrows. This tangible evidence in the shape of burrows is enough for a claim that dragons are among Uncle Sam's new acquisitions.



MINHOCAO AS SEEN BY CUBAN SCOUTS.

Several years ago Fritz Muller, a man of temperate habits living at Itajahy, Bra

DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTHERN TERRITORY.

Southern districts generally have recognized the material benefits to them that have followed the consolidation of the numerous bankrupt railways of the South and their reorganization into the present Southern system. Attempts to do something like this had been made more than once, but they failed until Morgan and company took the difficult job in hand. Their unlimited command of capital enabled them to unite and put the several lines into first class physical condition and to equip them likewise. Then they divisioned them so as to operate their from four to five thousand miles of trackage with proper economies. Further they instituted both a high class passenger and freight service—the former in frequent and fast trains and reasonable tariffs, not prohibitory as under former regimes, and a freight service adapted to the occasion in frequency, speeds and tariff. In other words the perishable fruits and vegetables of the South are made available in Northern markets with handsome profit margins to the growers, and these industries have spread and increased enormously. North Carolina's shipment of strawberries this year was larger than ever before, reaching into several millions of boxes. A very few years ago several thousand boxes represented these shipments. This condition of increase of product extends from Florida to Virginia.

Georgia alone has shipped between 2,500 and 3,000 car loads of peaches this present season. These peaches are packed in small crates or carriers, each containing six small rectangular baskets of about a half peck capacity each. They commanded from $1.00 to $3.00 per crate, according to quality and time of the season. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander has been the policy of the Southern railway with the South. It has helped itself by helping the people of its territory by promoting new settlements. It seeks to prosper by creating prosperous conditions. Its policy is not the one to kill the goose that lays the golden egg, but one to help it to thrive and thus thrive itself.

According to the report of President Spencer of the Southern railway for the year ending June 30, last, there were 200 new manufacturing establishments of various kinds wholly or partially constructed at points upon the company's line. The aggregate cost of these plants, together with the cost of additions to existing plants for the year is estimated to be over $4,000,000. These new plants include thirteen cotton mills, which, together with additions to previously existing mills, will contain about 258,000 spindles and about 2,200 looms.

From the foregoing thoughtful investors both agricultural and industrial, can see what liberal inducements the South has to offer them for their serious consideration.

It is no wonder that the Charlotte, N. C., Observer makes the following remarks on what the Southern has done for North Carolina and the South, and what is be

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The Easton Sentinel
Easton Penn

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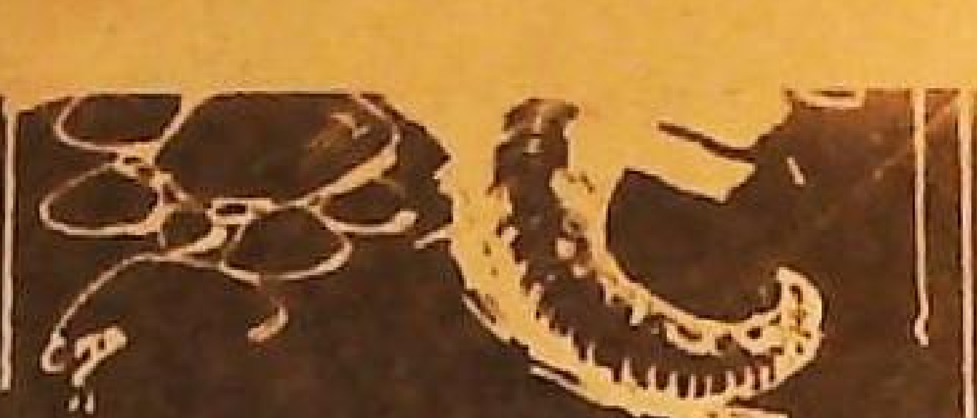

MINHOCAO AS SEEN BY CUBAN SCOUTS.

to it, though the scout was vehement in his declarations of truthfulness and his statements were backed up by comrades whose homes were near that section and who, while not having seen the animal had witnessed its trenchlike burrows. This tangible evidence in the shape of burrows is enough for a claim that dragons are among Uncle Sam's new acquisitions.

Several years ago Fritz Muller, a man of temperate habits living at Itajahy, Brazil, sent a communication to the Zoologische Garten describing the existence of a gigantic earthworm in the highlands of the southern provinces of Brazil, where it was known as the minhocao. The worm he described as 50 yards in length and 5 in breadth, covered with [illegible] of armor, [illegible] they were [illegible] diverting the course of streams into dry channels and turning lands into bottomless morasses.

Some 28 years ago a minhocao was reported in the neighborhood of Lages, Brazil. Francisco de Amaral Varella, when about five miles from the town, saw lying on the banks of the Rio de Caverias a strange animal of gigantic size, nearly three feet in thickness, not long, but whether or not it had feet he could not tell.

Don Francisco was a brave man, but the bravest man when he sees unexpectedly a large, weird animal, whether it be a pink elephant with a blue trunk or a minhocao, generally calls for help, and so did Don Francisco. When help came, the animal had vanished, but the burrows it had made were there to testify, so the people believed [illegible] and took him home and gave him bromides to quiet his nerves.

A week later a similar trench, perhaps constructed by the same animal, was seen on the opposite side of the town, about three miles distant from the first trench, and the traces were followed, which led under the roots of a large tree and were lost in the marshy land.

As long ago as January, 1864, Antonio Jose Branco, having been absent with his family for eight days, returned to his home, which was on one of the tributaries of the Rio dos Cachorros, five miles from Curitibanos, and found the road undermined, heaps of earth being thrown up and large [illegible] trenches began at a brook and followed its course, terminating in a morass after a course of from 700 to 1,000 yards. The breadth of the trenches was about three feet. The path of the animal lay generally beneath the surface of the earth, following the bed of a stream. Several pine trees had been rooted up by its passage. One of the trees from which the minhocao in passing had torn off the bark is said to be still standing to bear witness to the truth of the story. Hundreds of persons from surrounding towns came to see the devastation caused by the animal, which is still believed to be living in a marshy pool of water which at times is troubled with strange and unaccountable upheavals. In that region the appearance of the minhocao always presages a rainy season.

In the province of Parana, at Rio do Papagaios, one evening in 1849 after a course of rainy weather a sound was heard in the house of a certain Jose de Deos as if rain were again falling in a wood near by, but on looking out the heavens were seen to be bright with stars. On the following morning it was found that a large piece of land on the farther side of the hill had been entirely undermined and was traversed by deep trenches which led to a bare open plateau, covered with stones or what is called in that country a "legado." At this spot large heaps of clay turned upward from the earth marked the course of the animal into the bed of a stream running into the Papagaios.

Later one Senor Lobino declared that while traveling through eastern Cuba he saw a dead minhocao that had got wedged in between a cleft of rock and so perished. Its skin was thick as the bark of a pine tree and formed of scales like those on an armadillo.

[illegible] wholly or partially constructed at points upon the company's line. The aggregate cost of these plants, together with the cost of additions to existing plants for the year is estimated to be over $4,000,000. These new plants include thirteen cotton mills, which, together with additions to previously existing mills, will contain about 258,000 spindles and about 2,200 looms.

From the foregoing thoughtful investors both agricultural and industrial, can see what liberal inducements the South has to offer them for their serious consideration.

It is no wonder that the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer* makes the following remarks on what the Southern has done for North Carolina and the South, and what is before it from the new territory acquired through the war with Spain:

"The remark is frequently heard by men who travel extensively that the Southern railway is now giving the public the very best facilities for rapid and comfortable traveling. This is literally true. We know of no better service than this great system is offering those who pass over its different lines. Elegant and comfortable cars, many trains, fast schedules, close connection, and polite and efficient employes make it a comfort and a pleasure to travel by day or night. This fact the public has found out. The number of passengers the company is now carrying is simply astonishing. Trains are frequently crowded, going and coming, and sometimes it is necessary to run them in two sections.

"*It is expected that the West India Islands will now become a favorite winter resort for Americans, and the best facilities will be offered from New York to Tampa by the Southern railway.*

"This is a matter of great importance to North Carolina. For not only does this immense traveling population pass through the heart of the state, but the money paid for improvements, to employes and for taxes amounts to many millions a year. This money is scattered from Charlotte to Norfolk and Danville, Va., and it circulates largely among the laboring classes.

"The whole state is to be congratulated on the splendid $60,000 depot just begun in Greensboro. It is to be one of the best in the South. It will alike do honor to the state and the great corporation it represents, and supply a long felt need to the traveling public.

"This commendation is merited. The Southern is supplying its patrons with a superb service in every respect. Railroads are public benefactors, not in any philanthropic sense, because their owners, like the rest of mankind, are actuated largely by self interest. But there is no agency that equals them for the development of a country. Even at this very moment Great Britain and Russia are on the verge of war—the casus belli being a railroad concession in China, both countries striving for the control of the road. The policy of regarding railroads as public enemies is the policy of killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

"There is undoubtedly a great opportunity before the Southern railway in the development and Americanizing of the West Indies, the islands of the sea that have just fallen under the protection of the United States. American capital will flow into the islands, American citizens will occupy the land to cultivate and manufacture sugar cane and tobacco. A new commerce will spring up between the United States and Cuba and Porto Rico, and the great Southern railway reaching a long arm down into Florida, our nearest point of access to the Antilles, will share richly in this new trade. And the *Observer* is glad of it, for the Southern has been a good friend to North Carolina."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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[illegible] continues to agitate that village.

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[illegible] Louis Jester are to meet [illegible] glove contest June [illegible] at Binghamton.

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[illegible] will be observed in the [illegible] M. E. Sunday School [illegible]

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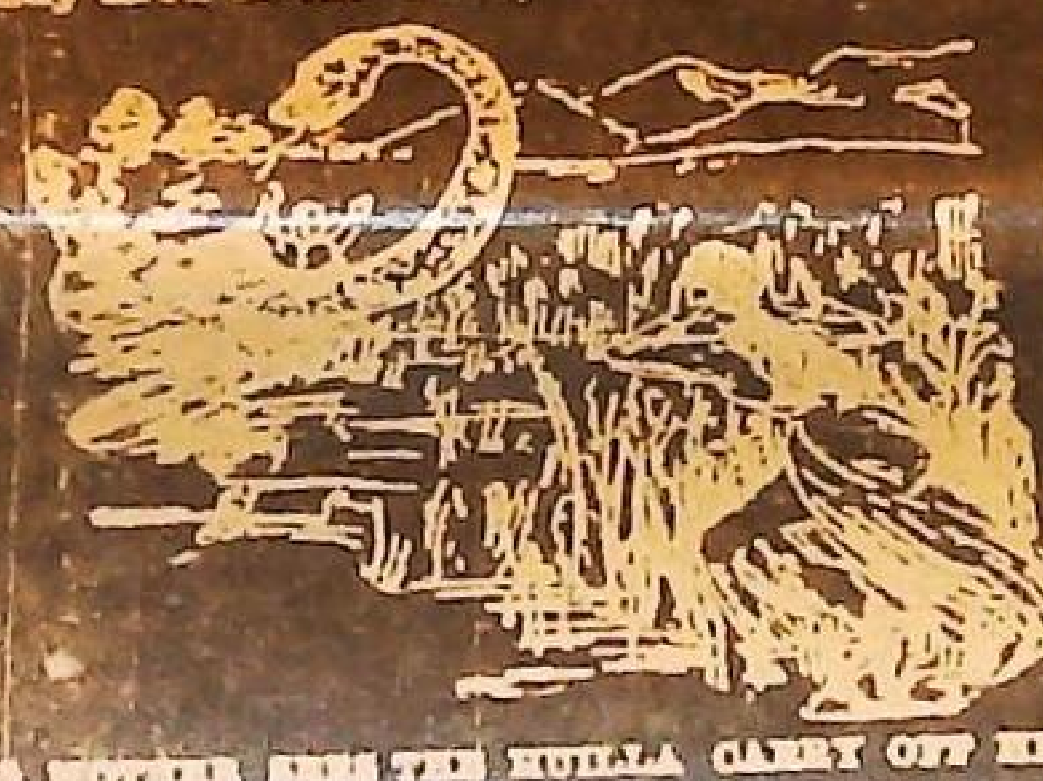
[illegible] the warden, accompanied by the magistrate and others, hastened at once to visit the scene of the casualties. The news was telegraphed to Port of Spain, and the warden was instructed by the Governor to continue his efforts to track the monster, especially by collecting an armed posse and instituting energetic pursuit.

Later in the afternoon news was brought from Aripo that two children, Paul and Rose Legrand, brother and sister, had been lost, one on Saturday and one on that very morning. In this instance the mother had been the terror-stricken eye-witness of the carrying off of her little boy, aged three years.

It seems that while sitting in a state of semi-stupor, mourning the loss of her little daughter Rose, five years old, who had disappeared in the grounds round her hut Saturday at noon, without any traces being found of her, she was startled by the screams of her child Paul, who was playing a few yards from her. Rooted with horror, she then saw her child enveloped in the coils of the upper part of the body of a colossal snake, which glided away with its prey into the depths of the forest. A number of residents of the district, armed with guns, to whose ranks new accessories were continually coming, began to scour the country after the snake, among them Joseph Concepcion and Paul Legrand, Sr., fathers of two child victims, on whose grim features were written a quenchless determination to wreak vengeance deep and dire on the fiendish serpent. Dogs were liberally used in the hunt, but as often as the



A MOTHER SEES THE HUILLA CARRY OFF HER CHILD.

scent was obtained and followed for a short distance some stream would disconcert the hopes of the pursuers. A tendency was noticed, however, on the part of the many [illegible] to show an unmistakable direction toward the mountains north of Arima.

The wildest and most absurd rumors now began to be propagated about the doings and [illegible] of the snake. He was given by one [illegible] planter, who saw him gliding off with [illegible] pig, at least one hundred feet. [illegible] was gathered from Catherine Legrand, who had seen him at close quarters on the [illegible] of the carrying off of her child, [illegible] something between thirty and [illegible] feet long. It was then ascertained from the [illegible] description she gave of the [illegible] color, shape and [illegible] of the [illegible] that it was a survivor of the extinct [illegible] to [illegible] the old days [illegible]

[illegible] of the [illegible] dogs and because one of the guides [illegible] that he had seen something move in the pool.

With rifles cocked, all eyes were now fixed upon the pool. The dogs now began to howl, and whether the noise roused the terrible occupant of the caves, or he otherwise became aware of the existence of the party, the head of a monstrous snake suddenly appeared on the surface of the pool, and two large and lustrous eyes became fixed with diabolical gleam on the intruders. An angry hiss, like the plunging of a red-hot beam into the pool, issued from the hideous head. A muttered signal, and a volley rang with reverberating echoes through the caves. Large stones fell upon the jagged roof, and the startled Guacharos flew wildly in all directions, uttering their dismal screech. The Huilla had not been killed by the bullets aimed at his head. With great rapidity he seemed to uncoil his length from the depths of the pool, and with fully twenty-five feet of his body raised and curved forward as if to dart at his assailers, he seemed to be emerging from the pool.

A few whispered words notified half the party to aim at his head and the other half at the central part of his body.

The second volley produced the desired effect. The colossal snake leaped wholly out of the pool, and with a few terrible convulsions in which he lashed the water and the floor of the cavern, he sank quivering to the ground, a third volley for a quietus insuring his certain death. This fact was then made sure of, and the caves were soon invaded by the pursuers.

The monster was dragged out into the level and found to measure forty-seven feet, the thickest part of his body having a diameter of two feet six inches. In color he was yellow in the upper part of his body, dark above, with dark rings encircling the body between which semi-lunar gray disks served as spots to variegate the skin.

He was opened by the machetes of some cocoa pruners, under the direction of Mr. McCarthy. In him there were found the half-digested body of a deer, and a number of forma pauperis forms, probably swallowed by him with the body of some unknown and unfortunate cocoa contractor.

By 6:30 p. m. the joyful concourse, dragging the monster, reached Arima, where the necessary steps were taken to preserve the carcass for display in the Council Hall of Port of Spain. The exciting occurrences connected with this monster are still the subjects of general discussion and gossip. The island has not for a long time been disturbed by tragic incidents of this extraordinary nature.

A Consistent Crank.

Late New Yorker (to St. Peter)—Excuse me, but before entering I would like to know if you receive the scores here at the end of each inning?

St. Peter—Sir, we do not countenance such worldly matters here.

"Very well; I'll go where they do."—[illegible]

A Bad Case.

[illegible] (who is reading the morning paper)—A prominent coal dealer was [illegible] last week.

[illegible]

22 June 1889 p7,1,2

Dallas Weekly News - Dealer Wilkes Barre, Penn

[illegible]
rmony with nature to effectual-
ystem when costive or bilious.
and $1.00 bottles by all lead-

ND VALLEY.

Truth continues to agitate
that village.

d by Patrick Moran, of this
other in a large attended
is morning. On the return
epherd dog named "Dash,"
Mason, attacked Moran's
and nearly shook the life
anton Truth.

f the suspended City Bank,
ery slow in making a report
. The rule to show cause
should not make a state-
Judge Connolly yesterday.
irectors asked for more time
d. The rule will be argued

nd Louis Jester are to meet
round glove contest June
House at Binghamton.

a colored man, employed
C. A. Miner, died on Sun-

will be observed in the
M. E. Sunday School in

Church held an ice
evening.

the millionaire coal opera-
, is at the Continental
is purely business one.—

confirmed a class of 419
lts at St. Rose's Church,
nday.

UMATISM

wenty-five Years.—A Com-
ery.—The Means Used.

ory Rheumatism. For nearly a
and turned in bed. I could find
ch was ruined and cut to pieces
dicines taken to effect a cure so
d to live on bread and water. I
five years in this way. I was in-
vid Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
Y., and

Now Well,

dicine, Dr. Kennedy's Favorite
friend. With it I am enabled to
rest. Also food, such as meat
have been deprived of for years.
vorite Remedy has no equal for
tion and Dyspepsia as well. If
this statement I will send the
—Garrett Lansing, Troy, N. Y.
and absolute duty toward those
or very life against the deadly

of the Kidneys

ng to the already weighty evi-
ful efficacy of Dr. David Kenne-
y. My wife was a hopeless case,
hysicians. Dr. David Kennedy's
s resorted to; not because any
it, but because nothing else re-
and medicines had been tested
effect was little short of a mira-
bottle she had regained strength,
treatment has fully recovered.—
N. Y.

s Favorite Remedy.

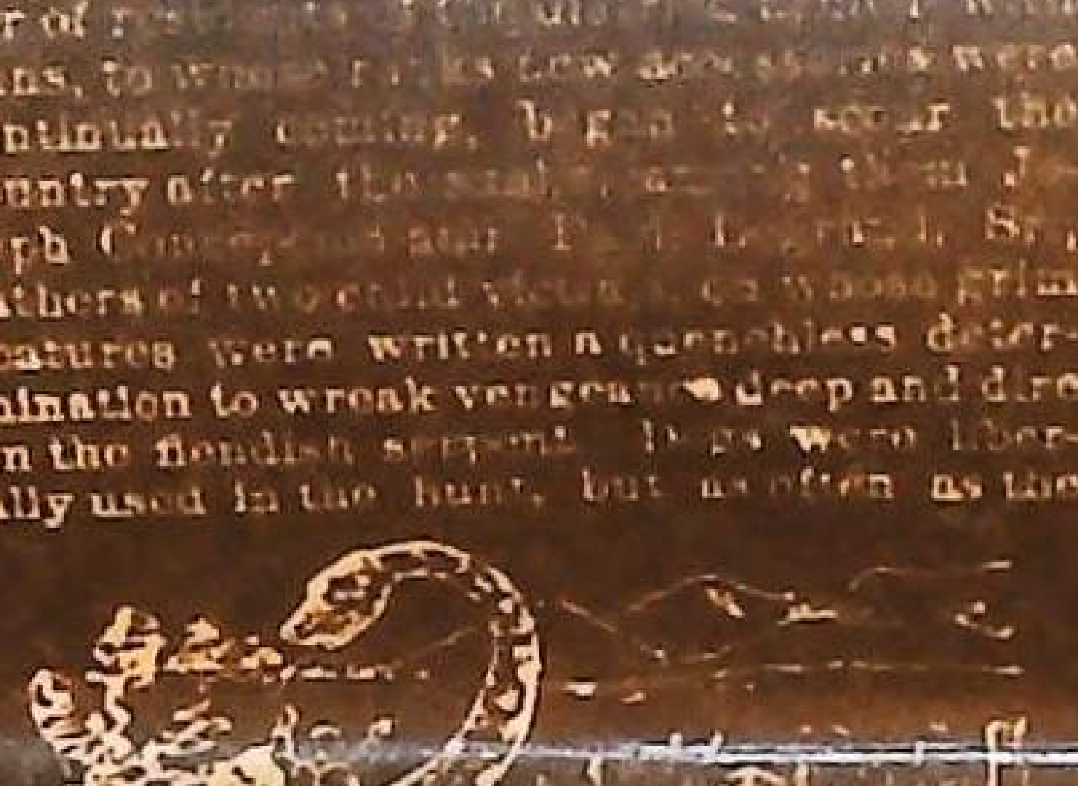
Prepared by
NEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.
for $5. By all druggists.

ting of the stockholders of the
[illegible] Company for the election
[illegible] Directors will be held
Company on Tuesday, July 2,
S. W. BOYD, President.
Secretary.

[illegible] heartending in the extreme. M. Harragin, the warden, accompanied by the magistrate and others, hastened at once to visit the scene of the [illegible]. The news was telegraphed to Port of Spain and the warden was instructed [illegible] to continue his efforts to track the monster, especially by [illegible] an armed posse and [illegible] pursuit.

Later in the afternoon news was brought from Arima that two children, [illegible] and Rose Legrand, brother and sister, had been lost, one on Saturday and one on that very morning. In this instance the mother had been the terror-stricken eye-witness of the carrying off of her little boy, aged three years.

It seems that while sitting in a state of semi-stupor, mourning the loss of her little daughter Rose, five years old, who had disappeared [illegible] round her hut Saturday at noon, without any traces being found of her, she was aroused by the screams of her child [illegible] playing a few yards [illegible]. She then saw [illegible] coils of [illegible] colossal snake [illegible] prey into the depths of the forest. [illegible] ber of residents of the district armed with guns, to whose ranks new accessions were continually coming, began to scour the country after the snake, among them Joseph Concepcion and [illegible] Legrand, Sr., fathers of two child victims, on whose grim features were written a quenchless determination to wreak vengeance deep and dire on the fiendish serpent. Dogs were liberally used in the hunt, but as often as the



A MOTHER SEES THE HUILLA CARRY OFF HER CHILD.

scent was obtained and followed [illegible] distance some stream would disconcert the hopes of the pursuers. A tendency was noticed, however, on the part of the many tracks to show an unmistakable direction toward the mountains north of Arima.

The wildest and most absurd rumors now began to be propagated about the doings and victims of the snake. He was given by one cocoa planter, who saw him gliding off with his favorite pig, at least one hundred feet. But it was gathered from Catherine Legrand, who had seen him at close quarters on the occasion of the carrying off of her child, that he must be something between forty and fifty feet long. It was also surmised from the imperfect description she gave of the approximate colors, rings and spots of the snake, that it was a survivor of the extinct race of gigantic Huillas or local anacondas occasionally to be met with in the old days in the Oropouche, Arima and other rivers of the island.

The excitement in Arima was raised to the highest pitch on Tuesday when news was brought that the great serpent had been seen on the Arima Heights and that two more children, Juan [illegible] [illegible] had been [illegible] report of the occurrence stated that the

[illegible] of the [illegible] of the dogs and [illegible] of the guides stated that he had seen [illegible] pool.

With [illegible] were now fired upon the pool. The dogs now began to howl and whether the noise roused the [illegible] of the cavern or he otherwise became aware of the existence of the party, the head of a monstrous snake suddenly appeared on the surface of the pool, and two large [illegible] eyes became fixed [illegible] on the intruders. An angry hiss [illegible] of a red hot beam [illegible] the pool [illegible] from the hideous head. A [illegible] and a volley [illegible] through the [illegible] fell upon the [illegible] few [illegible] had not been killed [illegible] at his head. [illegible]

A [illegible] half the party to aim at his head and the other half at the central part of his body.

The second volley produced the desired effect. The colossal snake [illegible] out of the pool, and with a few [illegible] convulsions in which he lashed the water and the floor of the cavern, he sank quivering to the ground, a third volley [illegible] for a quietus insuring his certain death. The fact was then made sure of, and the caves were soon invaded by the pursuers.

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St. Peter—Sir, we do not countenance such worldly matters here.

"Very well; I'll go where they do."—Time

A Sad Case.

Mrs. Jones (who is reading the morning paper)—A prominent coal dealer was paralyzed in his office last week.

Mr. Jones—Paralyzed, was he? Probably the driver forgot to weigh himself before he drove off with sixteen hundred pounds of coal.—Texas Siftings.

In Spanish, "liberty" is "libertad," and a liberty-pole is therefore a libertad-pole, which may account for the unpopularity of liberty in Spain.

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Juan Castillo

April 17, 1889

Millville Weekly Tablet
Millville, Penn

SONG OF THE SEA.

The song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young;
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue;
The heart of the waves with wrath was
wrung
Or shoted to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles among,
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone,
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournfuler meaning swelled her moan,
And fiercer her riots ran:
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of her human woes;
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
Such was the song as it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the human years unrolled;
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed
and drowned,
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold:
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said
As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.
Such is the song and its threnody,
Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life:
It is grave and great as the judgement-day,
It is torn with the thought of strife:
Yet under the stars it is smooth, and rife
With love-lights everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery.
Such is the song of the sea.
—*Richard E. Burton, in Harper's Weekly.*

IN THE THROAT OF A BOA.

BY COL. EDWARD E. TAYLOR.

"I can never look upon one of those writhing, slimy things without a shudder," said my friend, Colonel Paul Ballantyne, as we three (his pretty South American wife was of the party) stood in front of the boa constrictor's cage in the serpent-house at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.

"And yet, dear," interposed Mrs. Ballantyne—and she laid her hand lovingly upon her husband's arm, and looked up into his handsome face with a wealth of love glowing in her lustrous brown eyes—"if it had not been for the serpent you would probably never have met me. But perhaps you regret that!" she added, with a pretty pout.

"Ah, that was the recompense," said the Colonel, and he eyed her fondly. "But for that, I think I could never have summoned up fortitude enough to again look upon one of the monsters. As it is I cannot repress the shudder, and oh [illegible] fancy I feel myself again being sucked [illegible]

He held out his hand in token of amity, but Mendoza, with a shrug of his shoulders, and a contortion of his dark face, turned on his heel and walked away.

That night he and Jose held a long conversation, which was carried on in a low tone of voice, but although they looked frequently toward the Colonel and exchanged significant shrugs, he did not dream that they were plotting treachery.

The next morning the Colonel and Jose started, as usual, for a short expedition in the forest.

It was a feast day with the Indians, and they were making merry in the camp.

Jose carried a small hatchet for marking the trees, and over his shoulder was slung a haversack, containing lunch.

The Colonel walked in advance, armed only with a small rifle.

By noon they were ten miles from the camp, and further down the bayou than they had ever been before

When they stopped for luncheon near a small spring, Jose informed his patron that they were only a few miles distant from the extensive coffee and indigo plantation of General Antonio De Silva, who controled leagues of forest land in the vicinity, and from whom the American mahogany merchants had purchased the logging right.

After lunch the Colonel lighted his pipe, and leaned his back against a great tree-trunk to enjoy an after-dinner smoke.

Near by was a clump of low bushes, bearing a yellowish berry, and he asked Jose if they were good to eat.

Jose examined them, and immediately declared that they were excellent.

"I have often eaten them down toward the coast, senor," he said, "but I have never seen any before so far in the interior.

He tasted the berries, pronounced them delicious, but somewhat different in flavor from them growing near the the coast, and picked some for the Colonel, of which the latter ate liberally, without any suspicion of evil effects, finding them, as Jose had declared, of a most delicious flavor, and in taste something like the raspberry.

He did notice that Jose ate only a couple, nor did he see the look of cunning exultation on the Indian's face.

Ten minutes after eating the first berry, the Colonel felt strangely exhilerated, and burst out into a rollickly college song with the boisterous hilarity of one intoxicated with absinthe.

His whole nervous system, even to his finger-tips, tingled with pleasing excitement. He had a vague recollection of making a resolve to check his ludricous outburst; of seeing Jose glide away into the forest with his rifle over his shoulder, and a look of malignant hatred on his swarthy face; of struggling to his feet and calling to the Indian to come back; and then he rolled upon the ground and all became blank.

Not until the following day did consciousness begin to slowly assert itself.

definite idea. He was beyond all power of action.

Once he fancied that he heard the cry of some animal or human being near by, but he was too far gone to pay much attention.

At last all seemed to be over with him. It was as though the darkness of night had gradually closed over him, the roaring noise in his ears continued for awhile and then all was silent.

[illegible] sunk into the unconsciousness [illegible] exhaustion.

"I remembered no more," said the Colonel, "until I came to my senses again, and found myself lying on a luxurious bed, in a cool, pleasant room."

"The first face that I saw as I opened my eyes, was that of the lady who afterward became my wife. At the time I thought her an angel from heaven, and—well, she is as near one as a mortal can be.

"I was very weak, and it was several days before I fully recovered. Then she told me the story of my rescue.

She is extremely fond of scientific pursuits, and was botanizing in the forest, accompanied by her maid and two trusty servants, when she suddenly beheld the head and shoulders of a man protruding from the mouth of a monster boa, whose scaly body lay in serpentine lengths along the ground.

"Taking it for granted that I was dead, and chilled with terror, she uttered the horrified cry that I had dimly heard.

"It brought to her side the servants, who were armed with sharp axes, to cut a path when necessary through the tangled undergrowth of the forest.

[illegible] attacked the serpent and succeeded in chopping him completely in two just below the bulge in his body caused by my feet and legs. It was necessary, however, to slit open the severed head and neck before I could be released.

"At first they thought me dead, but were soon rejoiced at discovering a lingering spark of life."

Under Miss De Silva's directions the Colonel was taken to her father's house, and there she nursed him back to life and health.

A tender passion, each for the other, was developed during his convalescence, and when he was able to return to the logging camp, she had promised to be his wife.

He then learned from one of the Indian wood-choppers of the cowardly plot against his life.

Jose had seen the gigantic serpent crawling slowly toward the Colonel while the latter lay smoking under the tree, and had determined to assist his master, Mendoza, to a terrible revenge.

Knowing the stupefying effect of the yellow berries, the Indian had induced his companion to partake of them, and then had left him to his horrible fate.

When he returned to camp, he reported that the Colonel had been killed and devoured by an enormous serpent; but when news reached the camp that the supposed dead man was safe at General De Silva's plantation, he and his unscru-

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"You had an adventure, Colonel?" I ventured.

"Adventure!" he echoed. "Well, I should say so. The most horrible a man ever experienced. But you dine with us to-day, and then I'll tell you the story."

He did, and gave me permission to print it, which I have done without material alteration, and with the substitution of fictitious names for the real actors, who will doubtless read and recognize this history.

Three years ago my friend was sent to Venezuela, as the agent of a firm of mahogany importers, who had purchased some valuable forestry concessions in that country.

The lumber tract lay along the banks of one of the bayous of the Orinoco River, about one hundred and fifty miles above the Isle of Barima.

The Colonel examined the tract, selected a site for a logging camp, and proceeding to La Guayra, purchased supplies, and engaged a native Venezuelan, named Guzman Mendoza, to superintend the logging.

Indian laborers to fell the trees could be engaged in any quantity in the vicinity of the mahogany forest.

Mendoza was a slightly-built, surly-faced fellow, with an ungovernable temper, to which he gave way at the slightest provocation. He was accompanied by an Indian servant, named Jose, who was much attached to his master.

Colonel Ballantyne had several wordy quarrels with his forman, on the way up the river, and he began to regret having engaged so uncompanionable an assistant, but Mendoza thoroughly understood his work, and soon convinced his employer that he was worth more than the liberal salary that was paid him.

The camp was established, a corps of native axe-men engaged, and preparations were made to get together the material for a big mahogany raft, which would be floated down to the mouth of the bayou, where the precious wood would be loaded in vessels sent out by the firm which employed the Colonel.

Accompanied by Jose, who was familiar with woodcraft, the Colonel made daily excursions into the forest in all directions, to locate and mark the trees.

The tract proved to be a rich one. Mahogany trees were there by the thousand, and the forest was intersected by creeks in all directions, along which timber might readily be floated to the bayou, and thence to the river.

They had been in camp about a week, and the work was progressing satisfactorily, when Mendoza, who had heretofore been kept [illegible] quarrel, got into a dispute with his employer, and had it not been for the interference of some of the Indian workmen, one would have shot the other, for both men drew their pistols.

After they had both had time to cool down, the Colonel, who is naturally of the most forgiving disposition, apologized to his subordinate, and requested that the matter be forgotten.

finger-tips, tingled with pleasing excitement. He had a vague recollection of making a resolve to check his ludricous outburst; of seeing Jose glide away into the forest with his rifle over his shoulder, and a look of malignant hatred on his swarthy face; of struggling to his feet and calling to the Indian to come back; and then he rolled upon the ground and all became blank.

Not until the following day did consciousness begin to slowly assert itself. He then awoke, with a horrible sensation of helplessness.

The lower half of his body was numbed and paralyzed by a terrible gradually constricting power from all directions.

His limbs appeared dead, and all the blood forced out of them into the upper part of his body. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets; there was a singing in his ears, and he breathed with great difficulty.

His throat was hot and dry, and he was consumed with a raging thirst.

He was lying face downward, and having determined to throw off the stupor, he raised his hands to his head.

Instantly he was dragged backward several feet along the ground.

Horrified and bewildered, he made a frantic effort, raised himself on his elbows and looked about him.

He was half engulfed in the throat of a monster boa-constrictor!

The reptile had begun to swallow him without first crushing him within its coils, as is usually the case.

When the serpent moved, an indescribably sickening odor arose, and almost stupefied the imprisoned man.

Maddened at the loathsome prospect, the Colonel gave a horrified scream of agony, and clutching frantically at the ground, struggled to release himself from the deadly embrace of the serpent's throat.

But the teeth of his devourer were fastened in his buckskin coat, and held him like a pair of hungry nippers, while the horrible suction pump below was worked with renewed energy.

The Colonel ceased his struggles, and looked about anxiously for Jose.

"What has become of him? Was he, too, being devoured, or was he already destroyed?"

While he was puzzling over these speculations, he suddenly remembered that just before consciousness left him, the Indian had disappeared in the forest, and then, like a flash, he recollected the fellow's conference with Mendoza, and he realized that he had been left to perish.

At the terrible thought, he made another effort to escape.

The movement disturbed the boa, and again it dragged him backward two or three feet, and again the constricting suction from below began.

So long as he kept perfectly quiet the serpent seemed content to let matters take their course, and to remain in a semi-comatose condition.

Hours passed, that the horror of his position seemed to lengthen into days.

He put down his left hand, to feel the [illegible] rim of the boa constrictor's jaws.

They were three inches higher up his body than when he first regained consciousness.

The excitement through which he had passed had exhausted his emotions, but this [illegible] awakened them. He tried to form some plan of putting an end to his existence, but his brain was no longer equal to the consummation of a

and had determined to assist his master, Mendoza, to a terrible revenge.

Knowing the stupefying effect of the yellow berries, the Indian had induced his companion to partake of them, and then had left him to his horrible fate.

When he returned to camp, he reported that the Colonel had been killed and devoured by an enormous serpent; but when news reached the camp that the supposed dead man was safe at General De Silva's plantation, he and his unscrupulous master, Guzman Mendoza, deserted, and were never seen nor heard of afterward.—*Saturday Night.*

Prussian Horseflesh Sausages.

The amount of animal food disposed of in the German capital is such that, divided up equally among the population of that city, it yields an allowance of two and a half pounds of meat a week to every man, woman and child in the place, including infants in arms, members of the Legislature and paupers. In other words, says the London *Telegraph*, each and every Berliner, irrespective of age, sex and political opinions, is officially credited with the consumption of 141 pounds weight of beef, mutton, veal, pork, lamb and horseflesh per annum. No fewer than 7000 horses are slaughtered yearly for the Berlin meat-market, their flesh being partly sold as "butcher's meat" in shops specially affected to retail trade in "Pferdefleesch," and partly "worked up" into sausages, a popular variety of which is hawked "all hot" about the streets late in the evening and during the smaller hours of the early morn.

Poor Prussians are much addicted to horse flesh, stewed in a savory sauce; nor do the well-to-do disdain it as an occasional viand served under its own name. In Germany, Italy, and even France, the flesh of horses and asses is unquestionably "coverted into sassangers," like unto the aged hero of one of Mr. Samuel Weller's most gruesome anecdotes in vast quantities and imparts to them close texture, rich color and aromatic flavor, in particular to Brunswick "Wurst," "Mortadella of Bologna," and "Saucisson de Lyon." [illegible] substance to which these dainties owe their being, however, is pork, fresh or salted; and in all probability the 4700 pigs that annually pay the debt of nature in tribute to Berliners' appetites find their way to the table in the shape of either sausage or ham; for Prussians rarely eat roast pork or fried bacon, whereas they are never weary of smoked and cured preparations of pig. Beside devouring this porcine host, Berlin stands accountant yearly for the violent death of 127,500 head of cattle, 131,500 calves, 346,000 sheep, beside a multitude of minor animals, all of which vanish in due course down her capacious maw.

Here is Oscar Wilde's latest. He chanced to call on a lady who had just purchased a number of Japanese screens, which were standing in artistic disorder in her drawing-room. "You have come just in time, Mr. Wilde," she said, "and can arrange my screens for me." But Oscar replied: "Oh, don't arrange them; let them occur."

There is nothing in the world that succeeds like energy. For instance, a [illegible] the other day that he dislocated his shoulder, and he is now drawing $50 per week accident insurance.—Burlington Free Press.

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Aug 2 1925 first Section

ROCK PICTURES THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD

CLIFF dwellings thousands of years old have been found in the vicinity of Zion National Park, Neb., by explorers led by Wallace Smith. Walls, roofs, and floors still are intact, smoke marks are on the ceilings, and pictures have been carved in many of the stone walls. The dwellings are among the most perfectly formed and preserved ever found.

Circus Midget Helped Gang of Safe Robbers

AS THE result of a discovery of a gang of safe robbers led by a circus midget, two men have been arrested by police of Philadelphia. The two men are members of the gang, police say, and have betrayed their leader, Teddy Reddy, who is only four feet tall. He now is being sought.

Police say Reddy would lead his gang to a store, have himself lifted through a transom, and then open the door from the inside. The gang then would loot the store safe, it is alleged.

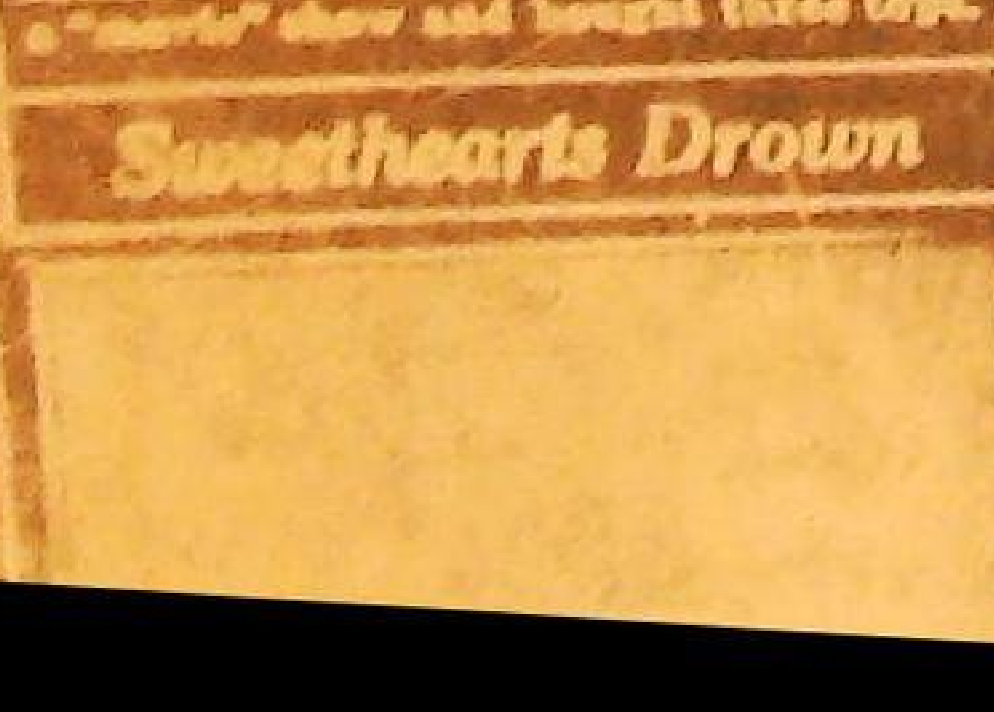
-Electric Power Machinery

Boy's Feast on Stolen $3 Sends Him to Doctor

A TEN-YEAR-OLD boy, living in Berkeley, Cal., stole $3 from his father and bought himself a feast. He became ill, police heard his story, and then a doctor was called to give the lad attention. Then he was sent home.

Here is what the lad bought with the $3: A cafe meal, peanut brittle, a hot dog, a hamburger sandwich, soda pop, two ice cream sundaes, peanuts, gum, a whole mince pie, root beer, two all-day suckers, three cream puffs, a butter horn, and assorted candies. In addition, the lad went to a "movie" show and bought three tops.

Sweethearts Drown



The whole plan is based on [illegible] that a lack of defense will keep any other nation from attacking Denmark. Denmark has no desire to go to war, on the other hand, so an army and navy are declared to be useless.

At the same time it is asserted that Denmark has no foes, is free from the threat of communism, and is too busy to think of war. Denmark, too, observes a policy of tending strictly to its own business and keeping out of the affairs of other nations.

TO KEEP COAST GUARD

Under the plan to abolish the army and navy Denmark would have only a few armed ships for coast guard duty to protect Danish fishing interests and would have a small interior police force. At the maximum this force would include only about 10,000 men. Abolition of the army and navy, it is declared, would save the nation many millions of dollars.

GOLF PANTS SMASH ROMANCE

Washing of Garment Causes Family Quarrel and Wife Leaves Home

Her refusal to wash her mate's golf trousers broke up the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Young, of West Orange, N. J., according to Young's appeal to police to help him find his 19-year-old spouse and ten-month-old baby. They disappeared more than ten days ago following repeated quarrels about the washing, according to Young.

Give Advertisers Full Particulars

Delay in receipt of goods ordered by mail is often times due to insufficient directions. When you order from the advertisers in GRIT always be sure to write your name plainly and give full particulars for shipping. It will avoid delays.

Woman May Take Her Place A Presidential Candidates

Mrs. Medill McCormick Being Considered by Political Wiseacres, Her Friends Declare

A WOMAN may be among the presidential candidates in 1926. Political wiseacres in Washington and elsewhere are seeing presidential possibilities in

Mrs. Medill McCormick

one of the most promin
ticians in the country
been predicted that she
date. The woman is
Cormick, of Chicago, w
Medill McCormick.
Mrs. McCormick, her
politicians say, is a st
one of the leaders o
campaign for woman
keen politician. She
in a political atmosphe
out, and is well acquai
in all phases.
Mrs. McCormick ha
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Although it is admi
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Women and Children Stay Inside as Huge Python Terrifies Countryside

AFTER living for many years in a cave in the sparsely settled hill country in the vicinity of Excelsior Spring, Mo., a giant python is terrorizing farmers and ravaging their stock. Women no longer venture into the fields, and children are kept inside their homes. James Gillen, a farmer, is organizing a drive against the huge reptile.

The python appeared first on the farms of Ben Arthur and Ogden McGinnis, who immediately spread the word to their neighbors. Sheep, hogs, and cattle began disappearing and the snake was blamed for stealing and eating the animals.

Now barns housing valuable cattle are being guarded day and night. Workmen go into the fields armed with heavy sticks to do battle with the python which, so far, has remained hidden during the day.

Many years ago, according to some of the older residents, the python escaped from a circus train at Richmond, Mo., not many miles away. The entire countryside armed itself, and an exciting search began. Two days later, however, [illegible] been found, and the hunt was abandoned.

At intervals thereafter farmers reported loss of stock and saw great paths crushed through their fields. It is believed that the snake goes to the farms at times to satisfy its appetite. Under Mr. Gillen, however, the farmers have begun a determined effort to kill the reptile.

CUTS AUTOMOBILE DEATHS

Denmark Inflicts Stern Penalties on Careless Drivers

Average of but 12 Persons Killed Yearly as Result of Campaign for Safe Driving

By inflicting stiff penalties on careless drivers and rewarding good ones, Denmark has almost completely conquered the automobile speed fiend.

Only 12 deaths from motor car accidents as an annual average during the last four years are shown by the latest statistics, although 65,000 automobiles are running daily over the smooth highways of the country, one of the busiest motoring nations in Europe.

Banishment of a high total of automobile deaths from Denmark has been accomplished by the sternest possible laws, rigidly enforced by the authorities with the whole-hearted backing and co-operation of the Danish Motor Owners' Union and the Royal Danish Auto Club.

DECLINES TO RUN

Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette Does Not Want Husband's Seat in U. S. Senate but Will Write His Life Story

Mrs. Robert M. LaFollette will not seek the seat in the United States Senate made vacant by the death of her husband. She believes she can perform a greater service for the progressive cause by writing the story of her husband's life from 1912 to the time of his death, from notes prepared by the senator. Her statement was made public by friends.

Governor Blaine, of Wisconsin, is expected to announce a special election soon to fill the unexpired term of the independent leader. The Republican organization plans a hard fight to recapture the state. It is generally believed that Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., will seek his father's seat.

DOG WORTH [illegible],000 DIES

Animal With Two Others Inherited Farm Estate of Dead Mistress

"Honey Boy," who with three other dogs gained fame some years ago when

PROBES PUBLI

Continued From Page

is alleged by certain
worked great injury to
business.
The cattle industry,
almost touched bottom
main subjects of the i
find a way, if possibl
this business.

HOMESTEADING A

The homesteading fe
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other than those inclu
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Senator Walsh, of
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there is no more impor
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Midwest Oil Company
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pot Dome.

OUT OF CELL AFTE

Man Preferred to St Than Pay Wif

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Meeker, loser in N
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any longer.
The Meekers were
and litigation began
suits by one or the ot
or denied before
awarded a divorce, in
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to pay alimony. T
ferred a cell to paying

Stan

Williamsport Sun Gazette, Penn
p1-4 27 August 1885

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 27, 18[illegible]

[illegible] OFFICIAL RING.

What the New Superintendent of Pension Buildings Has Discovered.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 27.—Walter A. [illegible], of Illinois, the new superintendent of the Pension Building, has recently come into the possession of facts which justify the belief that a corrupt ring of officials and clerks in that office has for years been robbing the government. The matter is at present in the hands of the local detective force, which is making a thorough investigation into the charges against the suspected individuals. A portion of the evidence already collected shows that six of the peculators, one of whom it is alleged is John H. Dickerson, the former superintendent, have furnished a row of cottages at Colonial Beach, a summer resort on the Potomac, with tables, chairs, washstands, carpets, curtains, etc., stolen bodily from the Pension Office. The buildings, too, are in part constructed of lumber belonging to the government, and were in every case erected by employes of the office. One of the detectives engaged in the case is now at Colonial Beach, trying to secure further proof of these charges.

The pension officials are unwilling to give out any detailed information on the subject. The charges will include the making of corrupt contracts as well as wholesale thievery. One of the allegations against Dickerson is that last winter he advertised for proposals for making certain changes [illegible]

The Cyclone in Charleston.

CHARLESTON, S. C., August 27.—It was impossible Tuesday to telegraph an adequate description of the cyclone. It proved the most disastrous storm that ever visited Charleston. Within comparatively a few minutes the injury to private residences was very large in the aggregate, though individual losses were comparatively small, consisting chiefly in roofs and fences. Some of the wholesale dealers, however, lose heavily by the damage to stock. The heaviest losses were along the water front.

Reading's Receipts.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27.—The statement of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad and Coal and Iron Company for the month of July, 1885, as compared with the same month of 1884, shows a decrease in gross earnings of $[illegible]; decrease in expenses, $[illegible]; decrease in net earnings, $[illegible]. The eight months to July 31, 1885, compared with the same period of 1884, shows a decrease in gross earnings of $[illegible]; decrease in expenses, $[illegible]; decrease in net earnings, $[illegible].

Riots in China.

WASHINGTON, August 27.—[illegible]

The South [illegible]

[illegible]

A HISSING MONSTER.

In Terror of a Snake Twenty Feet Long.

It Raises Itself in the Air—A Horrible Looking Reptile Which Greatly Alarms an Entire Rural Community—Useless Efforts Made to Capture or Kill It.

PIERCEVILLE, Ind., August 27.—Recent and startling experiences of people in this locality have intensified the excitement over the monster serpent which made its appearance here just one week ago. Consternation is depicted on the faces and in the manners of all who have encountered it. Their description of the slimy, hissing monster, the length of which is about twenty feet and the circumference at the largest part variously estimated at between two and three feet, have filled the bravest inhabitants with fear and dread.

NEARLY DROVE INTO THE MONSTER.

The excitement broke out afresh yesterday morning when Thomas Lepper, one of the oldest native residents in the county—a man noted for accuracy of detail and strict regard for truth—drove into town with a load of stove-wood, accompanied by a full grown son. Lepper and his son Henry excitedly told how, while loading their stove wood in a clearing one and a half miles south of here, they almost drove into the monster. Young Lepper [illegible] it among the logs [illegible] too, for he says it raised itself to a height [illegible] the horse [illegible] had he not lashed his [illegible] suddenly. [illegible]

[illegible] the descriptions [illegible] given by those who have seen it, [illegible] if their statements are correct, it is larger than any reptile that has ever been exhibited in this part of the country. Their descriptions [illegible] but they [illegible] it is a dull [illegible]

[illegible] his work.

A LARGE [illegible]

The parties who have seen the monster [illegible] it will be to use a lasso [illegible] willing to [illegible] even with the stimulus of a large [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] and Whole Countries Depopulated.

B. [illegible], of Brooklyn, writing to the New York Tribune, says: In the year [illegible] A. D. there occurred in England and Scotland a dreadful earthquake, which was immediately followed by a most terrible cholera plague, that in a few weeks killed 100,000 in Scotland. In [illegible] there were exhalations from the earth that smelled like the stench from dead animals, and in a few days a most terrible earthquake occurred, after which cholera of a most destructive character followed. In [illegible] earthquakes shook all the cities around the Mediterranean and every one of these cities was soon after visited by a severe cholera epidemic. In [illegible] an earthquake destroyed the entire city of Antioch, and before the [illegible] the whole city, and several days before it ceased cholera broke out and finished the work which the earthquake had begun. The plague reached England and Scotland, and nearly depopulated Africa. Passing over the interim, in 1348 there was a most dreadful earthquake in Upper Asia. The earth opened and sent forth streams of blue fire besides solid bodies of flames, which, during their flight, gave off such a stench that man, beast and every living thing died in its path. The poisonous gas was such that men dropped down and expired in great agony; while in a few days cholera broke out in a violent epidemic form, depopulating half of Asia. A short time after this a severe earthquake shook the entire island of Cyprus, after which cholera nearly depopulated the whole island. And in [illegible] I could give many hundred most notable instances, but the foregoing may suffice to make [illegible] I am not now ready to assert what the chemical composition of this gas [illegible] can give its characteristic qualities. And first, it is heavier than air, as it has never been able to rise to a height of [illegible] feet, as cholera was never known on any mountain of that height. Who ever heard of cholera visiting the Sierra Nevada mountains of California? Another [illegible] property of this cholera poison is that it is acid in its character, for it always produces cramp in the human body when [illegible] it acts as an acrid poison on the whole alimentary canal.

TRAGEDY IN TEXAS.

An Old Citizen Murders Six People and Cuts His Own Throat.

AUSTIN, TEX., August 27.—A gentleman from Johnson City, Blanco county, gives the details of a tragedy which occurred at that place on Tuesday. Al [illegible] [illegible]

A Young Lady
an Obnoxious

How She Settled Him—
Objects to Having Her
With that of Mr. Jame
York, as Their Lives
as Joined.

WASHINGTON, August 27.
laughable episode at the
day afternoon, in which
named James Tate was the
erable mirth among the
office of the Clerk of the
Young Tate appeared at the
ing a silver dollar in front
asked for a marriage lice
Bond, of Brooklyn, N. Y.,
of New York City.

"Are you Mr. Tate?"
of his customer.

"That is my name, sir,"
ry the young lady whose
given you."

"Please look at this
Bond left for you a few
visitor took the sealed
to a corner of the room to
finished the reading he
to the counter, picked up
and left the room

[illegible]

Sept 5-1891
p6-1 Dallas Weekly News - Dealer, Wilkes Barre - Penn

FIGHT WITH A BOA.

Terrible Conflict on a Lagoon in Venezuela.

KILLING OF A MONSTER SERPENT.

The Battle Was a Fierce One, and Before It Ended the Snake Killed a Member of the Attacking Party—Perils of a Journey Through the Forest.

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.]

I SPENT some time recently in the interesting town of Puerto Cabello, which has the best harbor in Venezuela, and unlimited possibilities for a man fond of a negative existence. The town would be exceptionally healthful, I believe, if it had a decent sewer system and the great lagoon behind it were properly drained. But that lagoon is certainly mischievous. The water in it is indescribably foul, and from the harbor up grows more and more shoal until it finally comes to an indeterminate ending in a vast level plain of gray mud, baked as hard as brick by the fierce heat of the sun during most of the year. In the rainy season that plain is a shallow lake, for then a torrent pours down the bed of the *Rio Seco* or *Dry river*, which at all other times is a crooked line of hot, white and black pebbles and rocks, like an arid path through the forest up into the fastnesses of the mountains. Here and there in its course are pools, some of them mere stagnant ponds screened from rapid evaporation by the dense masses of foliage above, while others, being fed by springs, are almost permanent. In and near one of the latter class, at a distance of some four miles from the town, as Senor Jose Martinez assured me, a monster water boa made its home. It had been there for years.

I of course did not believe him when he described the creature as "a monster," but no matter about that, a moderately sized one would satisfy me and I concluded that I wanted that boa. Jose looked astonished when I told him so and remonstrated.

"We, senor," he urged, "are well enough here with our good Carupano rum, and the boa is well enough there in his pool. Have you not a proverb warning you to let well enough alone? You have no idea how quick and strong and devilish the water boa is. Believe me, senor, he does not desire our acquaintance, and we would do ill to force it upon him."

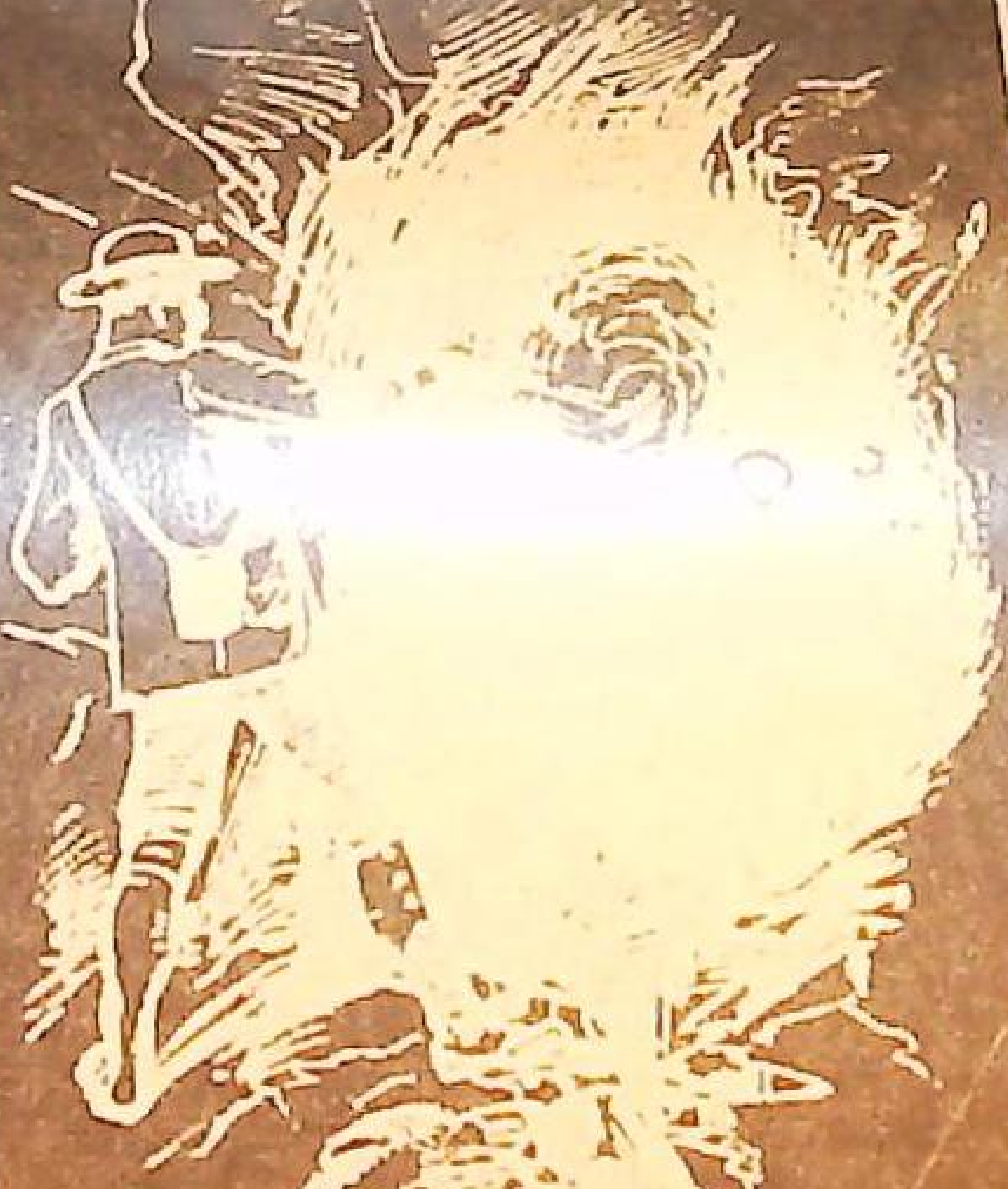
But opposition stimulated my insistence, and after a time Senor Jose yielded to my arguments, saying:

"Very well. I will guide you to him, but your risk will be greater than your profit. Let me see. I cannot go tomorrow, for that is a public festa; or upon the next day, which will be that of my patron saint; or upon the day following, since I have to attend the annual commemorative masses for my cousin Jaime, who died seven years

or thirty feet, being simply a huge cleft in the bedrock. Near the upper end of it was the yawning mouth of a cavern, big enough for three or four men abreast to walk into, penetrating to unknown depths in the mountain.

The big snake did not appear to be at home either in the pool, sunning himself on the great rocks at the lower end of it—where he had often been seen by my guide—or among the branches of the adjacent trees to which, as I was informed, he sometimes climbed. The sun was now near the zenith and the great ophidian had, supposably, retired to the cool depths of his cavern for a noontide siesta. Pablo suggested that if we sat down quietly a little while the monster would catch scent of us and come forth to learn if we might be eaten. The idea of using one's own self for snake bait [illegible] but nothing [illegible] so we tried Pablo's scheme. It did not work. At the end of an hour I had ceased to believe there was any boa there, and against Jose's earnest remonstrances took steps in harmony with my newly formed convictions. With just sufficient prudence to carry my big navy revolver cocked, ready for instant use, I stepped into the mouth of the cavern. The shadows grew very thick a little way inside, and I could barely make out that there were great crevices in the rock above, leaving ledges like shelves, and beneath them a sloping path that tended downward to perfect darkness. All was very still.

Groping about I found a loose stone, threw it into the darkness and heard it bounding and clicking afar off. I thought I heard something like a very faint sigh or a dry leaf moved slightly by a gentle wind just afterward, but as it was not repeated concluded it was but a trick of my imagination. Just as I realized that it was a foolish and useless, if not really dangerous, thing to attempt exploring a cavern without a light, and was about turning to go out, I caught sight of a little spot that glistened, something that was touched by enough light from the mouth of the cave to give back a reflection like a dull sparkle. Without really thinking of possible consequences, beyond waking things up in that gravelike place, I raised my pistol and fired at the spot. The next instant I was conscious of having stirred something into great commotion, for I could dimly see what appeared to be huge billows tumbling in the gloom, and through all the thunderous echoes reverberating in those subterranean vaults could hear some pon



I RAISED MY PISTOL AND FIRED.

A POWERFUL DRAMA

Critical Opinion of "The Merchant," th Latest Stage Sensation.

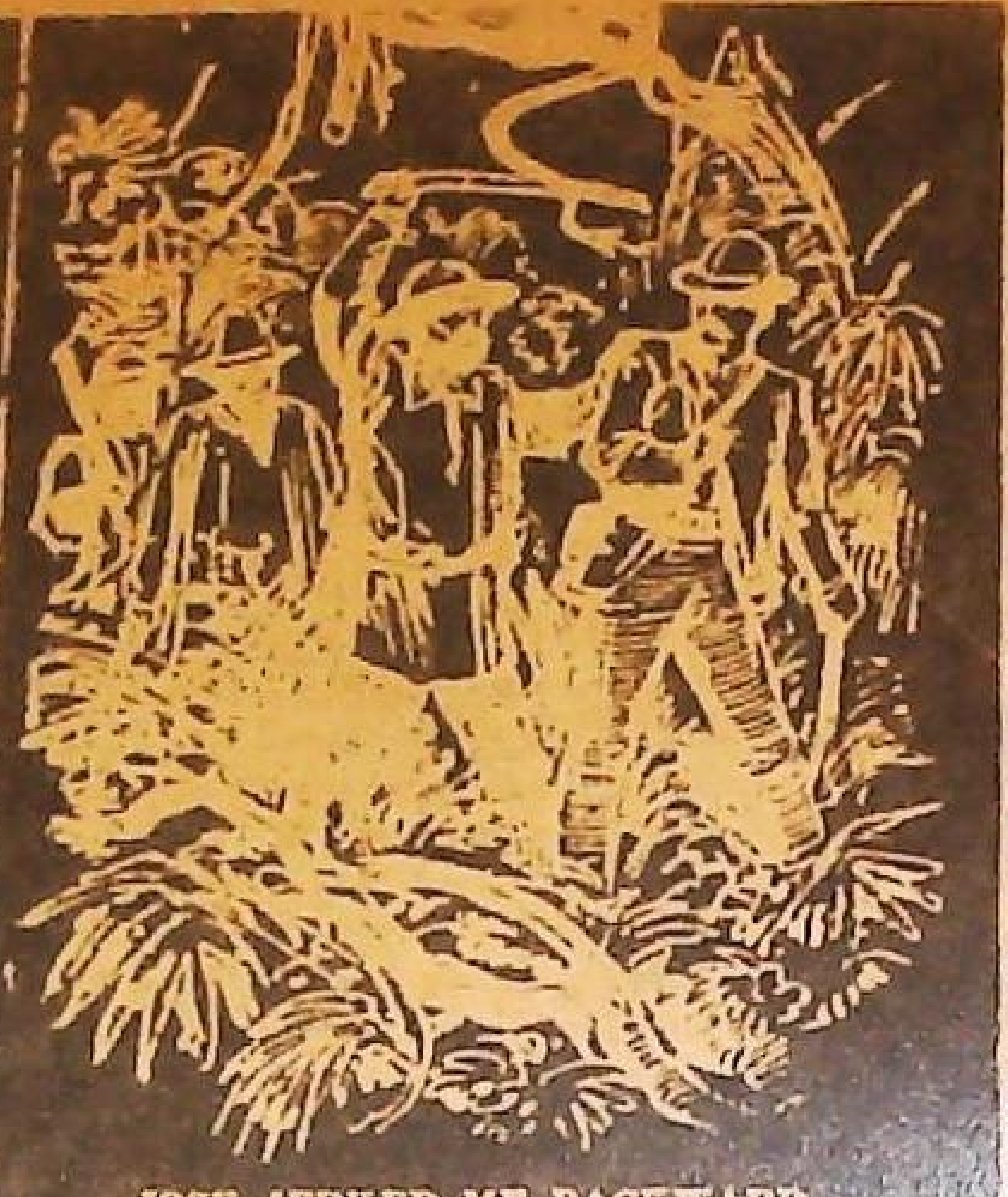
"The Merchant," which is soon to b seen at McVicker's theater, Chicago, i according to the Inter Ocean, a pla built simply upon truth. The enti enchanting interest centers in three sc of emotions that suddenly confro each other. There is no intrinsic d vice employed. Nothing falls down explodes; nothing runs off the trac There is no buzz-saw, and yet "T Merchant" is a play of real life. The a ditor is pinned by the dramatist's sk to the contemplation of three hum hearts strangely wrought upon, and it enough. The whole evolution of t merchant into the man before our ey as the play goes on follows the develo ment of character in life. It is throu pain and perfidy that he persist. I heart must be broken before his visi can be clear. How unerringly tr this is to common experience. It only in the mistaken drama that succe makes men. It is not triumph that tes fiber but failure. The dramatist tak this merchant through the lesson of li and leaves him in the last act a man made a man by the *only discipline d cernible to human ken. Througho this experience both he and his wife b come types, as all elemental and tr examples do. It is beautifully illust* tive of the sexes. The woman int poses her purity and honesty conti ally between the husband and his ow desire, just as she does so often a so effectually in life, and it is the ge tle, the simple, the uncompromisi truthfulness that wins without a dec mation or a coup or a shred of cl trap. Nothing could be prettier in sentiment than the influence of t wife's voice as it floats in sad tones the husband's ears freighted with thousand tender associations to s him from suicide. A simple song, y how effective. Nobody prevents h from blowing his brains out like a co ard. The author has subtly placed man by his side who could have tak the pistol away, but purposely avoid any such use of force or reason. had to be won over to bravery by t exercise of his own will, by an inf ence that nobody could feel but hims —a sweet pathos calling to him fr the past to be a man. To picture l not only in its failures and awful lences, but in its triumph of charac that surmounts failure with a new in viduality, is the task of the com dramatist.

A FEMALE COMPOSER.

Remarkable Enterprise of Miss Stei a Plucky Baltimorean.

Miss Emma A. Steiner, daughter Commodore Steiner, of Baltimore, w now resides in New York, enjoys fame of being the only woman on t continent who is an operatic conduct She has written three operas, two which have received recognition the west. They are "The Day Drea founded on the story of "Tennys "Sleeping Beauty," and "Fleurett written to a story adapted from French by Mrs. Charles A. Doremus

Sept 5 - 1891
p6-1 Dollar Weekly News-Dealer, Wilkes Barre - Penn



JOSE JERKED ME BACKWARD.

ago, and that brings us to Sunday, when we cannot afford to lose the cock fighting. But upon Monday, the fifth day, I will conduct you. But I warn you again it is not wise."

Wise or not, I was determined to get that boa's skin if I could. Upon the fifth day Jose said "manana" (tomorrow). Those people always say "manana" when you want them to do anything. But early on the ninth day I caught him at his house, within half a mile of the boa's home and held him to his promise. He took with him a peon, whom he called Pablo, a skillful and courageous hunter, and I was accompanied by my boy Tom, a very stupid but well meaning darkey from Curacao, who carried my magazine gun. Jose and Pablo were armed with machetes.

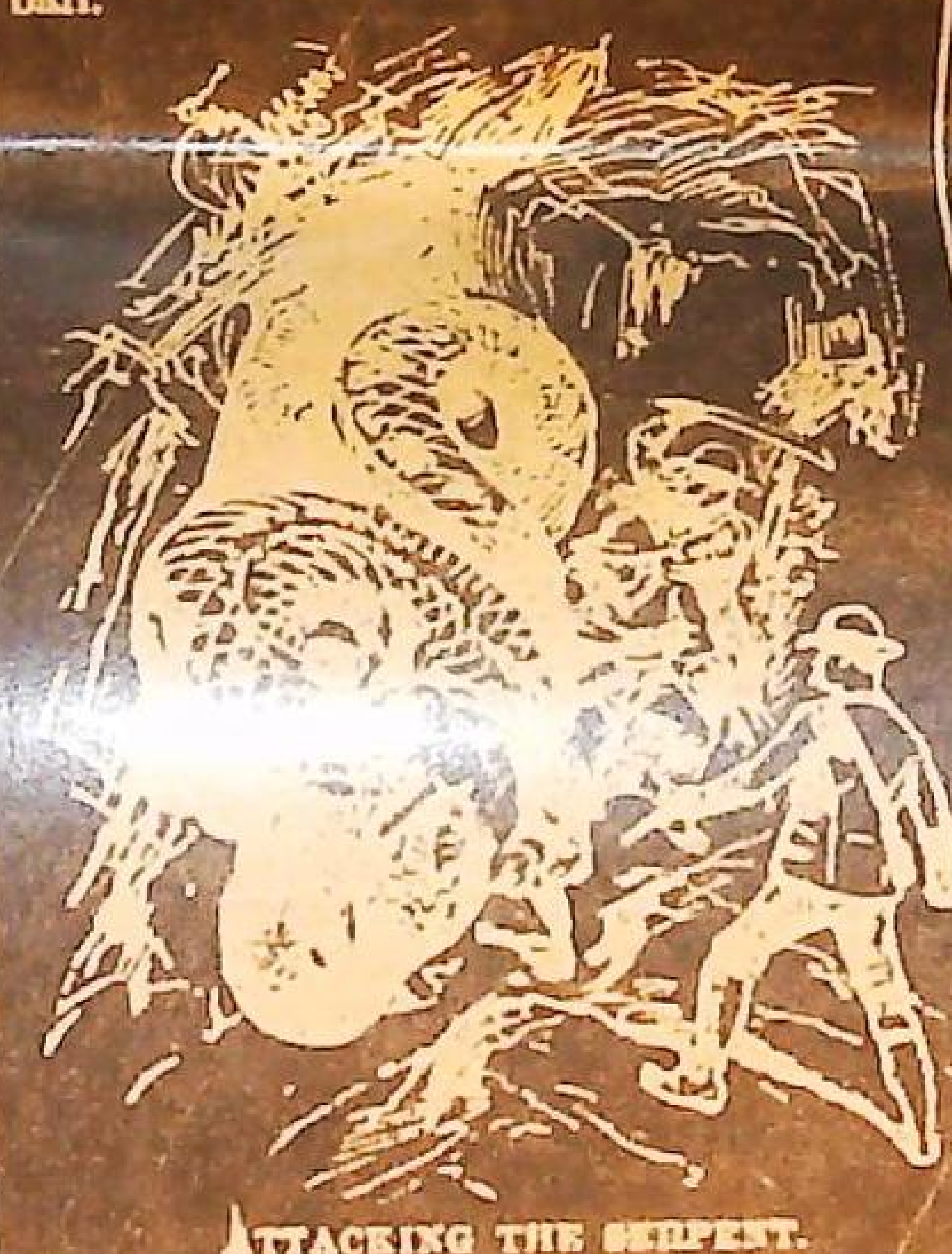
The road we had to travel was abominable. Rocks, big and little, half concealed by vegetation, caused constant stumbling and hurts. Without the machetes we could not have made our way through the tangle of interlaced tough vines, some of them covered with thorns. Perspiration blinded us, and a myriad varieties of insects, with and without wings, bit us, stung us and burrowed in our skins. Once Tom came near treading upon a huge cascabel—a serpent exactly like our North American rattlesnake in appearance, except that he bears no warning rattles. Again Jose, clutching my shoulder, suddenly jerked me backward and at the same time made a lightninglike flourish in the air with his machete, shearing off the head of a long, thin snake that dangled by its tail from a branch directly in our way, and which looked to my inexperienced eye like the loose swinging end of a liana (vine). He explained to me that it was the most venomous snake in those forests, and its habit was to dangle in that fashion and strike at the eyes of men and beasts coming within its reach. It was gray, hardly thicker than a lead pencil and fully five feet long, with a flat, broad, malignant head and needle pointed curved fangs, from the tips of which, under slight pressure, issued small drops of greenish venom—fluid death.

I found myself losing my interest in snakes, and by no means so assured as I had been that I wanted the water boa. If he had been just a little farther away, I think I should have been in favor of "letting well enough alone," as Jose had suggested, but it was [illegible] the pool, in one of [illegible] by which wild animals came to [illegible] our encounter with the swing- [illegible] place, and a few steps more [illegible] boa's home. The pool, [illegible]

bling in the gloom, and through all the thunderous echoes reverberating in those subterranean vaults could hear some ponderous thing in rapid, forceful motion. I did not run out of that cave; I flew. So far as I know I did not touch ground between the spot where I fired and the other side of the pool, where my companions were.

When I told them the little I knew of what had happened, both Jose and Pablo said: "You have shot the boa. It was his eye at which you fired. If you have not killed him he will come out directly to plunge into the water. Let us wait and see."

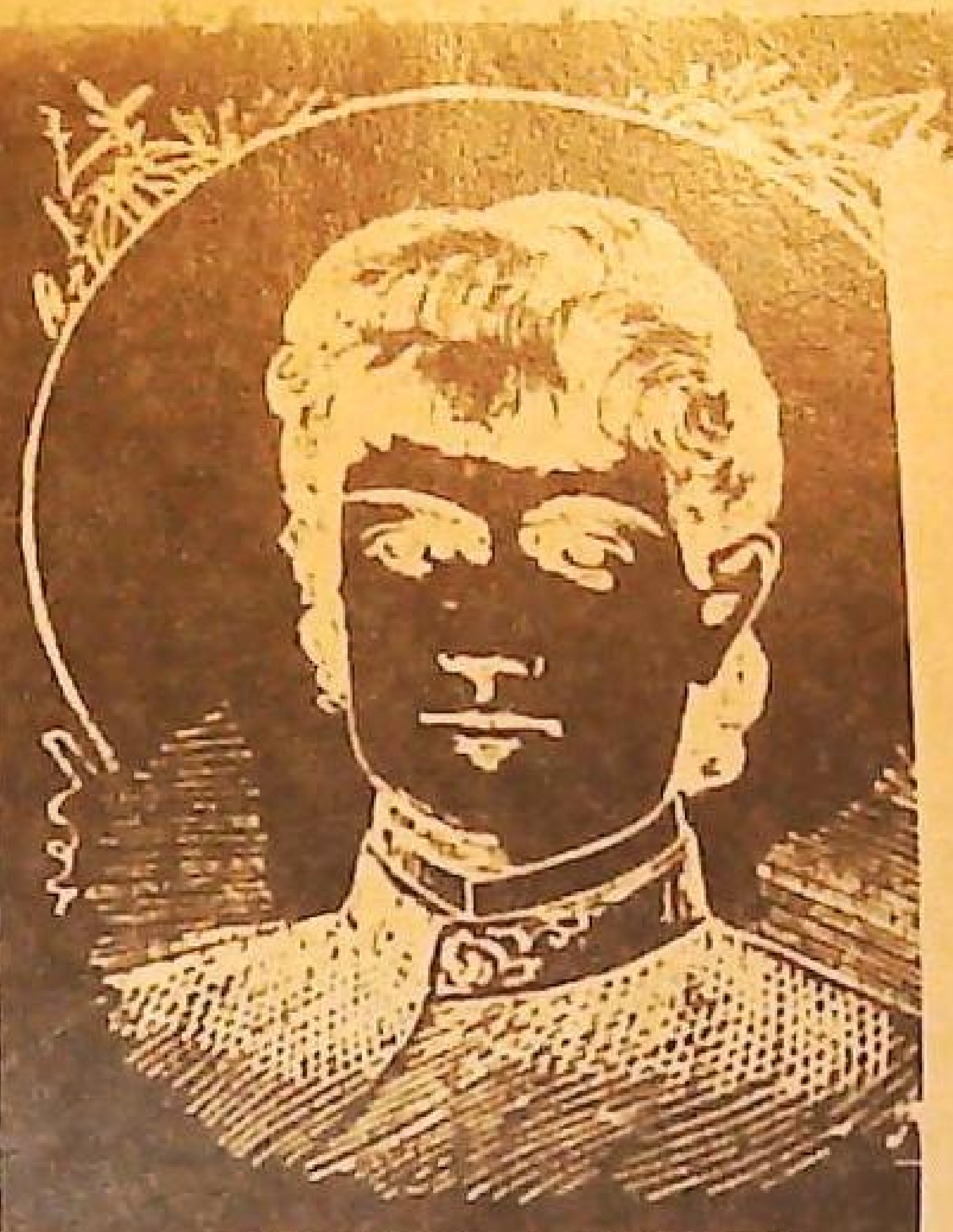
We waited an hour. Then we coincided in the opinion that the creature must have been killed by my chance shot, and made a reconnoissance in force to assure ourselves of the fact. I walked in advance, with Senor Jose just behind me and Tom on my right, Pablo bringing up the rear. Before we got in half as far as I had been before, something enormous darted down from one of [illegible] crevices, past me, straight toward my unfortunate boy Tom. I was so startled by it that I did not realize it was the boa. The ridiculous thought that flashed into my mind was that it looked like an open cellar door on the end of a city water main. Poor Tom had not time to utter a single cry, for the terrible creature's enormous mouth fairly ingulfed his head, and then I saw nothing for an instant but folds of a seemingly interminable cylindrical bulk, coiling, writhing and rolling with incredible swiftness and appearing to concentrate itself into a huge ball.



ATTACKING THE SERPENT.

Jose and the peon with ferocious courage and dexterity attacked the serpent. The powerful blows they dealt with their machetes quickly dispatched it and severed its coils, but not in time to save Tom. When we dragged his lifeless form out of the boa's folds he seemed to have been crushed to a pulp, not a bone having been left unbroken by the awful constriction to which he had been subjected. Upon careful examination we found that my shot had destroyed the boa's right eye, so that it was blind on the side toward me when I reentered the cavern, which accounted for its darting past me and seizing my servant who was full two paces in my rear, but in range of its remaining eye. Senor Jose had told the truth when he said the creature was a monster. Its girth was equal to that of the body of a medium sized man and measured by paces its length was very [illegible]

J. H. CONNELLY.



MISS EMMA A. STEINER

Edgar Smith. The music of bot
been highly spoken of and used in
of the best entertainments all ove
country.

Her new opera, "Fleurette," wa
duced for the first time at the Sta
theater, New York, August 24.
an energetic woman, and talks
ageously about her venture. It
that she was unable to procure a
ing for "Fleurette" from the man
and she therefore organized a synd
of capitalists who are backing h
the enterprise. She says that she
the opera to stand upon its merit
she asks no favors on account o
sex. Miss Steiner has led orche
before, having traveled with se
companies throughout the country
this will be her first appearance in
York as a conductor.

The Pay of Theatrical Men.

It is stated that: "The average
rical salary is $30 a week, and all
portation is paid by the manage
The well-to-do actor receives $40
a week. Such actors as Mantell
rymore, Haworth and Bellew com
$300 a week. All railroad fare
paid by the management. One
answers for the entire company,
purchased at reduced price, equa
cents a mile. The excess bagg
always a bone of contention.
there are competing lines there
considerable rivalry to secure the
patronage, and all excess goes fr
if there is one road going your w
excess is promptly charged for,
is an item of importance, as some
panies carry 10,000 pounds of
baggage. Each performer is limi
one hotel and one theater trun
nearly every city of size there a
tels that cater for theatrical patr
The charges range from $1.25 t
day for one person in a room.
they double the prices are $1 to
A midnight lunch awaits the p
returning from the theater."

Will Soon Visit America.

Alfred Gruenfeld, the court pia
the emperors of Germany and A
has been engaged for a tour of thi
try. Heinrich Gruenfeld, a note
[illegible]

18 ft wide
40 ft in length
in some places very deep, probably 20

Connelly
x

[illegible]

[illegible] in a Cave.

[illegible] the last two months, says the [illegible], it has been matter of frequent complaint among the inhabitants of the districts east and north of Arima that their domestic animals of all kinds were being lost in a strange, unexplained manner, usually at night. Scarcely a day seemed to pass without a goat or a pig, a calf or a donkey being reported missing, and latterly even larger animals—some valuable mules and horses—had gone to join the smaller domestic fry that had disappeared. Among the sufferers John Agostini, of Aripo, lost two mules within five days on his cocoa plantation, and J. G. de Gannes, in visiting some young cocoa cultivation of his own in Turure, had lost his horse which he had left to graze for only half an hour, a distance of about one hundred yards from the spot where he was talking with [illegible]. At first the people of the district were inclined to lay the blame on thieves of a novel and daring description, but the evidence soon became clear that it was some wild, monstrous animal that was working the havoc among the stock. A strange feature of these depredations was that no trace of blood was ever found at the spot visited, or in its neighborhood, to show sign of some struggle with a giant cayman or carnivorous beast, which the monster was at first supposed to be, besides, no [illegible] required to carry off a horse or mule was known to exist in the island.

A MUTTERED SIGNAL, AND A VOLLEY RANG THROUGH THE CAVE.

In many of the cases, however, it was noticed that the ground under the cocoa trees and the forest undergrowth showed signs of having been crushed, not trampled upon, by the body of some smooth but gigantic beast. The people began to watch at night, no alarm as yet making known the passage of the monster on his raids, save the barking of dogs, a few of which had also disappeared with dismal howls. It was also noticed that the traces through the vegetation always stopped at streams, and seemed to vanish altogether after that. This feature was clearly established in the case of the Aripo, Turure and Arima rivers. Up to Saturday last the beast had succeeded in eluding notice, transferring his attention to quarters unvisited by him, as if aware of the watch kept for him in those he had already visited; and the neighborhood of streams continued to be his favorite resorts from the mountains north of Arima to Turure.

On Sunday morning the inhabitants of Arima were thrown into consternation by the news that three children had disappeared in the Ward of Guanapo during the [illegible] on the qui vive, and [illegible] Gideon [illegible] even as he had half-swallowed the body of young Hernandez, but with the effect of hastening his progress in the direction of the Monte Bleu or [illegible]. The warden thought the matter serious enough to request, through the colonial secretary, some assistance from Port of Spain, with rifles of greater penetrating power than the guns used by the majority of pursuers. Accordingly Sergeant Gibian was sent to Arima by the afternoon train with six policemen armed with Martini-Henry rifles.

At six o'clock Thursday morning a motley cavalcade was seen issuing out of Arima in a northerly direction. They were the warden and his party on their way to the Blue mountain, in the neighborhood of which searching parties had located the snake the day before. He had been seen by one of the hunters to enter the Guacharo caves in the hill separated by a hollow from the mountain, and a cordon had gradually been formed round the hill to prevent his sallying out. Rev. Cure, of Arima, whom they met on the way, further told them that he had heard the snake had tried to issue from the caves on the southern side, but had beat a retreat into these dangerous recesses on being greeted with a volley.

The following plan of campaign was, however, finally agreed upon: He was to be shot down when and where to be seen, and the dogs would be used to trace his exact haunt and to give notice of his coming in case of a rush outward. Besides the guides Mr. Devenish was well acquainted with the immense caves where, besides the weird Guacharo, the great serpent had now taken up his abode. These caves, like many others in this island, had long been known to be tenanted by the gloomy Guacharo or Diablotin. It was also said that besides their having entrances in each side of the mountain, a foaming waterfall existed in the cavities of the interior, at the foot of which was a large pool, the waters of which were afterwards supposed to flow through dark and sinuous subterranean passages to become on the level of the valley a tributary or perhaps the head waters of the Arima river itself.

The party having reached the caves and another large party holding the entrance in the valley on the northern side, a sort of forlorn hope by the warden and principal for members of his party were organized for gradual entrance into the caverns as far as the light of day penetrated, preceded by a couple of dogs held in leash by guides. Nothing was noticed for some minutes as the party stumbled their way over rough rocks, save the murmur of the fall and the mournful half screech of the dismal Guacharo bird, so expressively rendered by the Spanish word "llanto." But as they drew nearer the pool at the foot of the waterfall the dogs began to get excited and to evince a decided inclination to run back. There was sufficient light streaming through the entrances to distinguish pretty clearly all objects in the interior on the direct line of the entrances. The party halted, both on

[illegible]
Department [illegible]
necessary to divide the
duties devolving upon the
General. The fourth-class post-
which now number fifty-seven
were given to a first assistant; the
contracts for carrying the mail were
over to a second assistant, and the
agement of the finance bureau
volved upon a third assistant. The
master-General to-day exercises
supervision over the entire great d
of the executive branch of the Govern
The railway mail service, free deliv
carriers, foreign mails, dead letter
and personnel of the Washington
occupy more time and attention to
than one man can fully attend to;
the years past the department has
urged and requested Congress to
the advisability of the creation of
for a fourth assistant. The postal
grows rapidly in
the years, yet, with the
the present let us visit the office
Third Assistant Postmaster-Gene
look into its workings.

Hon. A. D. Hazen is at the head
bureau. His appointment is prob
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Mr. Hazen entered the service as
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ance and perforce of actual merit, he
through all the grades of the civil
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he was made chief of the stamp divi
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in 1879, he was chosen by President
to fill that office and promptly confir
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Mr. Hazen was retained by Post
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the need of a business man, rather
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Hazen insisted upon the acceptance
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When he was re-appointed in Ma
the old employes welcomed him back
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tration is that but few changes we
in this finance bureau, and the
of Mr. Hazen did not require the
tion of many new men to their ch

The finance division is a
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accounts with all postmasters and
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books kept by the Sixth Audito
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States, and some clerks have sever
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turn to a ledger and ascertain at
the condition of the accounts of a
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22 June
1889

Because the victims of the
raiding monster. their
names were given

~~Sept 5 1891~~

p6-1

Dallas Weekly News-Dealer
Wilkes-Barre, Penn

~~Sept 5 1894~~ 22 June 1889

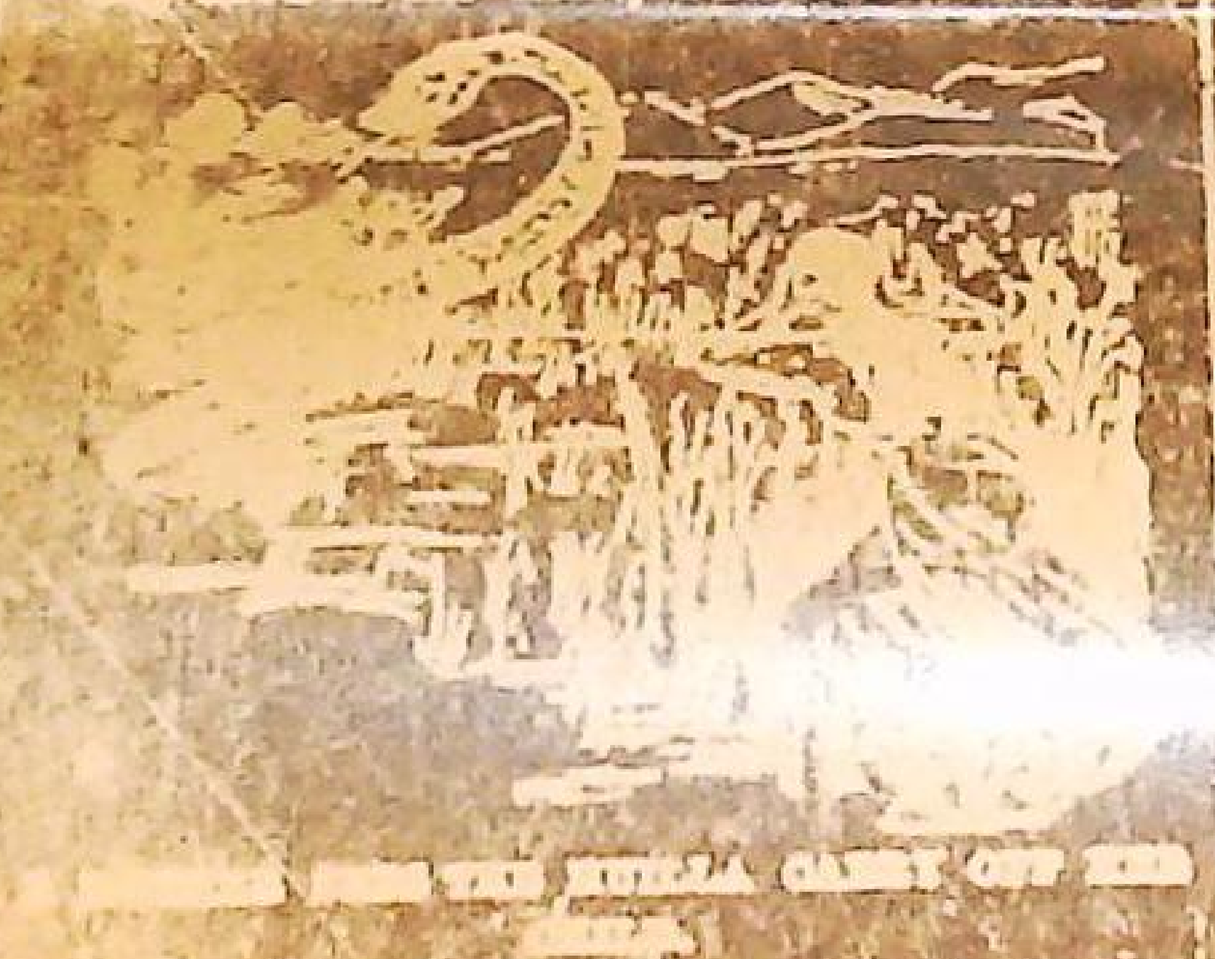
P7-1,2 Dallas Weekly News-Dealer,

Wilkes Barre-Penn

[illegible] the scene of the casualties. The news was telegraphed to Port of Spain, and the warden was instructed by the Governor to continue his efforts to track the monster, especially by collecting an armed posse and instituting energetic pursuit.

Later in the afternoon news was brought from Aripo that two children, Paul and Rose Legrand, brother and sister, had been lost, one on Saturday and one on that very morning. In this instance the mother had been the terror-stricken eye-witness of the carrying off of her little boy, aged three years.

It seems that while sitting in a state of semi-stupor, mourning the loss of her little daughter Rose, five years old, who had disappeared in the grounds round her hut Saturday at noon, without any trace being found of her, she was startled by the screams of her child Paul, who was playing a few yards from her. Rooted with horror, she then saw her child enveloped in the coils of the upper part of the body of a colossal snake, which glided away with its prey into the depths of the forest. A number of residents of the district, armed with guns, to whose ranks new accessories were continually coming, began to scour the country after the snake, among them Joseph Concepcion and Paul Legrand, Sr., fathers of two child victims, on whose grim features were written a quenchless determination to wreak vengeance deep and dire on the [illegible] serpent. Dogs were liberally used in the hunt, but as often as the



[illegible] THE HUILLA CARRY OFF HER [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] account of the unruly disposition of the dogs and because one of the guides stated that he had seen something move in the pool.

With rifles cocked, all eyes were then fixed upon the pool. The dogs now began to howl, and whether the noise roused the terrible occupant of the caves, or he otherwise became aware of the existence of the party, the head of a monstrous snake suddenly appeared on the surface of the pool, and two large and lustrous eyes became fixed with diabolical gleam on the intruders. An angry hiss, like the plunging of a red-hot beam into the pool, issued from the hideous head. A muttered signal, and a volley rang with reverberating echoes through the caves. Large stones fell upon the jagged roof, and the startled Guacharos flew wildly in all directions, uttering their dismal screech. The Huilla had not been killed by the bullets aimed at his head. With great rapidity he seemed to uncoil his length from the depths of the pool, and with fully twenty-five feet of his body raised and curved forward as if to dart at his assailers, he seemed to be emerging from the pool.

A few whispered words notified half the party to aim at his head and the other half at the central part of his body.

The second volley produced the desired effect. The colossal snake leaped wholly out of the pool, and with a few terrible convulsions in which he lashed the water and the floor of the cavern, he sank quivering to the ground, a third volley for a quietus insuring his certain death. This fact was then made sure of, and the caves were soon invaded by the pursuers.

The monster was dragged out into the level and found to measure forty-seven feet, the thickest part of his body having a diameter of two feet six inches. In color he was yellow in the upper part of his body, dark above, with dark rings encircling the body between which semi-lunar gray disks served as spots to variegate the skin.

He was opened by the machetes of some cocoa pruners, under the direction of Mr. McCarthy. In him there were found the half-digested body of a deer, and a number of [illegible] pauper's forms, probably swallowed by him with the body of some unknown and unfortunate cocoa contractor.

By 6:30 p. m. the joyful concourse, dragging the monster, reached Arima, where the necessary steps were taken to preserve the carcass for display in the Council Hall of Port of Spain. The exciting occurrences connected with this monster are still the [illegible]

[illegible]

the extension or enlargement [illegible] Office Department building.

Do you use stamped env[illegible] Government furnishes millio[illegible] envelopes annually to the peo[illegible] have become a necessity [illegible] service, being particularly u[illegible]

HON. A. D. HA[illegible]

ness men who have extensiv[illegible] ence. Recently quite a nu[illegible] plaints have been made conce[illegible] perfect preparations for [illegible] stamped envelopes. If you [illegible] one it will be immediately [illegible] edge has no mucilage upon [illegible] sufficient upon the envelope i[illegible] distributed, but it is not. Ni[illegible] of every hundred has no m[illegible] the edge of the "flap." Ma[illegible] chief of the stamp division [illegible] Office Department briefly ex[illegible] tion for this condition of [illegible] "You must underst[illegible]

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p6-2

25 June 1892

The Wilkes Barre Record

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A MONSTER ANACONDA.

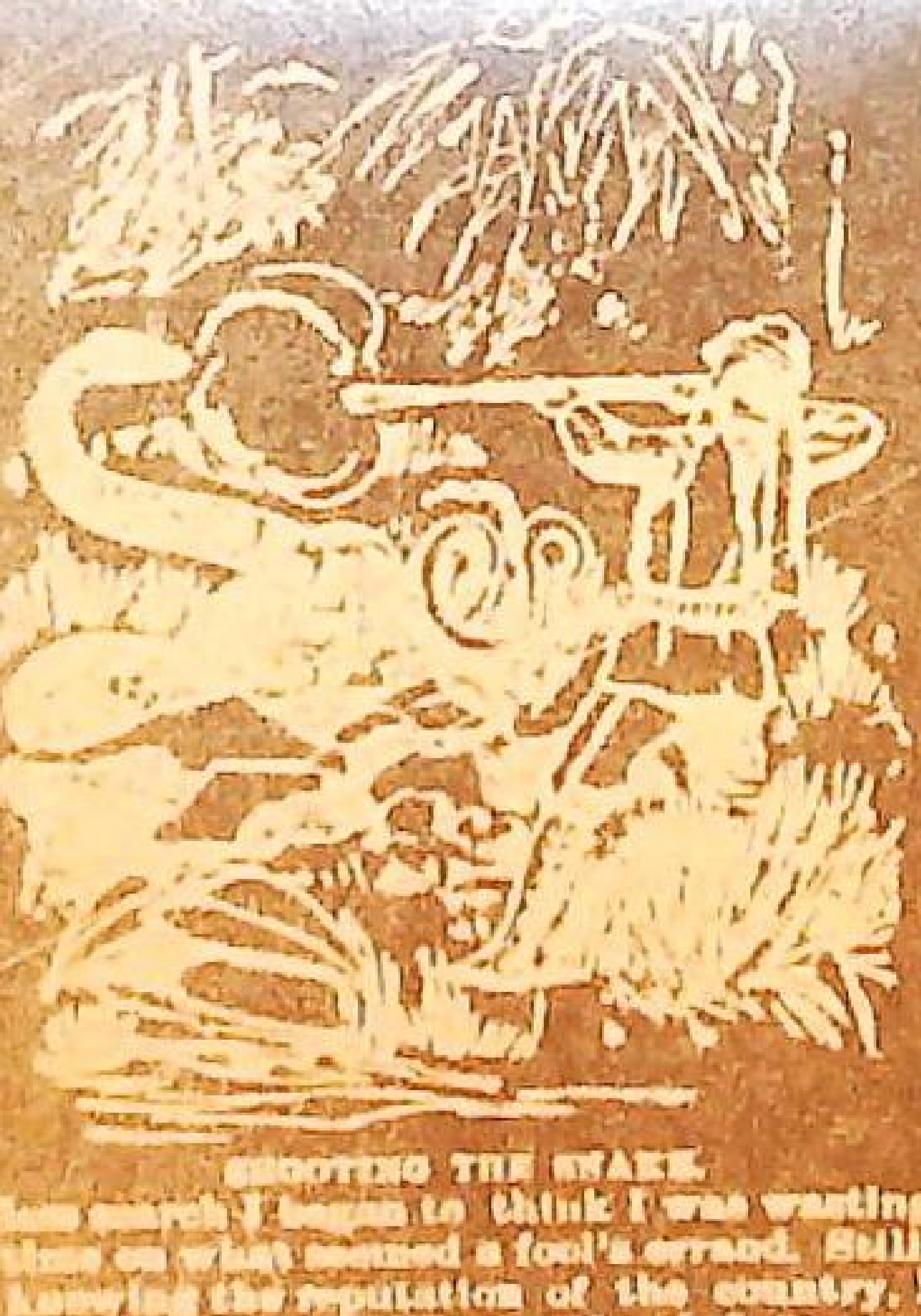
He Nearly Got the Better of a Snake Hunter.

AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA

[illegible] Peril of a Man Who Had a Commission from a London House to Collect Big Reptiles—He Barely Escaped with Life.

"Two years ago last Christmas," said a former employee of Jamrach, the noted dealer in wild animals, to a Detroit Free Press reporter, "I shipped to London a large cargo of South American reptiles. Among them were two 25-foot anacondas—fair sized specimens as such snakes go. They were neatly packed in separate barrels, but one was hardly in shape for traveling, as he was just shedding his skin. Being such a well matched pair, I hoped they would pull through all right, but on arrival our friend was dead. The result was that I had hardly got a taste of home comforts when there came a cable calling for another anaconda. I hated like anything to go back to the swamps at that time of the year, but I had no choice. Guiana is the nearest port for big snakes, and there I went, determined to hurry matters. Now, I could have got a dozen fair sized crawlers in a week, but hearing of some monster snakes up country I got the fever and set off to interview them. I hired a boat manned by half a dozen Indians and went seventy odd miles up the Essequebo.

"We tracked several big serpents every day, but none of them came up to my ex- [illegible]



SHOOTING THE SNAKE.

[illegible] search I began to think I was wasting time on what seemed a fool's errand. Still, knowing the reputation of the country, I hated to give up, and so I decided to stay yet another week. Three days went by, and still nothing extraordinary turned up. Then on the evening of the fourth I took my gun and went out after game, as I was tired of eating the fish the Indians supplied with unvarying monotony. Before I had gone a mile I brought down a small antelope, and as there was plenty of time to get back to camp before supper I hunted up a shady spot by the side of a little stream and lay down for a quiet smoke. The tramp and the heat had made me sleepy, and I dozed away with half

BETTER THAN AN ALARM CLOCK.

A Device for Being Waked Up That Is in Use Among Mexican Runners.

"I don't know what I'd do without my alarm clock," yawned Simpkins at the boarding house breakfast table. "It's hard to get any fun out of your evenings unless you stay up until nearly midnight, and that means 1 o'clock before you really get to sleep. As my employer insists on my being behind the counter at 8 a. m., that means waking up at 6. You can't get the chambermaid to wake you every morning without a considerable outlay of tips, and it would take a pretty muscular girl anyway to pound on my door hard enough and long enough to wake me effectually. Now, my alarm clock makes it simply impossible for me to sleep, for it kicks up such an awful row that I have to jump out of bed and stop it in self defense before it gets half through the performance," and Simpkins smiled the fatuous smile of the man who never discovers that he is a nuisance.

"Yes, we've all noticed that," said a stout commercial traveler, who, when he was at home at all, did not get up generally for full an hour after Simpkins did. "I could recommend to you an alarm clock which would arouse you just as effectually as the one you have now, and yet would not wake up everybody else within a quarter of a mile of you. The last time I was down in Mexico I left the lines of railroad and pushed out into the wilder parts of the country, in the interests of my firm. There I met for the first time some of those famous couriers, Indians, who carry messages for hundreds of miles with much greater celerity than horses can do in that mountainous country.

"These wiry and hardy fellows will run all day without tiring apparently, but even then they could not outrun a horse on a decent road. The way they get ahead of a mounted courier is by cutting off the corners. Most of the roads there either lead up hill or down, and the hills are so steep that the trail zigzags back and forth across the face of the mountains in a succession of terraces. A horse must follow the path; a foot runner saves many a mile by scrambling from one terrace to the other, aiding himself by trees, roots or stones if he is ascending, and just letting himself slide if he is coming down.

"But I started to tell you about the never failing alarm clocks which they carry with them on long journeys. When the courier's trip extends over three or four days, as it frequently does, he allows himself two hours' sleep out of every twenty-four, and as he makes his bed on the ground, just wherever he happens to stop, there is no chambermaid or anybody else to rouse him from the heavy stupor which naturally overcomes a perfectly healthy man who has been running steadily for about twenty-two hours, eating occasionally while he runs.

"Having selected his bed, he takes some thick cord from his pouch, cuts off a piece of it of a length which experience has taught him to be about right, ties one end of the cord, which is composed of carefully selected material prepared in a particular way, to his toe, sets fire to the other end, and falls asleep so quickly that you would think he was constructed like one of those mechanical dolls which close their eyes as soon as they are laid down. He feels perfectly confident that the cord or fuse will burn slowly but surely up to his toe in two hours or thereabouts, and he has no doubt that when the twist of it which he put around the toe is on fire it will wake him effectually."—New York Tribune.

An Incident at an African Reception.

Dr. Peters narrates a curious story of the killing of two natives by Lieutenant [illegible]

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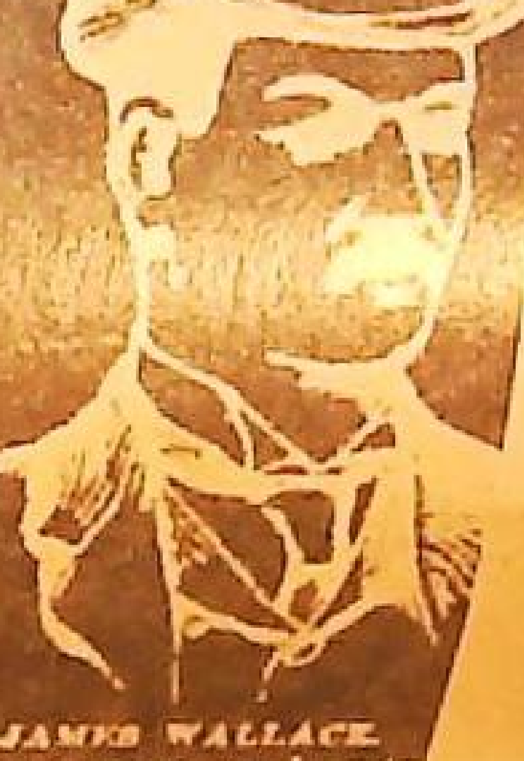

JAMES WALLACE.

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25 June 1892

The Wilkes Barre Record -
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SHOOTING THE SNAKE.

less search I began to think I was wasting time on what seemed a fool's errand. Still, knowing the reputation of the country, I hated to give up, and so I decided to stay yet another week. Three days went by, and still nothing extraordinary turned up. Then on the evening of the fourth I took my gun and went out after game, as I was tired of eating the fish the Indians supplied with unvarying monotony. Before I had gone a mile I brought down a small antelope, and as there was plenty of time to get back to camp before supper I hunted up a shady spot by the side of a little stream and lay down for a quiet smoke. The tramp and the heat had made me sleepy, and I dozed away with half closed eyes.

[illegible] something made me start up, and I saw a sight that made my heart jump to my throat. Coming slowly out of the stream, waving its head to and fro, I spied an enormous anaconda. The stream was more than twenty-five feet across, but may I never speak again if his head and five feet or more of his neck weren't clear out of the water on my side and a yard or so of his tail on the other. For a moment I sat perfectly still—paralysed, partly with delight at having at last got on the trail of such a monster and partly with fright at the sight. There was nothing to do but watch, so I sat there and saw him come wholly out of the water.

"He was about fifty yards away, and I noted his colors were different from the usual run of anacondas. Black on top, he had gray sides with brown spots, and only his belly was yellow. He must have just cast his skin, for it shone dazzlingly. For awhile he lay motionless on the grass; then he raised his head and wagged it up and down. How he spotted me I can't even guess, but when I noticed he was looking straight at me I felt decidedly queer. My gun, a double barrel, was loaded with buckshot, but I had no notion of courting an encounter. Yet it would not do to run, for no man can outfoot a snake. So I sat there, perfectly still, not daring to move, and waited. In a few moments the anaconda dropped his head and lay seemingly motionless, still looking toward me. [illegible] closely I discovered he was [illegible] couldn't detect the quiver of a scale. Then I saw he was coming closer—coming for me—actually stalking me! As the thought flashed through my mind my hair stood on end.

"On he crept—gliding so slowly, so insidiously, I couldn't tell how he moved, but he was getting closer all the time. I don't know if I prayed, but with all my might I strove to shake off the frightful torpor that had seized me. The sweat poured out all over me, but I couldn't move a finger. Thirty feet—twenty feet away. Nearer yet—ten feet—then he raised his head. That movement saved me—before that awful, motionless, gliding approach of death I was powerless, but the sudden break gave me back my powers. To seize my gun, spring to my feet, yell, let fly both barrels and take to my heels didn't take a second. As I fled I heard the brute hissing like a barrel full of mad cats, but I didn't stop to size up the damage. Reaching camp more dead than alive, I hustled the Indians into the boat and we spent the night five miles down the stream.

"My tale scared the Indians and we sat up all night guns in hand. With morning our courage revived and we went back to [illegible]. The snake had gone—so had [illegible], so I guess I didn't hurt him badly. We tracked him to a dense swamp, but neither money nor threats could induce those Indians to follow him in, to [illegible] the truth, I didn't press them very hard. We left the neighborhood that same day and I contented myself with shipping [illegible] a couple of twenty footers I picked up on my way down the stream. They arrived at London in good shape and, as he never knew what a specimen he had lost, he was perfectly satisfied."

naturally overcomes a perfectly healthy man who has been running steadily for about twenty-two hours, eating occasionally while he runs.

"Having selected his bed, he takes some thick cord from his pouch, cuts off a piece of it of a length which experience has taught him to be about right, ties one end of the cord, which is composed of carefully selected material prepared in a particular way, to his toe, sets fire to the other end, and falls asleep so quickly that you would think he was constructed like one of those mechanical dolls which close their eyes as soon as they are laid down. He feels perfectly confident that the cord or fuse will burn slowly but surely up to his toe in two hours or thereabouts, and he has no doubt that when the twist of it which he put around the toe is on fire it will wake him effectually."—New York Tribune.

An Incident at an African Reception.

Dr. Peters narrates a curious story of the killing of two natives by Lieutenant Tiedemann, not far from Victoria Nyanza. The white expedition had been received with much hospitality by Wachore, an important sultan, who invited Peters and Tiedemann to his audience hall, where, surrounded by his chiefs and women, he received them. To impress his guests with his power, he had on hand a large collection of the weapons used by his warriors, including a considerable number of rifles and other guns. Among them was a Martini rifle, which Wachore handed to Peters to examine. Peters, after examining the weapon, turned it over to Tiedemann, who discharged it accidentally. The ball passed through the head of one of the men in attendance, killing him instantly, and struck the throat of a man who was behind him and wounded him so severely that he bled to death in a few minutes.

Peters endeavored to apologize for the fearful accident.

"My friend," he said, "is overwhelmed with grief. He did not know that the gun was loaded and he was not even trying to fire it. I think he is not to blame."

The sultan, much to the surprise of the white men, burst out laughing. "Oh, it is nothing," he said, "they're only slaves. It is no matter whatever. Besides, it was not your friend but the gun that was to blame. Your friend has done nothing wrong at all."

The women echoed the words of their master. They said it was nothing and they tried to make merry, although Peters thought their laughter was a little forced. Some men bore the bodies out of the hall. They sprinkled sand over the pools of blood and brought in another bucketful of banana wine, with which the king and his guests regaled themselves after the tragical spectacle. Peters said it was a good deal like the accidental breaking of a vase by a guest in a European drawing room and the host and hostess endeavoring to relieve embarrassment and asserting that the incident was of no consequence.—New York Sun.

Gilt Edged Telegraphing.

The operators were a famous sender and a man who is now court stenographer in Bangor, Me., and the transmission of the president's message from New York for the Bangor papers was the occasion.

When the sender got down to business the sounder pattered like rain on a tin roof. But after awhile, as he warmed up, the sounder ceased to click, hummed like the bur-r-r of a dynamo and then ceased. The signals were coming so fast they could not record. The receiver thought for a moment, fished a quarter from his pocket, disconnected the wires from the sounder, tied one around the quarter and laid the coin on his tongue. Then taking the other wire between the fingers of his left hand he picked up his stylus and went on copying the message, and in a remarkably short time he got "30," which means "All through; good night."

He got the message because his tongue was much more sensitive than the sounder. He received a rapid succession of shocks which the sounder could not record, and he, being a star operator, read them with ease, and as he was practicing shorthand at the time he put the message down in stenography.

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His Account of North Carolina Snakes.

[From the Oxford (N. C.) Torchlight.]

About a mile and a half from the railroad bridge spanning Tar river at Franklinton, is the residence of Junius W. Hight, who not long since married a Miss Cash. Everything went on lovely until warm weather set in, and the snakes began to show themselves about his house in gangs and droves. The first time that he took fright was after killing one about ten feet long, which he hung upon the fence and dragged it under the house to keep beneath the heathstone. He then began to watch, and a day or two thereafter he saw them crawling around lazily, from six to eight or ten in a gang. Things now began to look serious, and Hight left the next day for Kittrell's to get ammunition to begin war upon them, but while he was gone a couple of ladies called on his wife, and while she was regaling them with snaky information one of the trio happened to look towards the east door, when, lo! what a monster met her gaze. A scream brought the party to their feet. The monster's head appeared to be about three feet high, four feet of its body was on the floor, and its tail was just clearing the corner of the house. The ladies ran as fast as they could. The snake dashed right by the hindmost and took after Hight's wife, but she, being very fleet, finally escaped. Mr. Hight saw one in the path the other day twenty feet long, as large as a "man's boot leg," mouth open, and looking as red inside as a ball of fire. His dog was running a rabbit at the time, and approaching rapidly in the direction of the snake. He hastened to the hous to get his shot-gun to shoot the monster, and about the time he got there his dog ceased running. He hastened back to try his artillery on the snake, but he was too late, for it was gone. He has heard nothing from his dog since, and now firmly believes that the rabbit ran into the snake's mouth, mistaking it for a hollow, and that the dog followed; consequently the snake bagged both and slid off to his quarters. They are blowing and hissing around his house all night, and one of them makes a noise like a gobbler, while another that stays in the woods near by keeps up a bellowing at regular intervals. Hight had been putting his chickens under pots and tubs to keep them from the snakes at night, until one morning he found that a certain pot and chicken were both gone, so he straightway carried his chickens ,to his father-in-law's. About a week ago his wife heard such a hissing and blowing that she awoke him to get up and see what was the matter. A light showed several very large snakes writhing and squirming about on the floor. He tried his gun upon them, killing some and causing others to dash about quite hurriedly, hissing and lashing with their tails. His wife ran for the door, declaring that she would stay no longer in a snake den, but was going to her father's house. He concluded it more prudent to follow her than to stay and be devoured by snakes, so he "lit out" accordingly.

July 17/1879 New Haven Journal Courier, Connecticut

Exploration in 1878.

What the Explorers are Doing in Various Quarters of the Globe—African, Asiatic, Australian, Polar and American Explorations—The Achievements of the Year.

[From the London Times.]

We had hoped to have been able to chronicle the complete accomplishment in one year

24 May 1942 San Francisco Examiner , Calif.

trail across a mud flat .

They tethered a young and noisy billy goat to a tree and posted themselves in trees with high powered rifles. The goat plunged , wriggled and bleated all night until the forest echoed with his racket . The man watched closely .

Then just at dawn one nearly fell off his perch with astonishment.

Out of a mangrove patch advanced a blunt , hideous , green-mottled head . It looked blind and seemed to flow over the mud turing this way and that .

Once it lifted and a glistening tounged flicked . It had teeth , long XMX, thin, rotted looking teeth , this huge boa constrictor , and its body bloated , blotched like a poisoned thing , writhed slowly towards the frantically screaming goat .

p14-2

11 May 1900

NEW HAVEN EVENING REGISTER, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1900.

BATTLE WITH MONSTER SNAKE

Oxford Farmer's Thrilling Encounter with the King of Them All

BUT STRATEGY WON THE DAY

Mr. Andrews Stood Watching the Serpent, When He Was Attacked—After a Ride, He Ties the Snake in a Knot—A True and Concise Statement of Fact.

(Special to The Register.)

Oxford, May 11.—F. H. Andrews of the center had a thrilling encounter with an enormous snake Tuesday afternoon in which the reptile after 10 minutes of battle was put out of business with the exception of his tail that stopped at sundown. Mr. Andrews did not escape unscathed and his nervous system sustained a shock which will remain a reminder until haying time. The snake, as nearly as can be identified by bulletins from those who viewed the remains, was a cross between a streak of lightning and a 13-inch gun, component portions equally divided.

Strategy and courage won the day and Mr. Andrews is a battle scarred hero in the fullest sense of the term. Such a ferocious monster as the snake has not been seen about Oxford in ages, not even in cider time, and residents of the town are mighty glad that Mr. Andrews was elected to relate the particulars of the encounter owing to his unimpeachable veracity.

Oxford has contributed scores of varieties of reptiles and innumerable snake stories to current literature, but nearly all of the stories have borne evidence of revision and the ear marks of special writers who dress up a story and season it with imaginable incidents, impair their value as regards truth while they add commercial importance. This is a true tale written at the dictation of eye witnesses seated upon a stack of Bibles of convenient and comfortable height. The narrative begins here.

The sun was out and doing extra time a little after 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, getting in strong licks to make up for the cold snap of Monday with such success that the quicksilver in the tube of the thermometer was dancing rag time about the [illegible] figure, and clouds of steam were arising from the meadow land back of Mr. Andrews' house when he issued forth to cross the lot to ascertain if the radish seed planted in the further field had yet agitated the ground to any extent preliminary to appearance on the supper table.

Half way across the field Mr. Andrews saw several yards of snake [illegible] out of a hole beneath an old tree stump. The hole was about as large as a water pail, but the snake was having a hard time of it squeezing through. Mr. Andrews stood watching the reptile with interest and was soon lost in admiration at the intelligence and genius of the serpent. It was a hard pull for the snake and its eyes bulged out alarmingly when at last its body was stuck. Forward progress was barred by a too large abdomen, but the snake had a plan which he put in operation.

around and placing his [illegible] to his body where it stuck he ejected a quantity of saliva along his back and retreated, the saliva serving to grease the edges of the hole. Several times the snake repeated the operation and finally with a supreme effort was entirely out of the hole.

Then he saw Mr Andrews and with a hiss like the rubbing of sandpaper he made for the admiring spectator with evident malice aforethought, of evil example and contrary to the statutes in such cases made and provided. Mr Andrews sounded retreat and started for home, but the serpent with a rush worthy of a goat, butted the retreating farmer in the small of the back, sending him several feet headlong. The unwarranted attack roused Mr Andrews' ire, and as he comes from fighting stock as the Queen Anne musket in the hall carried through the Revolution will attest, his ire is something to be feared.

Unhappily the serpent was not aware of what he had run up against until too late. When Mr Andrews arose the snake had coiled, forming a large circle two layers deep from which his head and a yard or two of neck arose perpendicularly. The neck was rigid, and Mr Andrews seized it below the head and endeavored to upset the bunch of snake, but his strength was unavailing. Using the neck as a vaulting pole Mr Andrews sprang over the fencelike ring of flesh into the center of the enclosure, at the same time by main strength keeping the snake's head facing out so that the campaign in the interior could not be watched. Mr Andrews began the attack by kicking with main force at the folds of the snake and after several well planted blows upon the wind, each of which forced a grunt from the serpent, he released the head and grasped the neck with both hands at about collar button locality.

Its head released the snake turned to see what Mr Andrews was up to, but his neck was held as in a vise and in desperation he unfolded his coils, threshing a column of flesh in vain attempt to crush the captor. Finally the snake paused for wind and in an unguarded moment Mr Andrews loosened his grip. It was a costly error and almost lost the victory.

The snake dropped to the ground and with appalling suddenness coiled a portion of its body about Mr Andrews and started off at a 20 knot rate for the hole under the stump, Mr Andrews scraping along the muddy earth, struggling and kicking energetically. Nearing the tree stump the snake slowed down, the exertion necessary to this unloosening the coils to a certain extent. When Mr Andrews felt the pressure of the coils release he reached back, grasped the snake's tail in a death grip, and with a superhuman effort almost [illegible] through the coils drawing the tail through the loop, tieing the serpent into a hard knot, leaving it panting and helpless. Mr Andrews cut the snake's head off and carved the body into convenient lengths so that he could carry them. This done he buried the several parts in the field to fertilize the [illegible] ground. The tail he kept, as its wiggling were so violent all the afternoon that the earth would not remain over it. Beyond a few scratches Mr Andrews was not injured. Mr Andrews says that if he were not so interested in his farm and needed the pieces of body for fertilizing he would show the remains [illegible] but several saw the tail part and it was quite large.

TO PUT HIM ON RETIRED LIST

Washington, May 11—A bill to appoint Gen William B Franklin of Hartford, late Colonel Twelfth United States Infantry and

8 2 11

13-Foot, 70-Pound Python Is Snared In Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES (AP) — A 13-foot python, possibly someone's pet, was snared by city workers Saturday after it squirmed its way into the back yard of a North Hollywood home.

The woman who owns the house in the foothills of the Hollywood Hills, was nearly hysterical when she called city Animal Regulation Department officers for help, department spokesman Michael Fowble said.

She found the 70-pound reptile slithering through some ivy just after midnight Friday after her dog had sniffed it out and began barking.

City workers used a long pole with a noose at the end to make the capture.

Neighbors had reported seeing a python in the area earlier Friday night but animal control officers were not able to find it.

"It's not poisonous and isn't big enough yet to harm adults," said officer Tim Goffa. "But it is big enough to swallow a small dog or grab and squeeze to death a small child playing near it."

He added that it's not known where the snake came from. "It had to be somebody's pet," Goffa added. "We just don't have pythons roaming around here." However, he said, people can keep pythons as pets if they have a wildlife animal permit from the city.

Goffa said the workers did not get the name of the woman who found the snake. He said his department got a call from a man who said he lost a python 2½ weeks ago.

So far, Goffa said, the man has not provided proof of ownership.

Sunday Patriot-News, Harrisburg, Pa., September 12, 1982—B2

CR: L. ARNOLD / PSI

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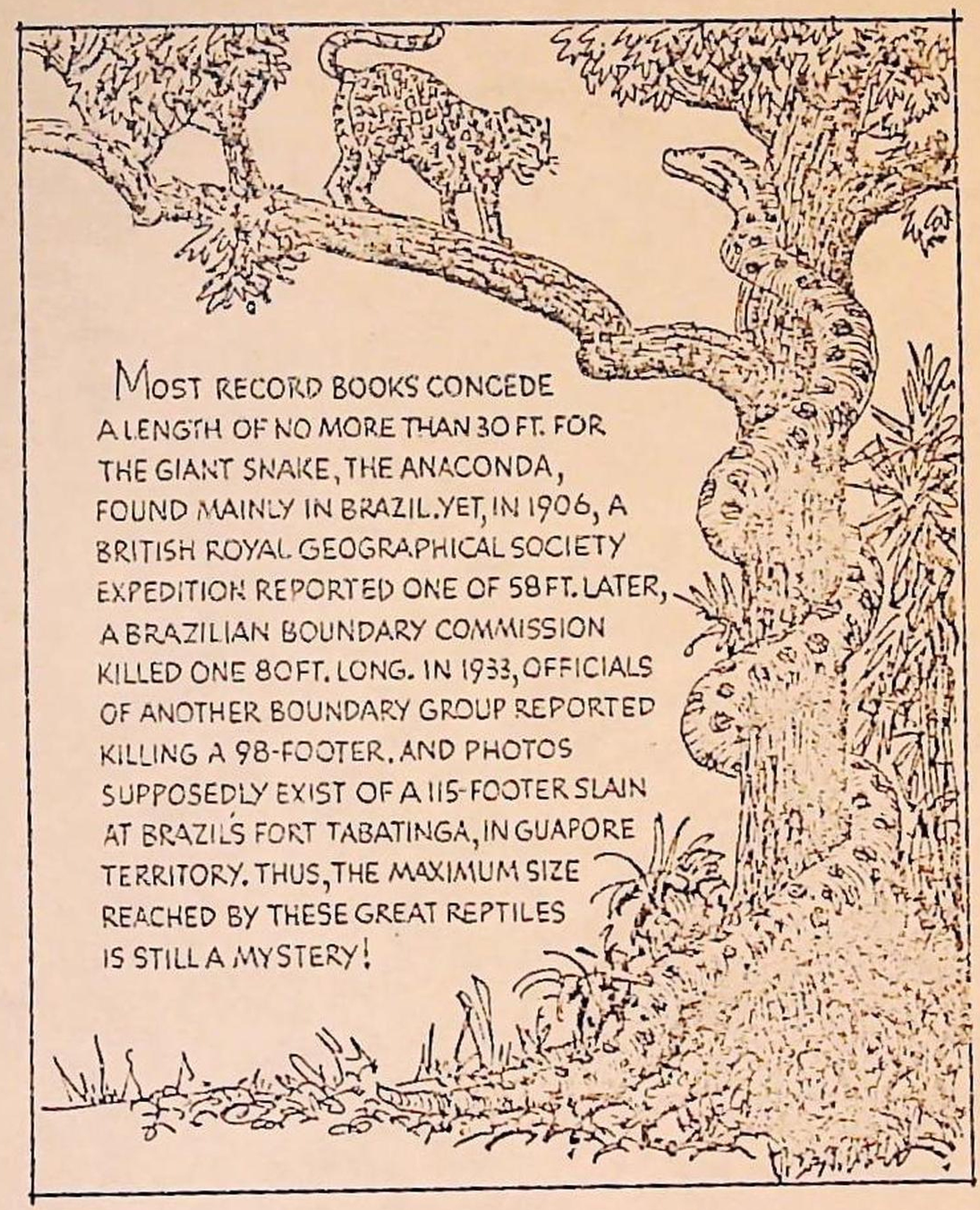
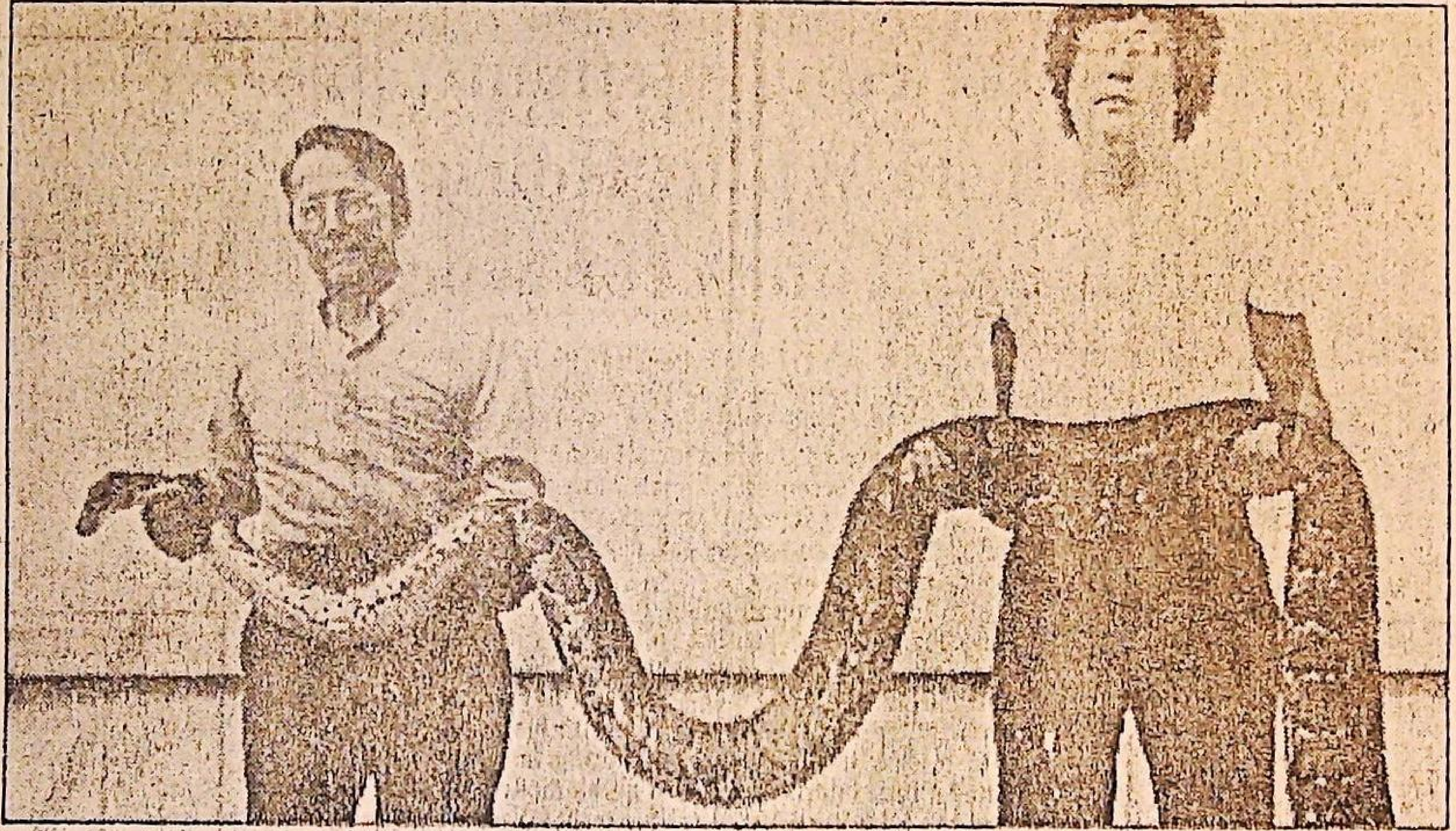


MOST RECORD BOOKS CONCEDE A LENGTH OF NO MORE THAN 30 FT. FOR THE GIANT SNAKE, THE ANACONDA, FOUND MAINLY IN BRAZIL. YET, IN 1906, A BRITISH ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY EXPEDITION REPORTED ONE OF 58 FT. LATER, A BRAZILIAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION KILLED ONE 80 FT. LONG. IN 1933, OFFICIALS OF ANOTHER BOUNDARY GROUP REPORTED KILLING A 98-FOOTER. AND PHOTOS SUPPOSEDLY EXIST OF A 115-FOOTER SLAIN AT BRAZIL'S FORT TABATINGA, IN GUAPORE TERRITORY. THUS, THE MAXIMUM SIZE REACHED BY THESE GREAT REPTILES IS STILL A MYSTERY!

IT'S STILL A MYSTERY   Lee Gebhart and Walter Wagner   (N Y: Scholastic Book Services, 1970)

Vol 115 #46

Georgia



It sounded 'like a steam boiler'

The Associated Press

Doyle Porter of Easley, S.C., was surprised when he heard "this horrible hissing, like a steam boiler," in his tomato patch Monday night, and raised his bush ax to strike what he thought was an attacking copperhead. Then he saw the body — 18 inches around — coiled and ready to strike. It turned out to be a Burmese python, and he killed it. All 11 feet, 4 inches of it. Here, Porter (left), and his son Paul pose with their unexpected intruder.

MYSTERY TOWN THAT CHARMS DEADLY SNAKES

EACH year, deadly cobras kill 10,000 people in India yet no one in the tiny central village of Shirala has ever been attacked.

Villagers believe they have been protected for hundreds of years through a favor granted to a local sage by Shiva, a Hindu god symbolized by the cobra.

Every July, at the time of the ancient Great Snake Festival, the villagers show their gratitude and confidence, dancing and praying before hundreds of wild cobras.

Researchers, such as herpetologist Ron Whitaker, who trained at the Miami Serpentarium in Florida, have examined snakes involved in the festival, and have found the poison fangs intact in every case.

In preparation for the one-day ceremony, the snakes are rounded up and stored in earthen pots.

When released, they simply rise and sway, following the villagers and more than 20,000 spectators, who feed them rice and wander dangerously close.

5-27-80 Midnight / Globe

p. 17 Midnight/Glob 5-27-80 V. 27 no. 22

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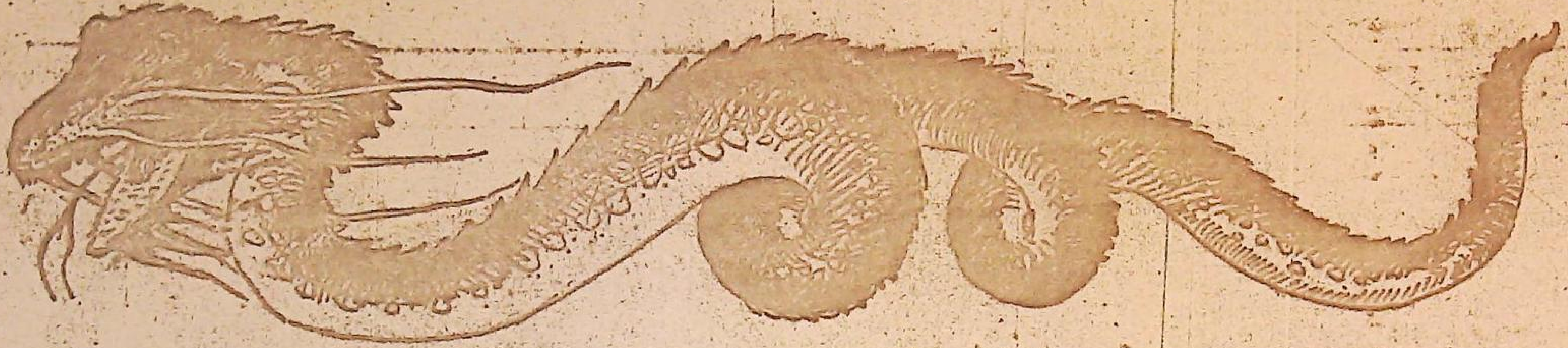
Strange Serpent Slain in Everglades.



"Dragon of the Everglades," from a Sketch by an Indian.

AN enormous reptile, more like the mythical dragon than a land serpent, has been killed by a hunter in the lower Everglades.

For one hundred years it has not only been a tradition among the Seminole Indians, who inhabited the borders of Lake Okechobee, but it is stated as fact within the knowledge of some of the Indians now living that an immense serpent made its home in the Everglades and has carried off at least two Indians.

The Indians report the animal to be snakelike in appearance, with ears like a deer; that it has only been seen in the Everglades, and that it is wild, and that when it travels it frequently stops, raises its head high above the saw grass to take a view of its surroundings, to discover enemies or locate victims, which may be a deer, bear, hog, or some other animal. If frightened it glides off at immense speed.

These stories have kept the venturesome hunter and trapper on his guard and in a state of more or less anxiety, notwithstanding they did not give credence to these Indian stories. Recently, Buster Ferrel, one of the boldest and most noted hunters at Okechobee, who for twenty years has made the border of the lake and the Everglades his home, on one of his periodical expeditions into one of these lonesome wilds, noted what he supposed to be the pathway of an immense alligator. For several days he visited the locality for the purpose of killing the saurian, but was unsuccessful in finding him. His pride as a hunter was piqued at these failures, and his desire to secure the hide of what he felt to be one of the largest alligators ever seen in Florida grew daily. He studied some plan to outwit it. A large cypress stood near its pathway, and he concluded the best thing for him to do would be to climb this tree and take a stand for his "gatorship." He, accordingly, prepared himself and took a position in the tree.

For two days he stood on watch with his rifle ready, but without the desired success. He was becoming discouraged, but determined to give one more day to the effort. On the third day, before he had been on his perch an hour, he was almost paralyzed by what looked to him like an immense serpent gliding along the supposed alligator track. He estimated it to be anywhere from twenty to thirty feet long and fully ten to twelve inches in diameter where the head jointed the body, and as large around as a barrel ten feet farther back.

The snake stopped within easy reach of his gun, and raised its head to take a precautionary view of his surroundings. As it did, Ferrel opened fire on it, shooting at its head. Taken by surprise, the serpent dashed into the marsh at railroad speed, while Ferrel kept up fire on it until he had emptied the magazine of his rifle, but failed to stop it.

About four days afterwards he ventured back into the neighborhood to see how things were, and about a mile from where he first saw the snake he saw a large flock of buzzards, and went to see what they were after, and there he found the creature dead and its body so badly torn by the buzzards that it was impossible to save the skin. He, however, secured its head, and has it now in his home on the Kissimee River. It is truly a frightful looking object, fully ten inches from jaw to jaw, with ugly, razor-like teeth.

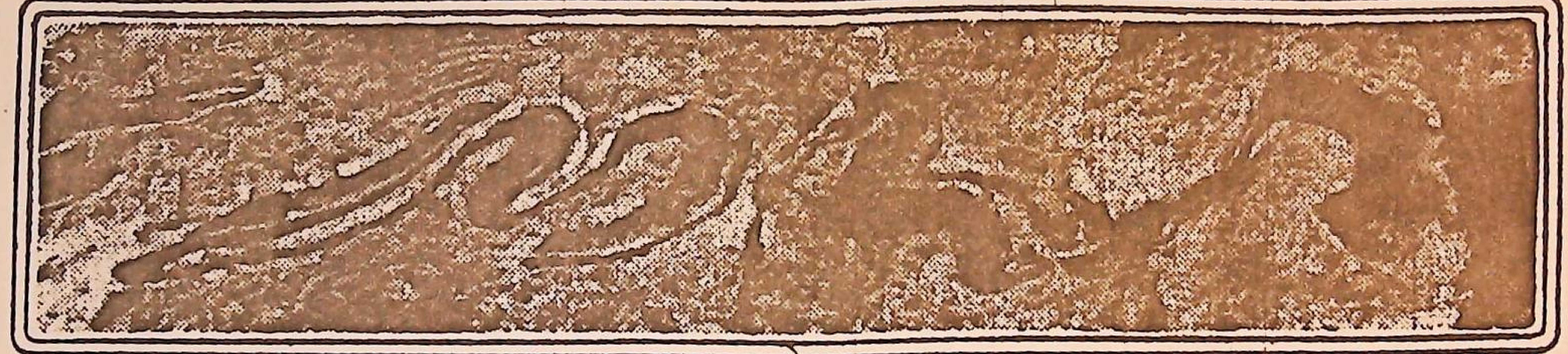
He described the animal as a dark color on the back, with a dingy white beneath, and with feelers around its mouth similar to catfish. He has now gone back into the swamp with the intention of securing the skeleton and bringing it back, after which he will send it to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. Scientists who have investigated the matter are convinced that the animal is not a land serpent.

8 Dec 1901 p 38-1 Chicago Tribune, ILL

p6-2,3

NEW YORK HERALD, MONDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1919.

Find Snake 25 Feet Long Caught in Upheaval Here 2,000 Years Ago



SNAKE IMBEDDED IN STONE AT COOPER STREET, NEAR 207TH STREET, ONE BLOCK WEST OF BROADWAY

Automobile Parties Stop at 207th Street, Near Broadway, to See Huge Reptile—Will Be Preserved, with Rock, in American Museum of Natural History—Earthquake Beyond Ken of Oldest Inhabitant.

The huge figure of a snake embedded in a large rock in Cooper street, near Broadway and 207th street, is attracting the attention of hundreds of persons. Since the discovery of the figure several weeks ago hundreds of automobile parties have stopped to see the wonder. Geologists say that the snake must have been caught in the rocks during an upheaval of the earth more than 2,000 years ago.

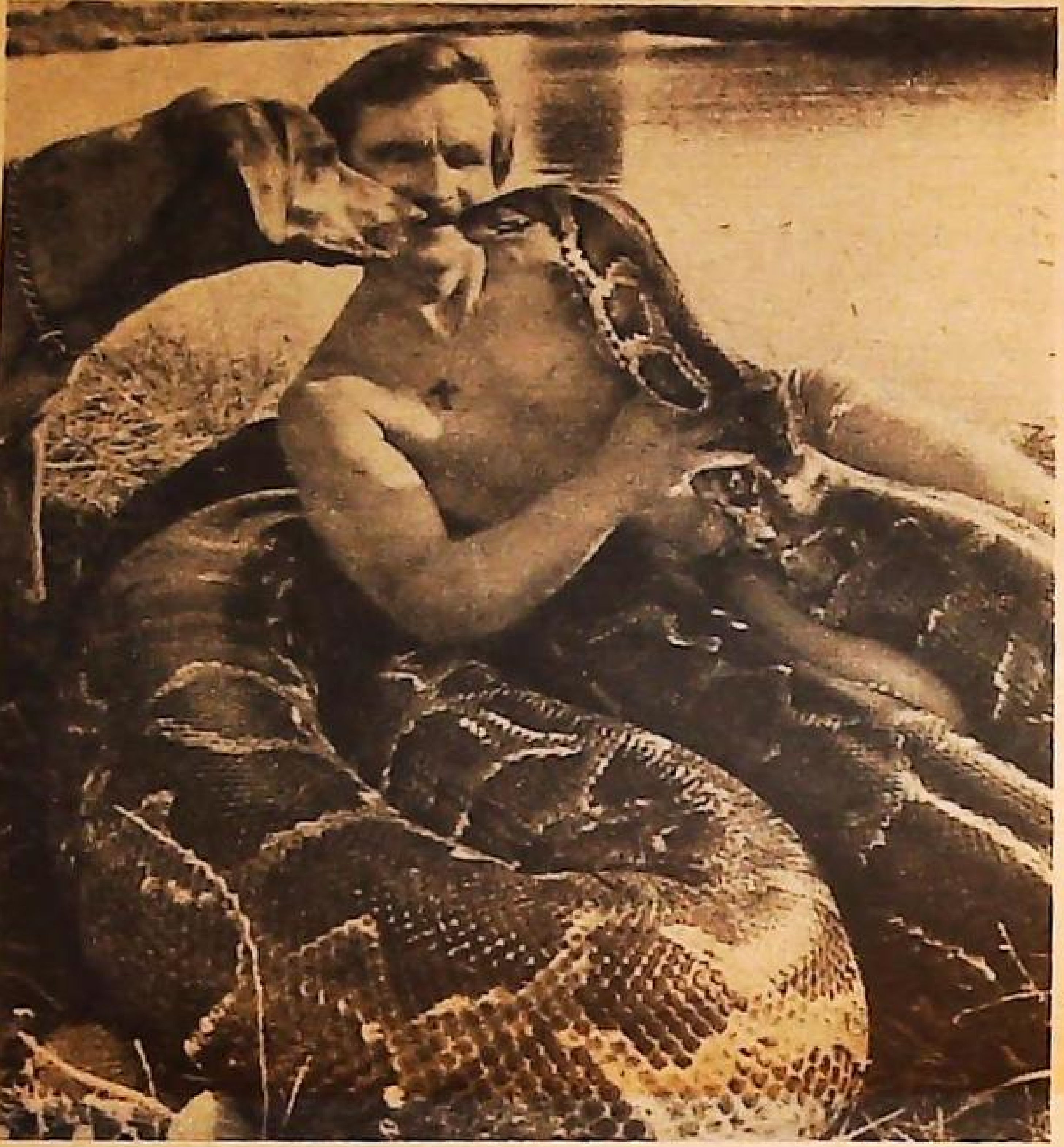
The head and body of the reptile are plainly discernible. The figure is twenty-five feet long from head to tail. From the appearance of the figure it would seem that the snake was somewhat surprised at the earthquake which preserved his form for the wonderment of future generations.

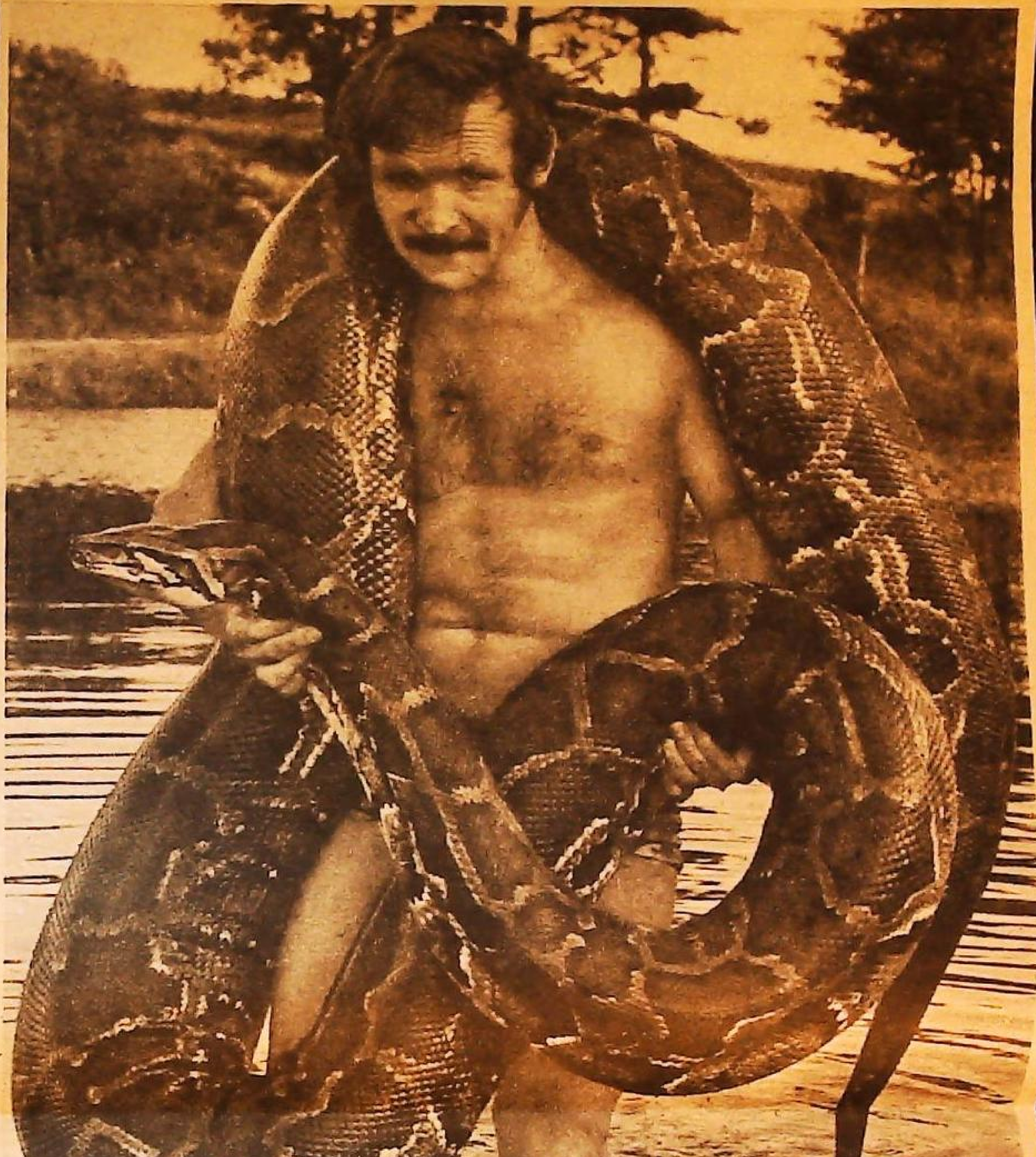
Steps are being taken to have the rock preserved by the Museum of Natural History.

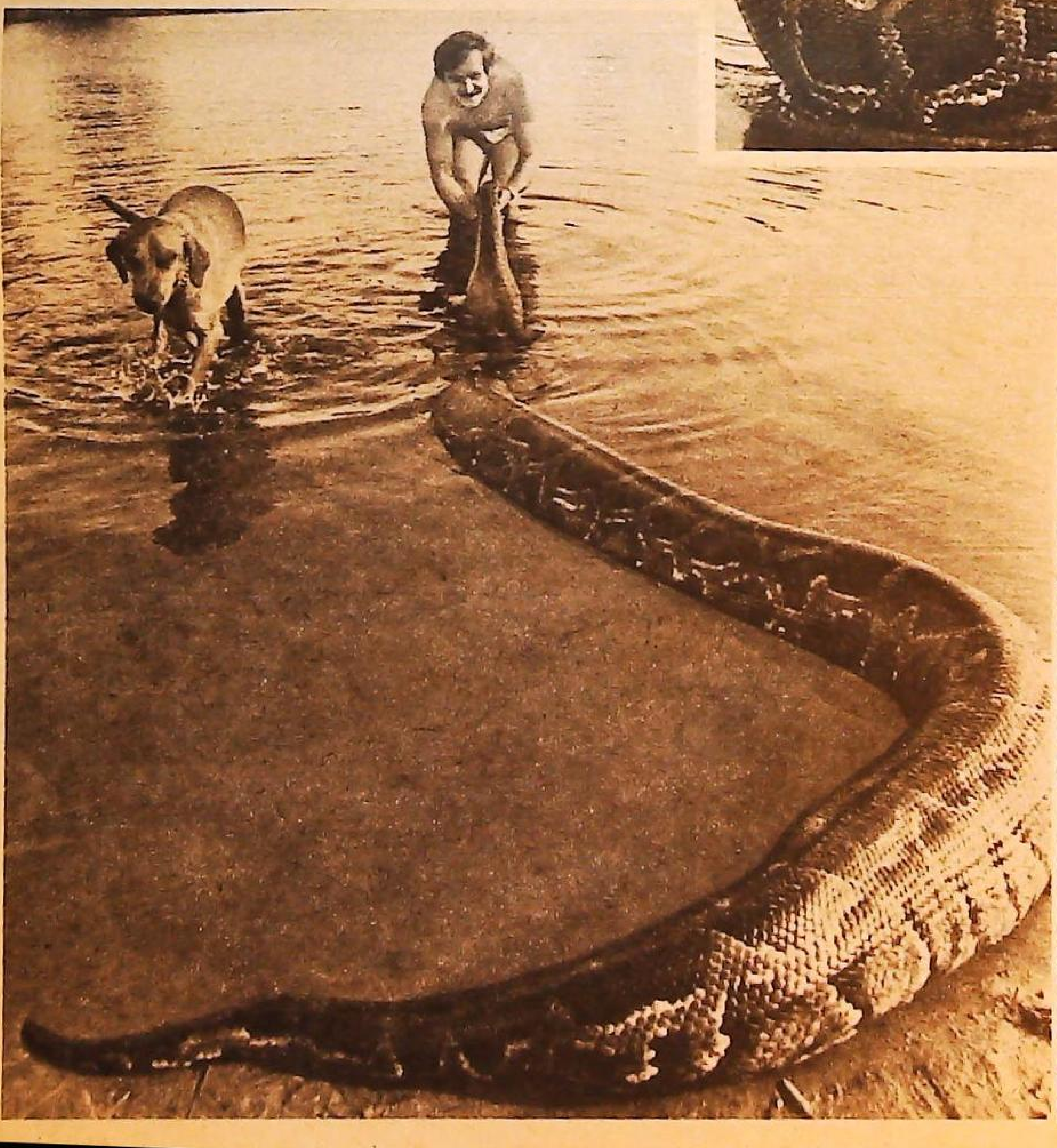
SNAKES ALIVE!

22-Foot Python Is a Pet

Johann Gramanitsch is wrapped up in his pets — especially 22-foot python Susie. Fully grown and thick as a tree trunk, Susie loves to swim and bask in the sun with Johann, 39, an Austrian restaurant owner. Below, she gazes doggedly at his pooch before Johann entices her into a swim in local lake (bottom). At right, it's a gripping experience for the gutsy owner as he drapes Susie around his neck like a snake stole.







You Ate Over 1,400 Pounds Of Food in '80

The average American ate an astonishing 1,402 pounds of food last year, according to the latest figures from the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

And there have been distinct shifts in what we eat.

For example, we ate 116 percent more cheese in 1980 than we did in 1960 and drank 98 percent more frozen orange juice. Chicken consumption per capita increased by 84 percent, and beef by 21 percent.

But over the last 20 years, we cut our potato consumption by 45 percent; fresh peaches by 38 percent, and eggs by 17 percent.

Another loser was sugar, down 12 percent.

A Lesson in Wedded Bliss

A great proportion of the wretchedness which has embittered married life has originated in a negligence of trifles.

Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine a texture to be handled roughly.

It is a sensitive plant, which will not bear even the touch of unkindness; a delicate flower which indifference will chill and suspicion blast.

It must be watered by the showers of tender affection, expanded by the cheering glow of kindness and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence.

Thus matured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years.

— Thomas Sprat

RISHMENT?

TABLE ROOF IN A.

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It was shown that both murders were calmly conceived and calmly carried out, thus making their villainy peculiarly atrocious. When the Curran girl asked for a spool of thread she was told to come down to the end of the counter and make her selection. While she was there Jesse walked to the street door and locked it. Then he hit the child in the head with a club, threw the body down the cellar steps, followed it to strike more blows, covered the body with rags, returned to the store, washed his hands, unlocked the door for business again. When his mother came in he went home to supper, after which he slept through the night, free from fear or worry.

It was proved clearly that his murder of the Mellen boy was free from cause other than an uncontrollable love for murder. He had made no arrangement to meet the child, just picked him up on the street and proposed a walk to the marshes. Then they began to play, during which he knocked the child unconscious and mutilated the body, so that he died from the mutilations rather than the original blow.

It was contended by his lawyers that the fiendishness shown in his murders proved the boy's insanity. Their alienists swore manfully in support of the theory, but other alienists swore equally well for the prosecution. The jury brought in a verdict of first-degree murder.

Up to this time all Massachusetts had shrieked against the villain. Now the pendulum swung the other way. Could the noble state of culture and colleges put a fifteen-year-old boy to death? Must it demand an eye for an eye?

Judge Gaston, later Governor, thought hanging none too severe, and sentenced him to the gallows. That opened the floodgates. Thousands of petitions flooded the office of Governor Rice. Part urged clemency, others sought vengeance. A dozen little victims of the fiend were paraded before the Governor when the latter was presented. Governor Rice commuted the sentence to solitary confinement for life.

For a long time he was a model prisoner. One day he reverted to his natural self and declared: "I will not be here always. When I get out I will kill Judge Gaston and every one who helped put me here." He tried to escape a dozen or more times. No one doubts if he is ever beyond the prison walls some one or several will pay dearly for his long years of confinement.

In the long years since 1876 Jesse Pomeroy has kept the news channels more than full, for the cunning that made him a successful criminal has kept him busy in attempts to escape. It has been an hourly matching of wits between the prisoner and his keepers, with the score to date largely in favor of the prisoner. It is true he is still in prison, but his near-escapes have made monkeys of the Massachusetts prison officials.

One day Jesse complained to his mother that the bench in his cell was too hard, and asked for a chair. The officials consented to her bringing in one. It was subjected to many examinations, and was being carried to the cell, when the heat of the keeper's hand melted some varnish on the back. Out fell a bit of wood. It was the cover to a hollow space in which were a bunch of saws. They were taken out, the hole filled and then the chair was placed in the cell. To this day Pomeroy has not spoken of the absence of those saws.

A year or two later Pomeroy told the Warden he had invented a lead pencil that could be sharpened without the use

TWO CYCLISTS, ENDEAVORING TO RESCUE DOG, COME IN FOR LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE WITH REPTILE.

[Wide World Magazine.]

SNAKE stories, like fish stories, are sometimes flavored with a certain amount of imagination. The following strange and stirring adventure with a python, however, is absolutely vouched for.

To anyone who is familiar with Rhodesia, where the incident occurred, it is common knowledge that the boundless tracts of veldt, alternated with wooded patches and rugged kopjes, afford excellent breeding grounds for the python, the ever-dangerous puff-adder, the treacherous boom-slang and several other varieties of snakes.

During the winter of 1912 (about July) two friends of a Mr. Morgan had occasion to visit him at his farm, called Bitton. The homestead is situated about 80 miles from the township of Salisbury, the capital of the country, and in the Lomagundi district. The gentlemen referred to had cycled to Morgan's homestead, and were accompanied by a very active and pugnacious Scotch terrier dog, the property of one of the men. After transacting their business with Mr. Morgan they mounted their cycles and started slowly on their return journey along an improvised road or track which led to the homestead. After covering a distance of 500 or 600 yards they were surrounded by bush land, or veldt, which is generally covered with long, coarse, stalky grass eight or ten feet in height. The terrier had run on some distance in front of the cyclists, and was seen to enter the grass which adjoined the track. It was then heard to bark furiously. On reaching a point opposite the dog's location its owner dismounted with the view of ascertaining the cause of its persistent barking. His friend also dismounted on the track, and remained there, awaiting results, while the owner of the dog passed on into the grass. After going a few yards he observed a large python in close proximity to and facing his dog. The python took one look at the new intruder, then, with lightning rapidity, it advanced upon the dog and wound itself round its body, at the same time biting it on the shoulder.

The howls of the dog were heartrending, and its owner, in deepest despair, hurriedly ran forward and planted his foot on that part of the snake immediately behind its head. At the same time he loudly shouted to his friend: "Come in, ——, quick." The call was obeyed at once; it also attracted the attention of a native "boy," who was at hand, making his way to Morgan's homestead. The curiosity of the "boy" was, of course, aroused, and he in turn hurriedly entered the bush. On the approach of cyclist No. 2 the python released its hold of the dog and promptly coiled its body around one of the legs of the gentleman who, struggling and only with the greatest difficulty, kept his foot on the monster's neck. The extraordinary strength which was now exerted by the snake caused intense pain to the man who was thus entangled. By good luck, however, he was wearing stout leather leggings, which, to a certain extent, protected him.

The snake's crushing grip grew tighter and tighter, and in his suffering he called upon his friend to seize the reptile by the tail. Though the position was most terrifying, his companion proceeded to comply with his friend's urgent request, and at last took hold of the tail, while at the same time he cast watchful eyes on the head of the snake. The snake-bound captive next ordered the "boy"—who stood gazing in amazement at respectful distance—to run quickly to Mr. Morgan's homestead and bring a gun and cartridges. Natives, of course, are not allowed to carry firearms in Rhodesia, but in unusual circumstances, such as those described, exceptions must be tolerated. At all events, the "boy" was only too glad to undertake the order, and rushed off toward the homestead. Meanwhile, the cyclist, who still—though with the utmost difficulty—maintained his footing on the snake's neck, found that by the strenuous efforts of his friend in holding the snake's tail, the pain in his leg was less acute. Nevertheless, the minutes dragged horribly, and all the time the snake made persistent efforts to throw off the foot that held him down. Only those who have observed the terrible strength of these creatures can realize the danger and difficulty of the situation which confronted the captive. Undoubtedly, but for the handicap of having its tail held up, the snake would have accomplished its purpose—thrown the man off and seized him in a death-grip.

What with the pain and suspense, the man presently began to stagger under the tremendous efforts of the snake to free itself, while his friend experienced the utmost difficulty in maintaining his hold of its tail. It was, however, a case of life or death, so each held tenaciously.

At last the "boy" arrived with gun and cartridges, but stood back in great terror, for the natives have an extraordinary fear of snakes. The semi-dazed cyclist, however, his limbs racked with pain, vehemently ordered the "boy" to hand him the gun and cartridges. Gingerly the native approached, and at arm's length handed over his burden; then he instantly ran back to a safe distance, his face a picture of abject fear. Mechanically the cyclist placed two cartridges in the gun, lowered the muzzle, and at close quarters blew the snake's head into pulp. In its final death struggles the brute threw its captive to the ground, some yards away, and also shook off the tail-holder.

Both men were exhausted after their trying experience and glad to get a rest. Afterward they measured the dead reptile, and found it thirteen feet in length, and, unextended, averaged nearly six inches in thickness.

They skinned the snake as evidence of the plight in which they had been placed; and to-day its outer covering may be viewed in Salisbury.

The dog fortunately recovered, and to-day is as vivacious and pugnacious as before.

On news of the encounter being communicated to Mr. Morgan, he recalled that, while passing the same place a few days previously, he had heard a rustling sound among the grasses near the roadside, in close proximity to a small stream. At the time he concluded it was caused by a buck which had been startled, but now believed it was occasioned by the self-same python.

Thus ended an episode which, in less favorable circumstances, might well have been fraught with fatal consequences.

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"The Thinker."

CAPITALIZED BALL

[New York Wor

That the market for bas
still on the up-grade clearly
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team's manager to offer
Detroit Club for Tyrus Co
largest figure at which a
ever been capitalized.

24 Aug 1913 Wash Post Washington D.C.
p 3-1 min

S AT RICHMOND.

O THE CONVENTION.

day by Hundreds—Delegates From
pared to do Battle With the
ub—What the Visitors Did
Themselves Sunday.
The Program.

Va., Oct. 4.—Knights of
ed into town yesterday by
to the number of about 700.
itizen enjoyed the Knightly
sely, but was rather disap-
ach assembly was not head-
band. The eastern men
favorable impression as they
olid phalanx from the railroad
eir hotel. They represent
mbly No. 30 of Massachusetts,
embly in the country. It
rship of nearly a hundred
gh it sends but 75 delegates.
are several women. Each
a handsome blue and white
t these were totally eclipsed
us and massive badge car-
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counterpart of Powderly.
g body of men are the Bay
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that neither physically
y are their equals to
among the Knights in
night. They come prepared
ith the Home club and Dis-
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the report indicates a white-
wneasters will don their war

club and its supporters ar
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district assembly third in
of Philadelphia. Its dele-
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of the expense. Each dele-
3 per day and his expenses,
y is paid by the district as-

New Yorkers were decorat-
ments paled before those of
nights. The "City of Soles,"
ss., is designated by the
a stalwart body of shoe-
ach wore upon his coat a
ole of a shoe fastened with a
ibbon. "Solid for Harmony"
on the blue silk badges worn
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, N. J. Cincinnati and vi-
Knights, and Pittsburg and
gs contributed 20. Five of
from the Richmond assembly
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es did little yesterday except
discuss convention matters.
ut the old capitol of the con-
wderly was naturally the
ction, and many of the dele-
for the first time. He spent
part of the day in his

THE LATEST SNAKE STORY.

A Prodigious Sheep-Eating Serpent Discovered in a West Virginia Cave.

BUNTINGTON, W. Va., Oct. 4.—The *Republican* publishes the following startling letter from Milton: "There is a place on Big Two Mile Creek, about three and a half miles east of this place, known as 'The Buzzard Den.' It is a large cave in the point of a ridge which extends down between two branches to the rock gorge which incases the creek for nearly its whole length. This cave is entered by a small doorway, which extends down an inclined plane for about 20 feet, there opening into a large rugged room, which has not been explored. On last Sunday morning as Melcear Braley, a young man of about 20 years, was passing that place en route to his brother's, about a mile below on the creek, he heard a sheep bleating piteously as if in great distress. Upon going nearer he found the bleating proceeded from the mouth of the cavern. H approached nearer the place, when, upon suddenly turning the corner of a huge boulder, he beheld a sight which sent his blood in an arctic flood up his back and standing his hair on end. He beheld the head of a huge serpent protruding from the entrance of the cavern with the hind quarters of a sheep in its mouth, swallowing it gradually, while the sheep was emitting its mournful sound. Braley, being a brave young lad, thought to relieve the sheep, so hurrying up the hill above the cavern he rolled a huge boulder down upon the monster. This maddened him to such an extent that he let the sheep go with a terrific snort, which could be heard a half mile, and rushed from the cave like a huge tree. It was about 40 feet long, with large black and yellow stripes running lengthwise of its body. The head and neck were black and sleek, and the tail for several feet from the end was a dull brown color. The sudden appearance of the monster so frightened the lad that he rushed for home at a 2:40 gait, where he soon arrived out of breath and told his experience. whereupon his father, elder brother, and brother-in-law, together with two or three neighbors who had been summoned, armed with all the firearms that could be had, started for the cavern prepared to make an invasion of the enemy's country.

"Upon arriving at the place nothing could be seen of the snake or the sheep. but upon approaching the mouth of the cavern a sickening stench met them, such as that coming from a maddened snake, and its fierce blowings and hissings could be heard. They could do nothing with him, so had to return to their homes. A search will be organized to hunt up the monster. No one knows where he came from, as this is his first appearance. The country for several miles around is heavily wooded, and he may have been around for some time. It is to be hoped he will soon be killed."

CONDUCTORS ORGANIZE.

A New Lodge Formed in This City Yesday.

Sixty railroad conductors assembled yesterday afternoon in St. George's hall. Most of them were residents of New Haven or vicinity. The others were officers of the "Order of Railroad Conductors," a benevnevolent organization, with an insurance system, open to all conductors of two years' service. The object of the meeting was to form a lodge in this city. Then

A PECULIAR SERVICE.

What the Crowds at St. Mary's Church Yesterday Afternoon Saw.

St. Mary's R. C. church on Hillhouse avenue was crowded even in the vestibule yesterday afternoon at the solemn high vespers. The additional pomp of the service was in commemoration of the feast of the Rosary. The vespers were sung by Rev. Father Lilly of Ohio, assisted by Rev. Father Kent and Rev. Father Hartigan. A peculiar part of the service, and something which Catholics hereabouts had never seen before was the rosary procession. The Catholic rosary is the saying of fifteen times then the prayers beginning with the words "Hail Mary," and once the prayer beginning "Our Father." The fifteen decades are said in memory of the fifteen principal events in the life of the Virgin Mary. These fifteen events are divided into the joyful, sorrowful, and glorious and are called mysteries. The ordinary "rosary beads" that Catholics use to enable them to keep account of the number of times they have said the "Hail Mary" consist of only five decades, because it is thought that the consideration of one kind of mysteries, either the joyful, the sorrowful, or glorious, will be sufficient for one time of prayer. But in yesterday's Rosary procession the whole fifteen were represented. First came a cross-bearer and then members of the children's sodalities, so arranged as to represent one of the beads of the full rosary. The first five decades were marked off by five beautiful blue silk banners, containing on one side in gold lettering the number of the mystery, and on the reverse an oil painting of the event on which the prayerful are to meditate. The second five decades were marked off in a similar way by red silken banners, and the last five by banners of white silk. The procession as it moved through the aisles of the great church was an imposing one.

The sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Higgins, the pastor of the church. He told in a carefully prepared and forcibly delivered address, the history of the feast of the rosary, recounted what history tells of the battle of Lepanto, and the signal success that Pope Pius V. had, thanks to his use of rosary prayers to Mary, in baffling the ambitious designs of the ottoman power. He argued at length on the consistency and biblical sanction of the devotion to Mary, the mother of Jesus.

The Italian Catholics.

The Italian Roman Catholic congregation, which has worshipped in St. Patrick's hall since its recent organization, held its first services in old Union armory yesterday morning. Rev. Father Rivlecco read the mass and addressed the congregation. He expressed the hope that the Italians would have a church edifice of their own in a short time. The quartet of St. John's church sang the musical portion of the service. Three hundred Italians were present.

STATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Wallingford.

Oct. 4.—The polls close this afternoon at 4 o'clock. It is supposed that the counters will finish their work quite late. Very few voted a straight ticket. The expenses

PROGRESS IN MEDIC

Plain Facts From Promin Persons--Romance Eclips by Reality.

It has been estimated that there is
one real healthy person in every four
sand; that there are to day over four
lion men, women and children in
country sick with incurable diseases,
one million who are helplessly sick a
burden and care to others: that there
hundreds and hundreds of thousand
our land sick, eaten up with cancer
consumption, in danger of death ho
from heart disease, ruined with dyspe
nerves shattered, aching and diseased
neys, oppressed with tumors, deformed
rheumatism, every drop of blood teem
with scrofulous poisons, morbid circ
tion, paralysis, depressed in spirits, c
blind and dying.

It is a fact that the number of he
men and women is growing less
year, and the sick more numerous. I
face of these facts, it might be noted
this country is full of doctors and fu
drug stores; that these doctors and
stores increase every year, and in h
ratio the sick and dying increase also.

It would seem like ignorance and
rogance combined for any physician
school of physicans to claim a monop
in the practice of medicine, when all p
sicians of all the schools of medicine c
bined are powerless in curing but a
percentage of acute, and still less of chr
diseases.

And instead of doctors opposing
discoveries, condemning new system
practice, they should welcome them,
no one knows better than the doctor
self how powerless he frequently is to c
or even aid in the sick room.

There is good in every religion. No
church has a monopoly of all that is g
neither does any one school of medi
contain all that is valuable. There is
doubtedly good in every school of m
cine, and system of therapeutics, and
man who is liberal and progressive eno
to appreciate the good in one schoo
readily as he would the good in every
er, or anything valuable he might disc
which is in no way connected with
school, and fearlessly defend the valu
and right, because it is valuable and ri
wherever it may be found, will alway
the successful and popular physician o
age, the physician the sick will seek
wherever he may be, who will cure w
others fail, and be loved and honore
the world though he receives the anath
of jealous professionals.

Obedient to your instructions to writ
the work of some leading physic
minister, and leading lawyer, I
decided to let my first letter be a

THE DOCTOR.

I have selected as the subject of
sketch Dr. R. C. Flower of Boston.
reason of this selection is that, after a
ough investigation of the practice and
cess of several eminent physicians of d
ent cities of the east, an investig
which would do credit to any artic
any journal, I have ascertained bey
cavil or doubt that Dr. Flower stand
the head of the largest and most succe
practice in this country. He has mor
tients than any dozen doctors I have

Oct 4-1886 New Haven ~~Energy~~ Evening Register p 3-4 d.

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and 1.50.

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KEN FALL.

...that a Woman ... Assaulted.

...to the police station ... that a woman had ... over Banks's res... 4 State street and ... just finished sewing ... Officers Mantle ... to investigate the ... anks, the proprietor ... mentioned the police ... and he would show ... men walked on tip... staurant and, in a ... a woman with a ... over her face and ... was removed soft... the woman found ... large lump over one ... on the forehead. ... the face was like ... man when he is in ... woman was drunk ... stairs.

...Killed.

...Aug. ...—Manuel ... employed by the ... this city, was in... before midnight ... had ... was ... old, and leaves ...

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and warm up at meal time for the whole family.

In the center of a large room are rows of immense caldrons with coils of steam pipe embracing them. The air is filled with pungent odors from the bubbling soup, and clouds of steam rise from the other cookpots. On a long table are pyramids of bread, cut into cubes three or four inches square, usually rye or black bread, such as the natives of Norway prefer. Along the walls are deep cupboards containing the linens, the culinary supplies and utensils. In an adjoining but detached building is a furnace and boiler room which furnishes the steam, and, beside it, a laundry and a dishwashing establishment larger than an ordinary house. It requires a good many dishes to serve three thousand people, even in a simple way. In an annex the finer qualities of the beef, mutton and other meats are cut off and sold to the public from an ordinary butcher shop, which in Norway is called a "[illegible]." There also all kinds of sausage and force meat are made and sold to the general public, thus utilizing all the supplies which are bought in large quantities, the beef by the carcass and the vegetables by the car load. The sausage of the "Steam Kitchen" is said to be the best to be found in Christiania. During the fruit season the company runs a canning factory upstairs, preserving all kinds of fruits, jellies, pickles, and that sort of thing. At the baking department bread is sold to the general public at wholesale or retail, and small retail establishments are supplied with all sorts of groceries as well as meats and other edibles. Thus the restaurant is only a part of a large business from which the company derives its profits. There is naturally a good deal of jealousy among competing small dealers against the "Steam Kitchen," but it serves a benevolent purpose and there is no disposition among its customers to question its business methods or reduce its profits. It has succeeded in abolishing the cheap restaurants such as are found in all large cities, at which wretched food, generally the scrapings from the high class hotels and eating houses, is worked over and sold to the poor.

It was an interesting sight—the bucket brigade that stood in line and passed slowly by the serving windows, which were attended by half a dozen brawny Norwegian women with bare arms, big breasts and broad faces. They wore neat white aprons and caps and handled the food with a dexterity that showed long experience. They seemed to know most of the customers and carried on a familiar conversation with them while filling their orders. When a bucket and a ticket were passed up, blue for a 6-cent and red for a [illegible] dinner, the waitress would first plunge a huge ladle into the soup pot and empty its contents into the bucket, then passing along the rows of kettles she would harpoon a hunk of meat with a long two-pronged fork, scoop up a quart of rice with a wooden shovel, and then, adding a portion of potatoes, would slam on the cover, and, slipping in a cube of bread, would pass it over to the purchaser with a joke or a few pleasant words.

Many of the customers seemed to be well dressed, according to the Norway standard, but no people in the world seem to care so little for their personal appearance, except on Sundays, when you can scarcely recognize men and women you have been familiar with during the week. No matter how poor or humble, every Norwegian, man, woman and child has a Sunday suit, carefully kept, sponged and brushed, and worn only on important occasions. Fashions do not change, except among the upper classes, where both men and women are as particular about their attire as in other countries. Among the common people, with their homemade and often homespun garments, the same [illegible], the same coat and trousers that will outlast the vanity of its owner and with good care may be kept until it is needed to be worn in his coffin. The women of the working classes do not wear hats or bonnets. The maidens [illegible]

[illegible] the waters. Mannering was restored to consciousness and later taken to his hotel.

Sunstruck Fish.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

State Fish Commissioner S. P. Bartlett of Quincy, Ill., is responsible for the statement that enough fish have perished during the recent heated season to have stocked the streams of the United States. He says that over in the ponds and lakes in the Illinois river bottoms there are acres of dead fish lying on the surface of the water. In one pond where the water averages one foot in depth there are 20,000 dead black bass lying on the surface, and most of them died in one day, July 22. These ponds and lakes were formed from the overflow of the Illinois River. They cover an average space of from thirty to forty acres each, and were originally from two to three feet deep. During the heated period the water evaporated rapidly, and what remained reached a temperature of from 114 to 116 degrees.

A Snake of Size.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Loudonville, O., Aug. 6.—Within the past two weeks a number of boys have rushed to town and breathlessly told of seeing or being chased by an enormous snake. Little or no attention was paid to these stories at first until two responsible men reported having seen the monster, which left a path as though a huge log had been dragged along. One man said it was surely twenty-five feet long. A big party of men and boys started out to find the reptile and located it in an abandoned barn, near Millbrook. The attack was made with shotguns and clubs and the snake was killed. It measured over twenty feet. It is supposed to have escaped from some circus, two having been in the vicinity this spring.

The Boys Wanted to Smoke.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

Annville, Aug. 7.—The barn of Aaron S. Kreider was burned this morning, the loss, $2,000, being the cost of a desire on the part of his sons to indulge in a smoke. Inexperienced in the use of cigarettes, the boys did not succeed in lighting them with a match, and ignited a bunch of hay as a lighter. Almost instantly the entire interior of the building was in flames, and the boys barely escaped being burned alive. Every member of the town's fire department was away with a Sunday school picnic, and no effort was made to fight the flames. Several times the Kreider mansion was threatened with destruction, but the untiring efforts of neighbors saved it.

She Flogged the Politician.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

Springfield, O., Aug. 6.—On a public street this afternoon Miss Gertrude Denny, deputy probate judge, cowhided John White, a well known politician. White was also attacked by her father and brother. The Denny's were arrested and White sought a surgeon. Miss Denny claims White called her a name. Bad blood has existed between the parties for some time.

What a Tale It Tells.

Aug 9 1901 Hartford Courant p 9-1

August. 18, 1875 Hartford Courant, Hartford Conn

reflected in its liquid mirror.

THE BIGGEST SNAKE OF THE SEASON.

An Anaconda Squirming Through Maryland.

The *Baltimore American*, a few weeks ago gave an account of a large snake which has been seen several times near Hall's Springs, Md., and recently it contained a statement of an attempt to capture the reptile. It says:—

Several parties have been organized in the city for the purpose of hunting his snakeship, but most of them on going out to Hall's Springs and hearing the marvelous stories told about the serpent, concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and that they would let him severely alone. They were told that the snake was fully 16 feet long, and that he could swallow a calf several weeks old, that a four-year old child would only make half a meal for him, that he could travel faster than the fleetest horse in the country, and that when in pursuit of an object he [illegible] shoot over an ordinary country fence or stone wall with as much ease as he could make his way through the grass. In fact the most wonderful stories are told about this snake, and it is safe to say that in a month's time his size will have increased in the minds of many of the excited denizens of Harford road to at least 30 feet in length, and that he will be fully able to swallow a cow, horns and all, without any choking.

On Saturday there were rumors in Baltimore that the snake had been caught and had afterward made his escape. The rumors were tracked to the Baldwin corn and flour exchange, of which Mr. Lee, of Messrs. Lee & Shaw, is a member. Mr. Lee is the owner of the Olive mill, situated a short distance beyond Hall's Springs. This gentleman resides near the mill, and a reporter of the *American* visited him yesterday for the purpose of ascertaining the very latest concerning the snake. Mr. Lee stated that the snake had been captured in a trap on Friday night or early Saturday morning, and had freed himself from the trap on account of his great size and strength by breaking a portion of the top off. He accompanied the reporter to where the trap was set. On Saturday morning after the escape of the snake the trap was reconstructed. It is now about 18 feet in length. The sides are made of boards 1½ inches in thickness, while the top and bottom are made of strips of the same material and thickness. These strips, which are about six inches in width, are nailed firmly on, and around the whole have been placed pieces of thick hoop-iron. The opening is fourteen inches square, being sufficiently large to admit the snake, which is supposed to be about eight inches in diameter and two feet in circumference. In one end of the trap there is a door sliding up and down in grooves. This door is kept open by means of a lever which works on a pivot and is attached to a trigger. In passing down the trap to secure the chicken the snake will touch the trigger, when down comes the door and he is a prisoner. It was in this manner that he was caught on Saturday morning, but finding himself imprisoned, he got his back up, so to speak, and three or four of the slats composing the top flew off and the snake was once more free.

Mr. Lee says he visited the trap about 5:30 Saturday morning, when he was at once convinced that from its condition the snake had been in it during the night or morning. Besides the fact of the top of the trap being broken, there were two distinct tracks along the ground, marking the ingress and egress of the snake. At about 8 o'clock the same morning, a colored man walking down the path on Mr. Lee's place encountered the snake, which was lying cosily on the race bank. The colored man did not stay long enough to get an accurate idea of the size of the snake, which will account for his statement that the body of the snake was as thick as a flour barrel and 20 feet in length. The snake had not been seen before that morning for two weeks. He is supposed to reside on a small island, which is covered with a dense undergrowth, and is situated about a stone's throw above the Olive mill, on the east bank of Herring run. He has been seen going in that direction. Mr. Linhardt, Mr. Lee's miller, it is alleged, has seen the snake snake several times. A laborer named Thomas Rickert, who was fishing on the dam several days ago, also encountered his snakeship, who raised his head and stuck out his forked tongue. Rickert flew from the spot and was unable to work for two weeks afterward.

Mr. Lee considers the snake harmless unless attacked. He is very desirous of capturing him alive, and would give $500, or even more to any one who would bring about this result. The new trap is like the old one, with the exception that it is bound with hoop-iron. The talk occasioned by the reports about the wonderful snake has deterred many persons, it is understood, from visiting Hall's Springs woods a well-known place for holding picnics. There is no danger whatever of a visit of the snake to any part of these woods, as he does not go but a short distance from his island home. Passengers on the cars yesterday to Hall's Springs talked of little else save the snake and some of

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Heaviest Fields of the Gloucester Fishermen.—The mackerel fishermen usually start out as early as the last of February for the Georges banks, the worst time of the year for winds; and as they anchor near together in ranks on those treacherous shoals, where even in calm weather the tide-rips swirl and boil in an extraordinary manner, if one drags her anchors in a gale of wind, it is almost a dead certainty that, as she sweeps on to destruction, she will fall foul of some of her companions and involve them in a common doom, which is the reason why it is rare to hear of one vessel being lost alone on the Georges. The mackerel fishermen bound to other waters, with the cod, halibut and haddock fishermen, do not start until later. The cod are caught chiefly on the Grand Bank of New Foundland, where the watchlights twinkle in the midnight gloom in company with those of the French Fishermen of Miquelon and St. Pierre. Many mackerel are caught in the bay of St. Lawrence, off Cape North, Sidney and the Magdalen Islands, where the daring fishermen often linger until late in the fall, and are often embayed by tremendous gales among those inhospitable shores, without sea room, on a lee shore, and no safe port to run to. The haddock and halibut are oftener caught on Brown's Bank and within the waters of New England. It is a curious sight to see a schooner come in from the banks loaded down nearly to the scuppers and packed to the beams with codfish. The wharf is lined with eager spectators as she glides up to her dock with a leading wind. The foresail comes in, then the mainsail is lowered, and handled by a crew weather-beaten and clumsily limber in useful but not graceful Cape Cod sea boots, sou'westers and oil jackets, and with the inevitable clay pipe jutting out beyond the bushy, untrimmed beard. Then the jib downhaul is manned, and a number of boys, eager for the day when they can go to the banks, catch the hawsers and make her fast to the pier fore and aft. Amidst a hail storm of questions asked and answered on both sides, the crew range themselves on board and on shore, with one-tined pitchforks, and proceed to unload with the rapidity and regularity of machinery. The men in the hold heave the fish on deck; thence they are tossed on the wharf. Another turn of the pitchfork lands them under the knife, their heads and tails come off, and they are split open almost in a second, and are then salted and laid on the fish stages or trellises to dry, after which they are ready to serve up to good christians either for fishballs on Sunday or for hash on Friday. —*S. G. W. Benjamin, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

A Western Phenomenon.—Mr Joseph Hahn who lives some three or four miles west of Marine city, Mich., has been for some time engaged in sinking an artesian well, to obtain a supply of water for his stock and for household purposes. In sinking these wells a derrick is used consisting of three heavy pieces of timber fastened together at the top like a tripod; this derrick was fastened by means of a heavy log-chain wound around the timbers at the top; the diameter of the well is thirteen inches, and the boring was done by the means of an auger turned by horse-power; on Monday night the auger had penetrated to a depth of 120 feet, and the next morning an air or gas chamber was reached; then occurred a phenomenon which the bystanders will not be likely to forget; in the twinkling of an eye, upon the removal of the auger, the wooden tubing shot out of that well like a stone driven from a catapult, followed by a volume of gas, water, gravel and mud that rose full 200 feet into the air, while the trembling earth, the roaring torrent and the descending debris made Mr. H. and his co-laborers think they had struck the regions infernal!

Stones weighing from ten to twenty pounds were projected into the air, and some of them fell crashing through the roof of Mr. H.'s house, standing near by; in fact, the family were obliged to seek shelter at a neighbor's, for human life was not safe a moment in the farmhouse. In the locality of Mr. Hahn's farm a stone, large or small, was rarely found, but now they can be taken away by the cart load. The heavy log chain binding the derrick was cut by the flying missiles into dozens of pieces, and one of the timbers blown away as if by the breath of a cyclone. The discharge of mud and water soon began to overflow the fields and bear ruin upon the poor man's crops; it was as if a waterspout had burst and the floods of heaven let loose.

For eight or ten hours this extraordinary well kept vomiting forth mud, water, gas and stones; all around, on field, barn and house had settled a leaden hue; the corn was broken off and uprooted by the flood; the house and barn was riddled with falling stones; destruction was visible on every side. It was then noticed that the subterranean monster was pretty well blown, and although he still kept up a furious howling his force was spent. It is estimated that some 800 cubic yards of clay and bowlders were cast out of the well. Hundreds have been out to see it, and hundreds more will probably go. The damage to Mr. H. is very great.

with their chattels.

GAYETY AT BRANFORD POINT.

Band Concerts, Illuminations and Fireworks at the Hotel.

BRANFORD, Conn., July 27.—There was an enjoyable time Saturday night at the Branford Point hotel. Several hundred people from uptown were down to listen to the band concerts, and witness the illumination and fireworks. Columbia band gave an outdoor concert on the lawn and the Waddingham family furnished orchestra music in the pavilion. Fine fireworks were displayed from the Point wharf, and in front of the hotel was given a representation of the falls of Niagara. The dampness affected the powder considerably, especially the latter pieces. The hotel is now acout half filled with guests, but the managers, Messrs. Johnson & Hopson, expect to have the full capacity of the house tested next month. To-night Miss Drew, a well known elocutionist who is summering at Pine Orchard, will read selections for the benefit of the guests.

A FATHER'S SORROW.

Unable to Save His Son From a Fatal Mangling.

NORWICH, Conn., July 27.—The 3-year-old son of Cornelius Mahoney, who lives on the "Converse farm," so called, in Franklin, died Saturday from the loss of a part of his right foot by a mowing machine on the 9th inst. The little fellow lay down in the high grass where his father was mowing, and as the mowing machine came toward him suddenly sprang up and ran playfully toward the rapidly flying knives. Mr. Mahoney, surprised by the sudden appearance of the child before the grass cutters, was horror stricken. He tried to stop the horses, ond failing, tried to raise up the knives by a lever, but he seemed powerless to save his boy from being caught by the knives. The best surgical skill was afterward unavailing to save the child's life.

SHOT IN THE LEG.

The Outcome of a Proposed Sunday Fight in Bridgeport.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., July 27.—Shortly after midnight last night a gang of 75 roughs went to the rear of Warner's Corset factory to witness a fight between Edward J. Beady and John Kempie. The watchman, A. R. Odell, ordered them away. Beady commenced to quarrel with Odell, and as the crowd rushed toward him, the watchman fired his pistol, the bullet going through Beady's leg below the knee. Some of the parties were arrested, but the watchman was soon released.

Who Holds the Lucky Number?

At the meeting of the St. Aloysius
last evening occurred the drawing
pitcher presented to
Mitchell-

ing busily and at extra hours lest the book be spirited away.

Some anxious citizens called at the office this morning to pay their bills before they had received them at their homes. One of these remarked, as he handed over a good-sized roll of bills, "If a man has got $10,000 worth of property and manages it in a slovenly way, they tax him for $5,000. But if he has the same amount and keeps it looking neat and all in good trim, they tax him for $20,000. That's about the principle those fellows go on."

MARVELOUS SNAKE STORY.

The Monarch of the Jubgle in New London County.

NORWICH, Conn., July 27.—A gang of New London bridge builders, while at work on the track of the New London Northern railroad recently, came upon a black snake that was so long, that, as its tail glided up one side of the embankment, its head and neck were disappearing into the brush on the other side. One builder threw a heavy piece of timber on the body of the snake, which lay across the rail, and four workmen jumped on it. The snake reared its head, which towered above the men, who fled without looking behind them. The big snake has been seen three times within the past ten years by residents of the neighborhood.

THE SHELL FISH BOARD.

Nearly All the Taxes on Oyster Lands Due This Year Paid.

There was no quorum at the stated meeting of the shell fish commissioners this morning, Messrs. Pike and Bill being absent, and therefore no business was done. The taxes of oyster lands this year amount to about $7,800, and of this sum, over $7,000 have already been paid. During the three summer months the work of the commission is greater than during any other part of the year. This refers to the field work, as the engineers spend a large part of their time on the water, making measurements and setting buoys.

Obituary.

Miss Emma W. Fullerton, who died at her brother-in-law's residence, Dr. Leonard Waldo on Prospect street, Saturday, from the result of injuries occasioned by a leap from the cliff at Double Beach, July 2, was born during the height of a military conflict, in the immediate vicinity of the battlefield. Her life was clouded thereby. The effect of this has followed her through her short life and brought it to its sad ending. She was never in robust health, a person of extremely delicate sensibilities and very nervous. She was a gifted painter, highly esteemed in Philadelphia.

Rev. William H. Whittemore died in Rye, N. Y., yesterday, aged 85. He graduated in Yale in 1825; and was also a graduate of the Yale Theological seminary. He was for fifteen years pastor of the Congregational church in Southbury, Conn. In 1851 he removed to New Ha-

horse died from fast driving.——Mrs. Evelyn Wood of New York is summering at the residence of Mr. Ludlow, Riding Ridge. Saturday her 2-year-old boy was severely bitten on the forehead by a fox hound. A doctor was summoned and thought it only necessary to apply cold water.——Dr. C. B. Nettleton arrived home Saturday from a business trip through the western part of the state.——In most of the churches yesterday General Grant was referred to by the ministers in their prayers and sermons.——Timothy Kinney was fined $2 and costs this morning for intoxication.

Shelton.

A. W. Hill, formerly of Ohio, recently engaged as superintendent of the Wilkinson Paper Mills, having thoroughly investigated the advantages of various localities, has decided to take up his residence at the South End and has leased for a term of years the house just completed by the president of the South End Land company, E. D. F. Shelton. His family will at once remove here. The neighborhood is to be congratulated.

State News.

Benjamin R. Tate assumes the office of collector of customs at New London August 1.

Rev. James B. Goodrich of Windsor has accepted a call to be rector of Trinity church at Claremont, N. H.

The report that Editor John A. McDonald had been appointed postmaster at Willimantic, proves to have been without foundation.

A new sandy beach has appeared at Fenwick, Saybrook Point, and all the bath houses near the Fenwick house are being moved to it.

Out of respect to the dead general and ex-president, many Bridgeport ladies now wear black and white bunting nattily twisted around their straw hats.

The Rev. C. T. Weitzel of the First Congregational church at Norwich Town has resigned his place as pastor on Sunday to accept a call in San Bernardo, Cal.

Michael McCauley, whose skull was fractured by a falling brick while he was at work on a chimney in Meriden several days ago, died in the Hartford hospital yesterday.

The presence of dead fish in the reservoir which supplies Waterbury people with water, has led to drawing off the water. No sufficient cause for the epidemic among the fishes has been advanced.

The Rev. James B. Connell of the Moodus Baptist church sailed Saturday for Scotland on the steamer Furnessia. He will be absent six weeks. Mr. Connell was formerly a waiter on the Norwich line of steamers.

A colored female burglar, aged 12, with a colored accomplice of about the same age, undertook to rob the house of Sarah Feeley, in East Bridgeport, the other night. Miss Feeley grappled with the burglar, who escaped by running rapidly up the

FURNITURE

ALL HARD WOOD

LawnSettees

Only $1.25 each.

Also a large variety of other Summer Furniture.

The Bowditch & Prudden Co.

Nos. 74 and 76 ORANGE ST.

N. B.—Comfortable Passenger Elevator.

Silver Jewelry.

NEW AND NOVEL STYLES.

Pins, Ear Rings, Bracelets, &c.

KIRBY,

834 CHAPEL STREET.

METEOROLOGICAL.

Kept by GEORGE N. ALLING, Apothecary and Druggist, Grand street cor. State.

	Thermometer.		Barometer.	
July 26, 9 P. M.	81	above 0	30:13	cl'dy
July 27, 8 A. M.	74	"	30:17	clear
July 27, 12 M.	80	"	29:16	clear

MARRIED.

PRATT-FROSS—In Oakland, Cal., July 15th, Arthur Griswold Pratt, of Hartford, Conn., and Ella M. Fross, of Oakland

DIED.

FULLERTON—In this city, July 25th, Emma W. Fullerton, daughter of the late Rev. Robert S. Fullerton, in the 28th year of her age.

KINGSLEY—In New York, on Sunday, July 26, Eli F. Kingsley, of New York, formerly of New Haven.

☞ Notice of funeral hereafter.

TUTTLE—At his home in East Haven, July 27th, entered into rest, Jesse Tuttle, in the 83d year of his age.

☞ Funeral services at the Episcopal Church in East Haven at 2 p. m. Wednesday. Burial in Mt. Carmel Cemetery.

WHITTEMORE—Suddenly, July 25th, at the residence of his son, in Rye, N. Y., Rev. William Howe Whittemore, in the 86th year of his age.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOUND.

LOT Household Furniture and Wearing Apparel to be sold at auction, corner Dixwell avenue and Eaton street, Tuesday, July 28th, at 10 o'clock a. m. to pay charges. j27 1t

Board of Aldermen.

TO the Sheriff of the City of New Haven

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July 27, 1885 p4 - col 3 New Haven Evening Register
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No. 2 White Oats	34c.
	32c.

FEED.

Spring Bran	$17.75
Fine Middlings, bulk	20.00
Cotton Seed Meal	22.00
Chicago Gluten	21.00

HAY.

	Small Bales.	Large Bales.
No. 1 Timothy (old)	$19.00	$20.00
No. 2 Timothy (old)	17 00	18 00
Clover Mixed (old)	—	17.00
No 1 Timothy (new)	18.00	18.00
No 2 Timothy (new)	17.00	—
Clover Mixed (new)	16.00	—

STRAW.

Long Rye	$12.00@$13.00
Short Rye	$11.00@12.00
Wheat	$10.00

Louisville's Big Serpent.

(New York Sun.)

Residents of Lawville, a small village two miles east of this place, are frightened over the discovery of a large snake, which is at large in that region. Stories of the reptile and its immense size have been going the rounds for some time, but no one has had a good view of it until Walter Maroney and Charles Pitts, two employees of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, who were cutting weeds along the side of the track, discovered the snake in the act of swallowing a full-grown rabbit. The men started for it, armed with their bush hooks, when it suddenly disgorged the partially swallowed rabbit and darted into what appeared to be a ground-hog hole underneath a large pile of boulders near the track. The men attempted to remove the stones and secure the snake, but they were too large to be handled without machinery. The men describe the snake as being mottled, light and dark brown; its length from twelve to fifteen feet, and its diameter from six to eight inches; it is thought to have escaped from a circus which went through here this spring. A systematic effort will be made to capture it.

A Good Old Story Revived.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

The "Frankfort Capital" tells the following story of Uncle Bish Benson, a colored Methodist preacher who lived down south, and commends the policy of the reverend gentleman to the democratic speakers about to take the stump in Kentucky. "During a great revival of religion, a white preacher came along evangelizing. He said to Uncle Bish: 'What is the main sin in this congregation, drunkeness, stealing, loose morals, or what? I want to touch them up on it a bit.'

" 'Look-a-here, now, Marse Gilford,' Uncle Bish protested, 'don't talk on dat sort ob ting at all. I was gist a gittin' dem people het up, and now you wants to frow cold water on de meetin'. No, sir, jist lam' baste on playin' ob de fiddle, lack of Christian spirit an' sich as dat; den we kin get up a powerful rousement. Dem things you 'low to speak about is to pussonal, sir, too pussonal.' "

MISCELLANEOUS.

a veil will be accorded credit among the valled girls for being the only one who dares show her skin.

Summer's fancy for showy black hats promises to be carried along till late into the autumn, and the picturesqueness of the newest headgear of this sort is quite up to the earlier standards. It makes it all the more practicable to wear the summer hat into fall, so owners of short purses should rejoice. A fall model is shown here, in black straw, its brim curled up at the edge and its moderately high crown narrowing toward the top. Twisted rose pink and black shot ribbon encircles the crown and forms three loops on each side. If two ostrich tips are placed in front of the loops, the tips curling toward the center, and are held in place by jet buttons, and three more feathers are put in back, their tips nodding over the crown.

It is a fad of swagger women to buy most of their hats from the "lady's hatter." He supplies headgear for steamer, bicycle, golfing and severe street wear, while the milliner gets up her garden, theater, racing and coaching hats, except when the latter gear is of the tailor sort. These severe judges of what is and what is not correct proclaim that the proper sailor hat is a three-inch brim topped by a three-inch crown. Too much cannot be said against the horrid high-crowned sailor that perches dismally on a girl's bump of love-of-aprobation and proclaims her to have more vanity than good taste.

To-morrow this column will be composed entirely of notes that will be of particular interest to housekeepers.

At Narragansett—Amy—"How is your fiancee, the Earl, fixed for money?" Maud—"Over his coronet in debt, I suppose."—Puck.

SYRUP of FIGS
ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually

Saratoga, mineral spring water candy. Originated and manufactured by G. R. Eddy & Bro., Saratoga Springs, New York.

It's a healthful candy, made from Saratoga natural spring water, assorted flavors.

Put up in half pound packages—12 1-2c. a package. It is endorsed by physicians.

Burnham's Beef, Wine and Iron is a healthful and bracing tonic. A pint bottle of Burnham's for 39c. We're serving sample of it free near the worsted counter.

Books.

Not a more agreeable place in town to buy books. We try to have everything that's likely to be asked for and we set the prices as low as we see fit regardless of the publishers' prices.

Some of them:

The Three Graces, cloth, by The Duchess, $1.15.

Chiffon's Marriage, cloth, by Gyp, 29c.

Bog, Myrtle and Peat, cloth, by S. R. Crockett, $1.15.

A Spoilt Girl, paper, by Florence Warden, 25c.

Too Late Repented, paper, by Mrs. Forrester, 25c.

A Magnificent Young Man, paper, by John Strange Winter, 25c.

When His Love Grew Cold, paper, by Laura Jean Libby, 20c.

Feather Boas:

Dress Trimmings.

Any price you'd like to pay for Feather Boas.

Half yard lengths $2.25, $2.50, $3.50, $4, $4.75 and $5.

One yard lengths for $5.25, $6.98 and upwards.

One and a quarter yard lengths, $8.50, $9.25, $12, $12.50 to as high as you like.

Jet spangled yokes with spanglettes, $3, $3.50, $4, and higher.

Jet yokes; jet fringe ornaments, jet butterflies, colored spangled yokes, all at prices

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as much as possible, as owing to its cotton interests, this city has a very extensive European correspondence of a purely business character, which it is important should encounter as little delay as possible in transit.

FAITH IN THE FUTURE OF THE UNITED STATES.

The British press has been uncommonly generous in its predictions of the dire disaster that the silver agitation prevailing in this country is sure to bring about sooner or later, some of the more unfriendly of the journals forecasting a series of evils sufficient to ultimately destroy the Republic.

In the midst of so much ill-humored rancor and lack of correct information, it is refreshing to see that such a paper as the London Statist boldly asserts that there is no financial disaster likely to happen in the United States that can more than temporarily check the grand march of progress which is the destiny of the great American Republic. The United States, says the Statist, "is one of the greatest countries in the world and with a most magnificent future before it. In both population and wealth it is growing in an amazing way."

In spite of its praise of the progress and estimation of the prosperous future of this country the Statist still believes that the financial policy of our Government will, at no distant date, precipitate a crisis which will cause a run upon the Treasury. But, unlike its British contemporaries, the Statist does not believe that the crisis it refers to will in any way disturb the onward progress of the country. It holds that the Treasury will meet all demands made upon it, and profiting by the lesson Congress will correct the present looseness of the financial system, and the nation will continue to forge ahead on the road of progress as before.

While it is certainly possible that there may eventually be a crisis in the financial affairs of the country, there is no reason to apprehend disaster in the near future while the progressive career of the country shows no signs of being even temporarily checked by any monetary disturbance now in sight.

After the Hop Pickers.

The imigration agent at Port Townsend.

the people saw the real cause of their dismissal. The theatre was destroyed but no lives were lost.

A Vegetarian Feast.

The Chicago Vegetarian Society held a picnic last week at which the bill of fare was curious to outsiders. It consisted of corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, cabbage, potatoes, watermelon and various fruit pies with no shortening in the crust. Chicago society is composed of foreigners, most of whom are Russians. They have a code of morals of the Tolstoi order, and live the simple life which the Count prescribes for his own community. Nicolas Vestraphi, one of the members, declares that "the eating of animal flesh is but one degree removed from cannibalism, and in many respects equally as revolting. Meat is the cause of more crime than alcohol, which is a vegetable substance. The eating of flesh makes men bloodthirsty and cruel, and for that reason is an offense. If no meat were eaten the world would be much further advanced in civilization, refinement and culture than it is at present."

He Got Rid of the Snake.

Mr. Doolittle, who lives on a farm near Columbus, Ind., was terribly alarmed the other day on entering the loft of his barn to discover there an immense serpent. He retired precipitately, and after releasing his horses from the barn he applied a match and burned the structure and contents to the ground. The mow was full of new hay. After the fire had spent its force the ribs of the reptile were found in the ashes and they were nearly as large as the ribs of a hundred-pound hog. Mr. Doolittle says that he feels worse from the effect which the snake's vicious eyes had upon him than he does over the loss of his barn and its contents. The serpent is supposed to be a boa constrictor which escaped from a traveling circus in the neighborhood some time ago. Mr. Doolittle thinks that he can now account for the disappearance of several of his pigs.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL NOTES.

C. R. McGlein, of Slaughter, La., is in the city.

Mr. J. J. Schott returned home yesterday greatly benefited in health.

Mrs. Charles Trouilly has left New York for Havre, via the steamship La Champagne.

Dr. A. L. East, a prominent physician and citizen of Plains, La., is very ill at his home.

"There is now some chance," says the London Athenæum, "that Mr. Louis Stevenson may visit England next year."

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Daily Picayune Aug 23, 1892 p4-5
Louisiana

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y, U. S. Navy, of Howard has been presented by the Francisco by the bark Kilby, , as a token for their admir- ic conduct displayed by him, mer, but subsequently dur- he Kilby until she was fallen son. The present was ac- mentary letter, and is es- t. Murray from the fact that

he could have the heart to spend it. He is about the meanest looking man I ever saw—small in stature, snobby in appearance, insignificant in his features, awkward in manner, and noticeable anywhere for fishy eyes and sand-colored hair.

The old Marquis of Londonderry, who is now nearly 76 years old, was ambassador to Vienna in 1815, (as Lord Stewart,) but, with an immense nominal income, is rather out-at-elbows. However, his wife, who has been a fine woman, will like to display her stout person and her splendid diamonds at the Court of Vienna; so, if he can get the appointment, Londonderry will be happy to accept, even though his doing so must involve the necessity of another mortgage.

A SNAKE STORY.—Lieut. HERNDON has recently published a work on the Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon. We have not seen it, but learn that it abounds in tough stories. The following snake story, with the comments of the Washington *Globe*, will do:

Mr. HERNDON tells a capital snake story, by way of seasoning, which he repeats on no less authority than that of Rev. Father VERNAZZA, who wrote it as late as the year 1845. It is of a monstrous serpent about the river Pastanza, forty-five feet long and five and a half (two *varos*) thick. The good father says he killed one himself of that size. This snake takes it prey by suction, drawing the man, or bird, or beast, into his jaws at the distance of forty or fifty yards, by the mere force of inhalation. "It is almost impossible," says our author, "to doubt a story told with this minuteness of detail." He does doubt the two veras of diameter, however, and we doubt still further—the length, the diameter, and the inhaling of the prey. It is but the reproduction of a very old snake story, told two hundred years ago, or thereabouts, by the good and credulous missionaries of those times, who seemed not to have been aware that they were recording nothing but gross Indian exaggerations and lies. Father VERNAZZA must have dreamed this, or has been tempted to add another chapter to the wonderful things recorded by Baron MUNCHAUSEN.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Old Age.

Among the complaints, incident to persons in the more advanced stages of life, are Indigestion, Prostration of the Nervous System, Physical and Mental Debility. There are in many cases, such a derangement of the nervous system, that they find it impossible to obtain the amount of sleep tired nature demands. Myers' Rock Rose, by imparting vigor to the blood, and through that to all parts of the system, removes all these difficulties. The feeble patient becomes hearty, and all the functions perform their office, harmoniously. See the following certificate:

I hereby certify that my mother-in law, Mrs Brown, has been an invalid for twenty years; affected with nervous and general debility, and cough. For the past six weeks she had not passed a night without severe coughing spasms, until two weeks ago; she then commenced taking Myer's Rock Rose, a table spoonfull before each meal, and one at retiring; since that time, her sleep has been quiet, and her cough has entirely subsided. We feel encouraged to hope that a remedy is at hand to restore her to comfortable health.

New Haven, Conn., April 1st, 1852. J. PEARL.

Range Gridirons, Egg Boil
Brass Bound and Painted T
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Wood and Willow Ware of
Churns, Clothes Baskets, F
Cream and Jelly Moulds, S
Rocking Horses, Wash Tub
one large Tea Kettle for sig
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TERMS—$100 and over, th
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☞ Sale to commence a

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N. B —Chilled Iron Safes
expressly for banks, jeweler
from rogues. Bank vault
the most celebrated locks fo
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Agent for Herring's Safe
Feb. 9, 1854.

HAIR!
GREAT bargains are off
wishes to inform those
that he has on hand a first
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please inquire at A. WILLIA
on Columbus Avenue, oppo
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TO MERCHANTS, BUIL
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is invited to stock.

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FOR RENT.—Th
Book Store. Apply

Daily Commercial Register
Sandusky, Ohio
February 13, 1854
New Series - Vol. III, No. 223

ders, besides participating in several arsons, robberies and other crimes. He was a hardened wretch. O'Donnell was a Roman Catholic, and died kissing a cross.

On Monday the President, with his Cabinet, received the salutations of the Representatives of Foreign Powers resident in Washington. They were thirty two in number, all in their official costumes. The Intelligencer gives this account of the interview:

The Address, on behalf of the Diplomatic Corps was delivered by the oldest member of that corps present, Gen. Don Carlos Marie de Alvear, Minister Plenipotentiary and Extraordinary of the Argentine Confederation, in the following terms:

MR. PRESIDENT: The Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Government of the United States, has the honor, through me, to express to the Chief Magistrate of this Republic their sincere congratulations on his recent election to the Presidency, which they are profoundly convinced will redound to the honor and happiness of the great people over whom you have been called to preside; and that those relations of peace and friendly intercourse which now so happily exist between the United States and the various countries which we have the honor to represent will be preserved and perpetuated to the mutual advantage and well being of all. And you may be well assured, sir, that nothing shall be wanting on our part to contribute to so desirable a result.

We profit of this occasion, Mr. President, to express to you our most cordial wishes for your health and happiness.

To which address the President replied:

GENTLEMEN: I accept, with lively satisfaction, the congratulations which you have been pleased to tender to me upon this occasion. You may be assured that it shall be my undeviating endeavor to cultivate with the nations which you respectfully represent the most cordial relations of amity and good will. In this I shall be guided by the cardinal policy of this Government, and, I doubt not, cheered by your kind and zealous co-operation.

Permit me also to offer to you, individually, my best wishes for your welfare.

The PRESIDENT was then presented individually to each of the gentlemen composing the corps, exchanging salutations with them in his usually cordial manner.

Previous to this general reception, the Chevalier DE MACEDO, the newly appointed Charge d'Affaires from BRAZIL, had a private audience and delivered a complimentary address, to which the PRESIDENT made the following reply:—

I cordially welcome you as the representative of an empire with which my country is connected by the strong tie of mutual and important interests.

It shall be my constant endeavor, during my administration of the Executive Government, to cultivate and perpetuate by all honorable means friendly relations with Brazil, and to develope still further the great commercial intercourse between the two nations. It is confidently believed that the Government of Brazil will on its part make all just exertions towards accomplishing results so desirable. Your mission is received as a proof that the sentiments which it is now my province to utter in behalf of this Government are reciprocated by yours. Thanking you for the kind expressions which you have been pleased to address to me personally, I trust that your sojourn in the United States may be agreeable to yourself, and advantageous to both countries.

Suspending Operations in the Coal Mines.

POTTSVILLE, March 14, 1849.

At a meeting of the coal operators, held this afternoon it was resolved to suspend mining coal for three weeks or until all the purchasers in the city agree to pay two dollars and twenty five cents for red ash, and two dollars for white ash, at Mount Carbon. All the operators were present, embracing the heaviest portion of the trade.—They all signed the agreement.

Lady Franklin is at present engaged in visiting Hull, and other ports from which the whale ships sail, with a view personally, to beseech the commanders and men to interest themselves on behalf of her gallant husband. She has been received with much enthusiasm.

The Washington correspondent of the Express states that Judge CRANCH, Chief Justice of the Circuit and District Court of the District of Columbia, who has the power to reverse the decisions of the Commissioner of Patents, has decided that both Prof. Morse and Mr. Bain are entitled to patents for the Telegraphs which they have invented. The ground on which he bases the decision is, that neither a principle nor an effect can be patented—that two methods of effecting the same thing may each be patented, and that the two inventions in question are sufficiently distinct to entitle each to a patent.

Mr. William B. Searle, a respectable citizen of Pittsburg, while dressing a few days since, stuck the point of a common pin into one of his fingers, since which time he has been racked with excruciating pains. The Gazette says that faint hopes are entertained of his recovery.

From the Louisville Courier.

The Great Russellville Snake.

A friend has communicated to us a snake story which we think worth recording. In July last, there was "great excitement" in and about Russellville, in this State, on account of the reported appearance in that neighborhood of an immense snake, which had been seen at different times by various credible witnesses. The favorite haunts of his snakeship were a pond and briar patch some two miles from Russellville, on the farm of an old gentleman, who was much annoyed by visitants in quest of fish and blackberries. Various and contradictory reports were related as to the description, size, &c. of the monster; some giving it as their opinion that it was the veritable sea serpent, which was making a tour of the continent, while others were sure it was a dry land reptile of the rattle breed, as they had heard the shaking of its mighty tail hundreds of yards off. Some contended it was as long as a clothes line, and as big as a yearling calf, while others of less vivid imagination represented it as not more than sixteen feet long and three feet in circumference.

A hunter had gone in pursuit of him, and returned without his dog, whom it was supposed snakey had encountered and swallowed raw. A young negro had been missed from the neighborhood, and it was firmly believed he had "followed in the footsteps" of Pointer, and had been gulped down, wool boots, and all.

As might be supposed these rumors "spread with rapidity," and created great terror in the minds of the Russellvillians; they declared a general crusade against the serpentine intruder, and resolved to "head him or die." Traps were set, and snares laid to catch him, and armed hunters sought him, but all in vain. At length one day two negroes, who had been in search of the monster, discovered him lying across a fence near his favorite black berry patch, which he seemed to guard with as much interest as if he was the owner thereof.—One of the darkies, feeling probably that "familiarity breeds contempt" kept a long way off, and raising his gun "fired and fell back." The other, having more nerve, approached within some twenty yards and let off his double-barrel which took effect in the reptile's head. They immediately put off to town to relate their achievement, and procure a horse and cart to carry the carcass away. Sam proceeded at once to the most popular hotel, and to a gaping and delighted auditory proclaimed his victory over the terror of the neighborhood; and his reception, as the novelists say, "may be better imagined than described." Wellington, fresh from Waterloo, or Hyer, after his fight with Sullivan, was not more lionized than Sam was at the Russellville hotel. He invigorated the internal man with frequent libations, and then, with horse and cart, followed by numerous inhabitants, on foot and on horseback, proceeded in quest of the spoils of his victory. Sam reached the place first, and uncoiled the snake from the fence—the citizens then gathered around, and began a minute examination of the monster. About this time a horrid oath burst from Sam—a general roar of laughter arose from the crowd—and the "tempest in a tea-pot" had exploded. The wonderful and terrifying monster was *made of striped muslin, stuffed with bran and shavings, and painted to the life.*

The counterfeit snake was an ingenious piece of workmanship, and reflects credit upon the mechanical ingenuity of *the owner of the land*, whose receipts from fish and blackberries last summer, exceeded any previous year. Sam still declares that the muslin *sarpint* is not the one he killed, but that a swop was made during his absence.

by the Sole Agent, CHARLES
6d
WELLS, 178 Main street.

Marriages.

At New Haven, on the 4th inst., Mr. Johamah Guen an Mrs. Maria Hubbard.

Deaths.

At Portland, on the 10th inst., Mrs. Eliza A. Hall, aged 38, wife of Joel Hall, Esq.

At Middletown, on the 6th inst, Thomas Mather, Esq. in the 81st year of his age.

At Watertown, Feb. 20th, Mrs. Mary Warren, aged widow of the late Edward Warren.

At Danbury, on the 6th inst., Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Stephen Norris aged 75.

At St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 20th, Mrs. Eliza A. Purcell, aged 49, daughter of the late Hon. Nathan Smith, of New Haven.

Colebrook—The Whigs of Colebrook are requested to meet at the Centre School House, on Tuesday evening, March 27th, to hear the report of their Congressional and Senatorial delegates; also, to nominate candidates for Representatives, and make arrangements for the approaching election.

Per order of Town Committee.

LARGE AUCTION SALE of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, &c.

SATURDAY, March 17th, at 10 A. M., will be sold at the Auction Store, the effects of families removing from the city—

Secretaries with glass doors, 1 mahogany Sofa or Lounge, mahogany Dining and Tea Tables, 12 carved Chairs, Work Tables, enclosed Wash Stands, 1 handsome Brussels Carpet, 5 Bedsteads, Beds, 10 large Spreads, maple and wood seat Chairs, Rockers, Tables, Hair Mattresses, Mantel Clocks, Carpets, 4 Mirrors, Turn up Bedstead, Crockery, Boxes, Ivory and Cocoa Knives and Forks, Sideboard, old cane seat Chairs, lot of Tea, lot of Books, 3 well made new Bureaus, 6 new Coats, &c. &c.

B. & W. HUDSON, Auc'rs

If stormy sale first fair day.

N. B. Those persons who wish their Goods sold this week will please to send us a list of the articles before Wednesday morning.

march 14

AUCTION OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

ON Tuesday, March 27th, 1849, will be sold at Public Auction, the entire Furniture in House No. College street, consisting in part of

1 good hair seat Sofa, 1 Centre Table, mahogany hair seat Rocker, mahogany Chairs, 3 ply and Ingrain Carpets, Mattress, Bedding, Bedsteads, cane and wood seat Chairs, Dining and Breakfast Tables, Dressing Tables, Wash Stands, Looking Glasses, Solar Lamp, Glass Lamps, lot of Crockery, Knives and Forks, Parlor and Cooking Stoves; Iron, Stone and Tin Ware, &c. &c.—in fact every article useful in house-keeping.

Every article will be sold, as the family intend leaving the city.

☞ The Furniture can be examined the day previous to the sale.

Sale commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., rain or shine.

G. HOWELL OLMSTED, Auc'r.

march 17

BRICK HOUSE BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

WEDNESDAY, 21st March, at 2 o'clock, we shall sell on the premises, to close an estate, the Brick House No. 30 Pearl street. The lot is about feet front on Pearl street and is about 90 feet deep. There are 13 rooms in the house and a good well, cistern and wood house on the lot. The house is conveniently arranged for one or two families and would make a good boarding house. This sale presents an excellent opportunity for investment in the centre of the city, and at this time when there is so much enquiry for dwelling houses, will command a high rent.

B. & W. HUDSON, Auc'rs.

☞ Sale, rain or shine.

march 17

STEAM ENGINE FOR SALE.

A STEAM ENGINE, from 70 to 80 Horse Power, made by Hogg & Delamatta, New York, with Boilers. Apply to the subscriber.

WILLIS THRALL, Agent.

Hartford, Conn., March 17, 1849.

☞ Boston Atlas and New York Tribune insert 6 days and send bill to this office.

NEW BOOKS—Cole's American Fruit Book.
Miss Carpenter's Morning and Evening Meditations.
Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal.
Keble's Christian Year.
Just received by

march 17

BROCKETT, FULLER & CO.
219 Main street

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17 March 1849 page 2 - c-5 Hartford Courant, Conn

SNAKE STORY FROM DELAVAN.

Delavan, Wis., Aug. 15—The greatest excitement has prevailed here this week, caused by the monster serpent seen by a Highland man near Nelson's Bar. The narrow escape of the man from unique destruction was miraculous, and he is the hero of the hour.

He came in one evening about 8 o'clock, pale, breathless, and dripping, and dropped exhausted in the midst of a group of men on the Highland lawn. After assiduous attentions on the part of the men he was revived sufficiently to be able to tell his story.

He said he was just pulling away from the Nelson shore, where he had been fishing, when he saw a glowing, green phosphorescent light come up out of the water some distance off shore. He thought it was a lantern on the diving pier and didn't bother his head about it, but presently another one appeared, and then, to his horror, a great head became distinct, and he saw that the green, glowing lights were the eyes belonging to a fearful creature.

Little by little the body appeared, until at last it lay stretched out a hideous reptile, five feet wide and forty feet long. Those terrible eyes were set in a mammoth, lion-like head, with an enormous mouth but no teeth.

Its tapering body was covered with gigantic yellow scales that shone like brass. It was jointed, and it could contract or elongate those scale-like joints after the manner of a telescope.

When the mammoth saw the Highland man it went into such a convulsion of rage that the water was churned into fury for a quarter of a mile. It fixed those glowing eyes on the poor man in the boat, who, paralyzed with terror, thought his minutes were numbered.

Then the serpent began some queer evolutions. The Highland man could not make out for a long time what the creature was about. It lashed the lake with its tremendous body and wriggled about until it described a perfect circle in the water. Then it took its tail between its jaws and, to the horror of the Highland man, began to contract. Then its purpose became apparent. The boat and the intended victim were in the center of the circle formed by the serpent, and the poor Highlander saw that the reptile meant to contract until he had crushed the victim, who was an exceedingly unwilling party to the contract.

Smaller and smaller grew the hideous, scaly circle, nearer and even nearer it approached the doomed boat, and greater and greater grew the horror of the encircled man.

Nerved to desperation, he at last made a powerful effort and for a moment threw off the spell cast upon him by the glowing eyes of the serpent. Rising weakly to his feet, he plunged headlong into the water, dived beneath the hideous body, and swam for his life. He was none too quick, for when he stopped long enough to catch his breath he heard a horrid, crunching sound, and looking back he saw that where the boat had been a great mass of ash splinters floated on the water.

He did not wait to see what happened next, but struck out for the shore at Cedar Point and ran from there every step of the way to Highland.

His story, which was apparently corroborated by his appearance and condition, caused the greatest consternation among the Highlanders. Steamer and yacting parties scheduled for that evening were postponed, and lovers in boats, loitering on the lovely lake in the delicious cool of the evening, were hastily called in.

There were unbelievers, however. Some of the men said they had on occasions seen serpents which had afterwards proven to be figments of a diseased imagination, and Mr. Charles Sage was deputed to investigate and, if possible, find the ash splinters.

Accordingly, he went to the bar himself, wisely by land, next evening at dusk and really saw the green, phosphorescent eyes. The body did not appear. That settled it, and the man's veracity was indubitably vindicated. The Delavan Lake serpent is an actual horror.

A number of committees have visited the bar on confirmation bent this week. Some have seen the head, others the yellow scaled body, but as yet none have beheld it in its complete hideousness, as did the first man.

The women are afraid to let the children take their daily dip or go out on the water in boats, and even the men have some misgivings as to the safety of fishing in the locality now made famous. Accordingly, next week a committee of the bravest Highlanders with go forth, Theseus like, to slay the monster. He will be baited with a nitroglycerine pill, or, that failing, will be sent through to China by the dynamite route.

A BIG SNAKE.

SHOOTING A TWENTY-SIX FOOT SERPENT IN THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

Trinidad Letter to Pittsburg *Dispatch:* There are in Trinidad and on the adjoining mainland two classes of serpents of colossal size. One, the macaouel, python, or boa-constrictor, as it is variously named, lives on land. The other, the houille, or anaconda, frequents deep rivers and swamps. Both attain a large size, but the houille, which is now almost extinct in Trinidad, lurking probably only in the deepest recesses of the forests, is clad with more mysterious terrors on account of its more secluded and abysmal haunts. Travelers through the forest have sometimes sat on its dark-colored body when it lay asleep, gorged with a deer or other victim, mistaking it for the trunk of a tree fallen in the bush. It has been shot on some of these occasions. And there is a story related of two ladies, the daughters of a well-known Trinidad gentleman, who, walking one day by the banks of a river, were awe-struck to see a huge snake uncoil part of its body from the stem overhanging the river and dart at them; from which they, however, escaped, but not without one of them leaving a large part of her dress in the terrible fangs of the monster.

. . . . About 10 o'clock Antonio suddenly bade the oarsman stop, and calling for silence whispered that he had seen some agitation in the water about one hundred yards ahead. We were now all eyes and ears, and my heart for one was beating like the piston of a steam engine. For here in the nineteenth century we were about to meet with a monster approximating to those of the romantic middle ages. Jones looked supremely happy, and though the medieval aspect may not have struck him, the goal of his ambition, next to perhaps the sea-serpent, was reached. Antonio then ordered the oarsmen to row gently on for about twenty yards, at which distance he told them to stop. His lynx eyes had taken in the situation at a glance. He explained to us that as the disturbance had not continued it was not a whirlpool, but must be some large animal. While he was talking something black, but undistinguishable in shape, rose over the surface at the spot in question, and a deep hiss was borne over the water, just as if a beam of red-hot iron had been suddenly plunged into the stream. "There is no mistaking it now," said Antonio, "it is the houille." The shape had disappeared below the water almost as suddenly as it had appeared. We next advanced to within twenty yards of the spot where the monster had shown itself, with our four rifles obliquely pointed at the surface. For about ten minutes we waited in breathless suspense. A third time the water was agitated in the same spot, the deep hiss again resounded, and, with his head turned away from us in the direction of the land, where, perhaps, he was about to seek his prey, the houille slowly upraised its length from under water. There was something "uncanny" in the situation, and for a moment we felt incapable of acting—until at a word from Antonio we aimed and fired. There was a wild spring in the air, a series of enraged hisses, convulsive struggles in the water lashed into foam for some distance round, and the houille reared with menacing aspect as if to dart at our boat and annihilate us! But we were ready for him. Our second volley went off like a single shot, and the monster dropped loosely on the water. His dying quivers and the force of the current brought him against the bank, where he became entangled in the submerged roots of some overhanging trees. We approached him cautiously, and after firing a quietus shot in his brain, set to work to haul him to land. He was a fine specimen, twenty-six feet long and twenty-four inches round the thickest part. Of our shots two had penetrated his brain, three the vertebral column; the latter probably contributing most of all to disable him. His color was a dark brown, resembling that of the bark of an aged tree. His eyes were about the size of a $20 piece, but almond shaped, and were fixed in a stony, hateful glare.

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into the depths of the forest. A number of residents of the district, armed with guns, to whose ranks new accessories were continually coming, began to scour the country after the snake, among them Jose Concepcion and Paul Legrand Sr., fathers of two child victims, on whose grim features was written a quenchless determination to wreak vengeance deep and dire on the fiendish serpent. Dogs were liberally used in the hunt, but as often as the scent was obtained and followed for a short distance some stream would disconcert the hopes of the pursuers. A tendency was noticed, however, on the part of the many tracks to show an unmistakable direction toward the mountains north of Arima.

"The wildest and most absurd rumors now began to be propagated about the doings and victims of the snake. He was given by one cocoa contractor, who saw him gliding off with his favorite pig, at least one hundred feet. But it was gathered from Catherine Legrand, who had seen him at close quarters on the occasion of the carrying off her child, that he must be something between forty and fifty feet long. It was also surmised from the imperfect description she gave of the approximate color, rings, and spots of the snake that it was a survivor of the extinct race of gigantic Huillias or local anacondas, occasionally to be met with in the old days in the Oropouche, Arima, and other rivers of the island.

"The excitement in Arima was raised to the highest pitch Tuesday when news was brought that the great serpent had been seen on the Arima hights, and that two more children, Juan Castillo and Pablo Hernandez, had been carried off by him. The report of the occurrences stated that the snake had been distinctly seen on the two occasions; that, consequent on the alarm given on the first occasion, the people were on the qui vive, and that a hunter, Emmanuel Calderon, had twice fired with shot into the reptile as it had half swallowed the crushed body of young Hernandez, but with the only effect of hastening his progress in the direction of the Morne Bleu or Blue Mountain. At 6 p. m. Thursday morning a motley cavalcade was seen issuing out of Arima in a northerly direction. They were the Warden and his party on their way to the Blue Mountain, in the neighborhood of which search parties had located the snake the day before. *He had been seen by one of the hunters to enter the Guacharo caves in the hill separated by a hollow* from the mountain, and a cordon had gradually been formed round the hill to prevent his sallying out. The Rev. Curé of Arima, whom they met on the way, further told them that he had heard that the snake had tried to issue from the caves on the southern side, but had beat a retreat in these dangerous recesses on being greeted with a volley. With the Warden's party were also the Colonial Secretary, Mr. McCarthy, Sergt. Gibian, the armed police from town, and guides from among the residents of the Arima hights. But other parties were also on the warpath and the party received several additions on the way. From all reports it was now clear that the Huilia was at bay. But how best to engage him and destroy him in the deep cavities of the hill, where there was ever a rushing stream and a kind of Stygian pool, was the exciting subject of discussion on the way.

"The following plan of campaign was, however, finally agreed upon: He was to be shot down when and where to be seen, and dogs would be used to trace his exact haunt and give notice of his coming in case of a rush outward. Besides the guides, Mr. Devenish was well acquainted with the immense caves where, besides the weird Guacharo, the great serpent had now taken up his abode. These caves, like many others in this island, had long been known to be tenanted by the gloomy Guacharo or Diablotin. It was also said that besides their having entrances in each side of the mountain, a foaming waterfall existed in the concavities of the interior, at the foot of which was a large pool, the waters of which were afterward supposed to flow through dark and sinuous subterranean passages to become on the level of the valley a tributary or perhaps the head waters of the Arima itself. These hidden waters of the Guacharo caves were something like the African river of which it is said:

> "'The Leambi nobody knows
> Whence it comes and whither it goes.'

"The Warden's party having reached the caves and another large party holding the entrance on the valley in the northern side, a sort of forlorn hope by the Warden and principal for members of his party was organized for gradual entrance into the cav-

5 May 1889 Chicago Tribune, LLC
p27-1,2

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13 Feb 1880 188c
p6-2 Chicago Tribune, LLC

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16 Aug 1896 p12-1 Chicago Tribune, LLC
at the Summer Resorts

TERRORIZED BY A SNAKE.

EXTRAORDINARY STORY FROM TRINIDAD OF A MONSTROUS REPTILE.

It Devoured Goats, Pigs, Donkeys, and Finally Carried Off Several Children—Its Pursuit and Capture in the Weird Cave of Guacharo—The Monster Measured Forty-seven Feet in Length and Had a Diameter of Two and a Half Feet.

The Port of Spain (Trinidad) *Gazette* of March 30 publishes the following extraordinary account of the depredations and capture of a monster snake:

"During the last two months it has been matter of frequent complaint among the inhabitants of the districts east and north of Arima that their domestic animals of all kinds were being lost in a strange, unexplained manner, usually at night. Scarcely a day seemed to pass without a goat or a pig, a calf or a donkey being reported missing, and latterly even larger animals, some valuable mules and horses, had gone to join the smaller domestic fry that had disappeared. Among the sufferers, Mr. John Agostini of Aripo lost two mules within five days on his cocoa plantation, and Mr. J. G. De Gannes, in visiting some young cocoa cultivation of his in Turure, had lost his horse which he had left to graze for only half an hour at a distance of about 100 yards from the spot where he was talking with a contractor. At first the people of the district were inclined to lay the blame on thieves of a novel and daring description, but the evidence soon became clear that it was some wild monstrous animal that was working the havoc among the stock. A strange feature of these depredations was that no trace of blood was ever found at the spot visited, or in its neigborhood, to show sign of some struggle with a giant cayman or carnivorous beast, which the monster was at first supposed to be. Besides, no animal of the size required to carry off a horse or mule was known to exist in the island.

"In many of the cases, however, it was noticed that the ground under the cocoa trees and the forest undergrowth showed signs of having been crushed, not trampled upon, by the body of some smooth but gigantic beast. The people began to watch at night, no alarm as yet making known the passage of the monster on his raids, save the barking of dogs, a few of which had also disappeared with dismal howls. It was also noticed that the traces through the vegetation always stopped at streams, and seemed to vanish altogether after that. This feature was clearly established in the case of the Aripo, Turure, and Arima Rivers. Up to Saturday last the beast had succeeded in eluding notice, transferring his attentions to quarters unvisited by him, as if aware of the watch kept for him in those he had already visited; and the neighborhood of streams continued to be his favorite resorts from the mountains north of Arima to Turure.

"Sunday morning the inhabitants of Arima were thrown into consternation by the news that three children had disappeared in the ward of Guanapo during the last week and they were supposed to have become the victims of the raiding monster. Their names were given as Maria Concepcion, Marc Antoine, and Carmen Baptiste. The grief of the parents and relatives of the missing children was described as heartrending in the extreme. Mr. Harragin, the Warden, accompanied by the magistrate and others, hastened at once to vist the scenes of the casualties. The news was telegraphed to Port of Spain, and the Warden was instructed by the Governor to continue his efforts to track the monster, especially by collecting an armed posse and instituting an energetic pursuit.

"Later in the afternoon news was brought from Aripo that two children, Paul and Rose Legrand, brother and sister, had been lost, one Saturday and one that morning. In this instance the mother had been the terror-stricken eye-witness of the carrying off of her little boy aged 3 years. It seems that while sitting in a state of semi-stupor mourning the loss of her little daughter Rose 5

erns as far as the light of day penetrated, preceded by a couple of dogs held in leash by guides. Nothing was noticed for some minutes as the party stumbled their way over the rough rocks save the murmur of the fall and the mournful half screech of the dismal Guacharo bird, so expressively rendered by the Spanish word 'llaute.' But as they drew nearer the pool at the foot of the waterfall the dogs began to get excited and evince a decided inclination to run back. There was sufficient light streaming through the entrances to distinguish pretty clearly all objects in the interior in the direct line of the entrances. The party halted both on account of the unruly disposition of the dogs and because one of the guides stated he had seen something moving in the pool.

"With rifles cocked all eyes were now fixed upon the pool. The dogs now began to howl, and whether the noise roused the terrible occupant of the caves or he otherwise became aware of the existence of the party, the head of a monstrous snake suddenly appeared on the surface of the pool, and two large and lustrous eyes becamed fixed with diabolical gleam on the intruders. An angry hiss, like the plunging of a red-hot beam into the pool, issued from the hideous head. A muttered signal, and a volley rang with reverberating echoes through the caves. Large stones fell upon the jagged roof, and the startled Guacharos flew wildly in all directions, uttering their dismal screech. The Huila had not been killed by the bullets aimed at his head. With great rapidity he seemed to uncoil his length from the depths of the pool, and with fully twenty-five feet of his body raised and curved forward as if to dart at his assailers he seemed to be emerging from the pool.

"A few whispered words notified half the party to aim at his head and the other half at the central part of his body. The second volley produced the desired effect. The colossal snake leaped wholly out of the pool and with a few terrible convulsions, in which he lashed the water and the floor of the cavern, he sunk quivering to the ground, a third volley for a quietus insuring his certain death. This fact was then made sure of and the caves were soon invaded by the pursuers.

"The monster was dragged out into the level and found to measure forty-seven feet, the thickest part of his body having a diameter of two and a half feet. In color he was yellow in the under part of his body, dark above, with dark rings encircling the body, between which semi-lunar gray disks served as spots to variegate the skin. He was opened by the machetas of some cocoa pruners under the direction of Mr. McCarthy. In him there were found the half-digested body of a deer and a number of forma pauperis forms, probably swallowed by him with the body of some unknown and unfortunate cocoa contractor.

"By 6:30 p. m. the joyful concourse, dragging the monster, reached Arima, where the necessary steps were taken to preserve the carcass for display in the council hall of Port of Spain. The exciting occurrences connected with this monster are still the subject of general discussion and gossip. The island has not for a long time been disturbed by tragic incidents of this extraordinary nature."

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